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W. H. C. Moore



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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

CORNUBIA FULSIT,
TOT FECUNDA VIRIS.—*Jos. Iscanus*

By the Rev. R. POLWHELE,

OF POLWHELE :

*Vicar of Newlyn ; and an Honorary Associate of the
Royal Society of Literature.*

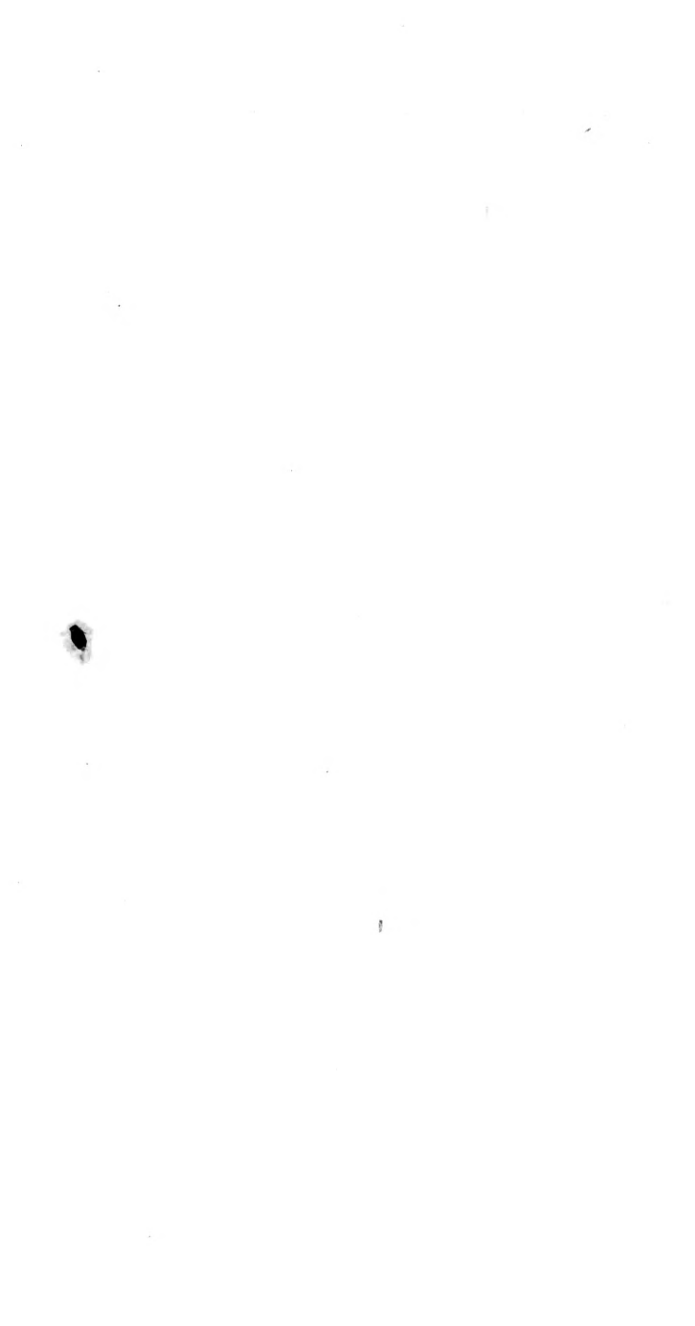
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

My readers will perceive that I have adopted Mason's plan in his Memoirs of Gray;—introducing or concluding the Letters of Whitaker and others with the statement of facts and occasional observations, and illustrating the whole with Notes.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES IN CORNWALL.

MEMOIRS OF REV. JOHN WHITAKER.

CHAPTER I.—SECTION I.

IN our Biographical Sketches we have contemplated Intellect and Talent of the highest order and in every variety. Would it be extravagant to say, that all this Intellect and all this Talent may be recognized as concentrated in WHITAKER? In him may we be allowed to affirm that the scattered rays which we beheld undazzled, thus brought to a focus, have a brilliancy and an intensity almost overpowering? Such an assertion may possibly be deemed extravagant. But if, noticing the energies of the MIND, we look also to the sensibilities of the HEART, we must see in Whitaker a superiority to excite admiration. This, I think, will not admit of a question, that of the Worthies, who have passed in review before us, though some make near approaches to Whitaker in genius, others in learning, others in religiousness; yet in him were genius and learning and religion associated with a distinction to place him above all. The vigour, the liveliness, the ardour of his imagination, his acuteness in penetrating, his unweariedness of research, and his decisiveness in judging, were not surpassed even by a Davy. But between Whitaker and Davy we draw no parallel. After some excursions in the regions of Fancy,

Davy alighted upon solid ground. His muse was like the fluctuation of the flood that raged for a while and subsided ; and he found his resting-place the “everlasting mountains :”—his Ararat was science.—Whitaker was no philosopher. In the mean time Davy had neither Whitaker’s learning nor religion.

In classical erudition and critical acumen, Toup was great : but to the historical knowlege, the antiquarian skill, the devout religiousness of Whitaker, Toup had no pretensions. In Penrose the life of the Christian was not less conspicuous than in Whitaker : but Penrose had not either the strength of his intellect, or the vivacity.

Whether we have respect to the mind or to the heart, we can set no Cornish Worthy upon a level with Whitaker, in *conversing*, in *writing*, in *acting*.

In conversation, we have heard many fluent as himself ; but none at once so rapid, so energetic, so commanding. In his writings, we shall acknowlege the same animation—the same tone of paramount authority : and in the commerce of life, we hail with pleasure, amidst a conscientious discharge of every domestic and social and religious duty, a generosity that spurned at detraction, even “hoping against hope ;”—an independent spirit tempered by humility.

It is true, he had his faults ; for he was a man. He had invincible prejudices : and with an impetuosity that would break down every obstacle in his way he ran his career ; despising the pusillanimous sentiment—“Non mihi res, sed me rebus submittere conor.”

Such was Whitaker :—as we shall perceive in the gradual developement of his character, for the most part from his own unstudied letters.

We proceed then to state, that John Whitaker was born at Manchester in 1735. In the register of baptisms at the Collegiate parish Church of Christ, in that place, we find he was baptised on the 11th of May in that year. Before he was ten years of age, he was entered a scholar of the Free Grammar School at Manchester :

and we may judge of the character of that school, when we are informed that the late Lord Alvanley and the late Colonel Stanley were his school-fellows and contemporaries.*

In 1752, he was "made Exhibitioner to Oxford, at Ten pounds per annum." He was elected Scholar of C. C. C. 3rd of March 1753; and Fellow 21st of January, 1763.†

In 1759, February 27, he was admitted M. A.; and in 1767, July 1st, he proceeded B. D.

It appears that he was a young man of "great peculiarities." He associated with very few; not from fastidiousness I conceive, though "very few" there are within the walls of a college, whether boys or "boys grown old," who in conversation are capable of affording pleasure to a deeply reflecting mind. The frivolous and the vain but ill consort with the studious and contemplative. The early religiousness of our friend was apparent in his regularly keeping the fast of Lent and that of every Friday throughout the year, till supper time. In this observance, I am certain there was no affectation; if the uniform simplicity of a long life will authorise such an assurance. "At supper-time" it seems, after so severe a fast, "he used to draw attention from all who were at table with him, by eating

"I feel anxious" (says a friend distinguished in rank and in literature) "to put you into the way of procuring the best information respecting the early life of the late Mr. Whitaker; and yesterday I had some conversation with a man of considerable literary attainments, whose father was at school with that Gentleman. This school was what is called the Free School, at Manchester; and you may judge of its character when I inform you that the late Lord Alvanley, and the late Colonel Stanley, were Mr. Whitaker's school-fellows and contemporaries."

+ Among the scholars of Brazen-nose, was the Rev. John Whitaker, B. D. Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne, the learned author of the History of Manchester, &c. &c., who entered this College in 1752, and continued about twelve months; after which he was elected Scholar of Corpus.—History of the University of Oxford, by Alexander Chalmers;—p. 257—26), 1810.

double or treble commons.”—This information comes from a gentleman exalted in rank and venerable for age and erudition. But I suspect that in making his report of Whitaker, the learned Doctor had not divested himself of prejudice. Piqued at Whitaker’s fancied incivility in not shewing the regard which several occasions might have prompted, to C. C. C. he was very concise in his communications :—for he said nothing more to me in his account of Whitaker, than that “in College from the first to the last Whitaker. “was a hard student.” In the eye of candour, Mr. Whitaker’s “peculiarities” would be adduced as evidence of a mind determined to think for itself; and though not contemptuous from the feeling of its power, too firm to have recourse for support to any adventitious assistance. The character, however, of his mind was soon decided in literary composition.

In pursuing my biographical track, I shall occasionally use the vehicle of epistolary correspondence through which (as already intimated) my readers may become familiarly acquainted with a man on whose “like they shall seldom look again.”

In this section we have a solitary letter; and that poetical. It is entitled

A POETICAL JOURNEY

From Manchester to Derby, in November 1763, addressed to a Lady.

When that sad eve I breathed my last adieu,
And the door closing, snatched you from my view
Plunged in the depth of silence and of shade,*
The streets I traverse, and retire to bed.
But all in vain; the shrill-voiced clock below
Long finds me sleepless as the quarters go.
High round my limbs no feathery softness swelled,
But the hard mattress spread a level field;
Not half asleep, the rousing call I hear,
And to the chamber of the coach repair.

* The hour being late and the streets not then lighted with lamps.

Now o'er the town soft shines the lunar light,
 And tips with silver every building's height;
 Now lock'd in sleep each son of Commerce lies,
 And dreams of *Touchet* and of bankruptcies;
 While o'er the stones the coach its burden bears,
 Of men and woodcocks, of a belle and hares.

First of the four, a lady takes her place;
 A taste for books inform'd a handsome face:
 Blue round her neck a tippet twined its down,
 Blue round her hands a muff of feathers shone.
 Full in her front appear'd a Cambridge man;
 The female finish'd what St. John's began:
 He the fond title of her husband chose,
 And a large plaister bridged his pimply nose.
 Close by her side your reverend Damon sat,
 In his bob grizzle and his beaver hat.
 Young L——r last, on *Hodson's** generous port,
 Resolved with A—— and I—— B—— to sport;
 But fate forbad; the knight and squire we met,
 And Jack returned the next day with regret.

"Jumping high o'er the rocks of the rough grounds,
 Rattles the clattering coach, and the shockt axle bounds.†"
 Thus rough we roll, where Stockport hangs with pride,
 Prone from its steeps o'er Mersey's infant tide;
 Thus rough we roll, where Disley's hills we scale.
 Strain up the hill, and lumber to the vale.

Now a wide range of mountains meet the eyes,
 "Alps peep o'er Alps, and hills on hills arise.‡"
 "Late o'er these heights when Lincoln sent her host,§"
 From their low levels of her own smooth coast;
 Wondering, the soldiers saw the hills appear,
 And stopp'd and gazed, and half inclined to fear.

'Mid this rude rumble oft in vain I try,
 Propp'd on my stick, in sleep to close my eye.
 Now then I talk; now letting down the glass,
 Catch the wild landscapes living as they pass.
 Art ne'er to littleness reformed the scene,
 Still great in native majesty of mien.

Thus, as your squire in dreams of taste is lost,
 The stopping coach invites to tea and toast;
 Where Buxton, bearing o'er her dreary vale,
 Calls from the hills her tinctured springs to heal;

* The inn-keeper then at the Bath Inn. † Pope.

‡ Pope. § The Militia.

And the gay sick, beneath the wax-lights blaze,
Swim through the minuet's ever graceful maze.

Next we roll heavy o'er the smoother roads,
And in four hours reach Ashburne's mean abodes.
Tired with the tedious stage we light in haste;
And our keen stomachs hope a good repast.
Fools as we were, though innocent of blame,
The ——— always had a starving fame.
And more, some hungry peasants from the fair
Had rudely ravish'd half our slender cheer.
Forced by our fate, on goose alone we dine,
But try in vain to drink the nauseous wine.

Fretted again we mount, again we roll;
Down streams the rain, and night steals o'er the pole.
For the first hour we all in silence move,
To the rain's rattling on the coach above.
But raised by chance, the converse freely flows,
Now swells in poetry, now glides in prose;
And Shakespeare, Jonson, Otway, Steele and Young,
Rise to receive their sentence from our tongue.

But critic converse can't for ever please;
Tired, we dismiss them to enjoy our ease.
Shrunk in our corners, we attempt to doze,
And wait impatient for the journey's close.
'Till through each glass the lamps of DERBY glare,
And the loud curfew tolls us to our fare.



SECTION II.

If we were warranted in exclaiming, as we drew near to the threshold of Davy the philosopher "Procul, O procul"!—at least with equal reason may we so express ourselves, in approaching Whitaker the Historian.

Our Author's literary life was now commencing. It was in 1771 that Mr. Whitaker published the first volume of *the History of Manchester*, in quarto; a work which, for keen research, bold imagination, original sentiment and correct information, has scarcely its parallel in the literature of any country. Nor does its compo-

sition less deserve our applause ; whether we have respect to the arrangement of the materials, the style or the language. In some passages, there is much elegance ; in others, a magnificence of thought, a force of expression, a glow of diction truly astonishing. The introduction of Christianity into this island, in particular, is described we had almost said with the pen of inspiration.*

In 1773, Mr. Whitaker published an octavo edition of the First Book of the History of Manchester, in two volumes.†

* From Preface to Vol. I. Quarto.—“ The Author wishes to catch the general appearance of the *Island*, the *County* and the *Town*, as it varies in the several stages of their histories. He designs to delineate the gradual progress of the arts, and to trace the successive growth of civility in all. The most striking facts of history to a philosophical spirit, are the annals of the human mind. To design all this is certainly bold. To execute all this is probably impracticable. But to design boldly is absolutely necessary, either in morality or in literature, in order to execute tolerably. We always unavoidably sink below the standard, in practice. And a great plan frequently kindles a new spirit in the soul, calls out unknown powers in the mind, and raises the writer and the man superior to himself in the execution.”

* * * * *

“ Though thus excursive, the author was cautious of distracting attention by a confused variety. Every opening is made to carry an actual reference either mediate or immediate, to the regular history of Manchester. And every vista is employed only for the useful purpose of breaking the stiff straight lines, of lighting up the dark, of heightening the little, and of colouring over the lifeless.”—pp. viii, ix.

† For the “ *Introduction of Christianity into Britain*,” I turn to the second volume of this Edition, pp. 182—187, where the Author has pruned away some trivial exuberances occurring in the “ *Introduction of Christianity*” in the Quarto, Vol. I. pp. 397—399.

“ Amidst the wild wanderings of disordered religion, the two primary institutions of God, priests and sacrifices, and the three principal doctrines of a superintending Providence, the world’s final destruction, and the world’s continuance in a future period of existence, were all carefully retained by the Britons. The great incident of the Fall occasioned the institutions at first. And it was still pointed out by the observances. If the Deity had not known man to have sunk from his original

In 1775, Mr. Whitaker published the second volume of the Manchester in quarto.

perfection, and if heathenism had not believed a corruption to have stained his original purity, the former could not have enjoined or the latter have retained these particular observances at all."

"But there was something in the Druidical species of heathenism, that was peculiarly calculated to arrest the attention and impress the mind. The rudely majestic circle of stones in their temples, the enormous Cromlech, the massy Logan, the huge Carnedde, and the magnificent amphitheatre of woods, would all very strongly lay hold on that religious thoughtfulness of soul, which has been ever so natural to man amid all the wrecks of humanity, the monument of his former perfection.

"In this state of religion among the Britons of Lancashire, the Romans entered the county. And their own system was fully as wild a combination of human vice and folly, more splendid, and less cruel; yet less retaining the illustrious doctrines of God's superintendence, the æternity of the soul, and the transitoriness of matter; and less adapted to touch the religious string of the heart. But the Britons, on their imitating the manners of their conquerors, would naturally adopt their Theology; and as readily class the Roman with the British deities, as the Roman incorporated the British with their own. This strange conduct of exchanging divinities, so common to them and all the other heathens, was the natural result of a conscious want of satisfaction in a right worship, and a mis-directed desire of supplying the place of the one by multiplying the objects of the other. And yet it would become subservient to the more ready introduction of both within the pale of the Christian religion. Both must, in consequence of it, have been less addicted to either. And the Britons half-romanized and the Romans half-britonized, in their idolatry, would necessarily lose all that attachment to their national religion, which is merely the servant of prejudice, and yet the strongest barrier generally against a conversion."

"In this state of the national faith, Christianity was brought into Britain. This had happily prepared the islanders for a more favorable attention to it. And it was a religion that drew aside the curtain of heathen ignorance, and laid open to the view the genuine nature of God, the genuine nature of man, and the duties and rewards resulting from both. It placed a true and real Divinity at the head of the creation; a Nature, æternal in duration, unlimited in power, and unconfined by space; an Intelligence, unerringly wise and unweariedly provident; and a Will, infinitely just, unspeakably kind, and inconceivably pure. And it represented man to have been once exactly fitted to his sphere of action, all moral harmony within,

With regard to the general subject of the Manchester, Mr. Whitaker was unquestionably the first writer who could so light up the region of antiquarianism, as to dissipate its obscurity, even to the eyes of ordinary spectators: and his Manchester is perhaps the only book in which the truth of our island-history has been elucidated by the hand of a master. It is rather singular that we have to rate this admirable work in the order of merit, as well as of time, the first of Whitaker's publications.*

and all natural order without, the central point of this lower creation, and a probationer for a happy æternity in a higher. It then reversed the glass, and shewed him no longer moving in the orbit of duty, and receiving light and warmth from the Divinity, but voluntarily stooping to sin, and necessarily subjected to wretchedness; his body diseased, his understanding darkened, and the little empire of his passions and appetites all risen in rebellion against his reason. It found his mind perplexed with doubts and his soul distracted with fears, conscious of weaknesses that required the assistance of some kind intercession, and sensible of guilt that needed the aid of some friendly atonement: but vainly casting a wishful eye for one and the other through all the compass of created nature; sinking therefore under the weight of sin, and shuddering with horror at the world unknown. And it displayed this kind interceder, it pointed out this benevolent atoner, to the eye of despairing man; One fully qualified to mediate from the purity of his will, and One absolutely enabled to atone from the dignity of his nature; a man interceding for the ruined manhood, and a God appeasing the offended Godhead; a Friend descending from the throne of Heaven, and a Saviour conducting us to the happiness of it. Such a system of religion, sanctioned as it was by precedent prophecies, and authenticated by accompanying miracles, must carry conviction of its divinity to the soul, melt even the obstinacy of prejudice, and proselyte even the profligacy of guilt.

"This then, the genuine religion of our nature, which echoes the sentiments of every feeling heart, and reflects the ideas of every thinking mind, was introduced into Britain as early as the period of the apostles. There, has it ever continued since, exalting the intellect and refining the passions, the parent of many a genuine saint. And may it ever continue there, the enlivening ray of our reason, and the purifying principle of our conduct, till creation shall sink in the final flame, and probation be succeeded by the final allotment!"

* In Napier's Supplement to the Encyclopædia Brit. Vol.

"The Genuine History of the Britons Asserted," an 8vo. volume (first published in 1772, and then a second edition corrected in 1773) may be accepted as an appendage to the Manchester. It contains a complete refutation of the "*unhappy Macpherson*;" whose "Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland," is full of palpable mistakes and misrepresentations.*

vi. we have a Memoir of Whitaker, signed W. W. W. written with much acrimony. "His History of Manchester—his rambling manner—his impatience and vivacity rendered him incapable of selecting his topics, and condensing his thoughts."

Dr. Aikin is more candid.—"The lively style, varied matter, learned research and ingenious conjecture of this performance, raised the Author to literary eminence."

"In his 2nd Volume (Quarto) he has framed a connected story of Prince Arthur; inferring from a few scattered notices, a series of actions which might have happened, though there be no evidence that they ever did."—See Aikin's Biography.

Bishop Bennett and Mr. Lemon, both first rate Antiquaries, used to speak of "the Manchester" in terms of unqualified applause.

* "I have constantly charged him home upon the leading particulars of the question. And when I have shewn the insufficiency of any argument as to its principal end and design, I have then endeavoured to point out its subordinate mistakes. I have endeavoured to break its phalanx; and when the rout was begun, I have studied to improve the victory, by pursuing the runaways. These troops indeed were more formidable in their appearance on the field than I have found them in the day of battle. The gaiety of their attire, and bravery of their aspects, promised a much greater resistance than I have met from them. And I, who entered upon the contest with a dubious spirit, and a tremulous exertion of courage, soon warmed with my own success, and became assured of the victory."

"Blest by nature with the power, but not borrowing from the schools the habit of thinking, the turn of his argumentation is continually irregular, and the general force of his reasoning weak and feeble. He is admirably adapted for the brisk essays of a skirmishing war. But he has unwarily entered into a battle, where heavy armour and practised evolutions are sure to gain the day."

"He does not examine his arguments severely; throwing himself out in a rich irradiation of language; as the birds under the tropics have their superior gaiety of plumage deducted to them by the deprivation of almost all the powers of harmony."

"It is not the unhappiness of Mr. Macpherson that he is

In 1773 we find Mr. W. in London, the morning Preacher of Berkeley-Chapel. To this office he had been appointed in November, by a Mr. Hughes, but in less than two months was removed from his situation. This gave occasion to "the case between Mr. W. and Mr. H. relative to the morning preachership of B. Chapel:"—in which Mr. W. declared that he "was unalterably determined to carry the matter into Westminster-hall."—But (as no friend of W. informs us) the fervor of his resentment threw him off his guard; and he expressed himself so indiscreetly, that his case was considered as a libel by the Court of King's Bench.*

During his residence in London, Whitaker had an opportunity of conversing with several of our most celebrated writers; among whom were the author of the Rambler, and the Historian of the Roman empire. I designate Johnson as the author of the Rambler; because the Rambler was preferred by Whitaker to all Johnson's other productions.

mistaken in some unimportant circumstances.—It is not his unhappiness, that he has misrepresented several incidents of importance. And it is not his unhappiness, that he has failed occasionally, or yet frequently in essential incidents—in arguments of the first magnitude. But it is his singular infelicity, that he has almost regularly failed in all; that scarcely a circumstance, a fact, or a reasoning, however slight, is just or apposite, that nearly every important circumstance and every essential argument, are either frivolous in their nature, or useless in their application; and that each capital and leading topic of the work, is generally one great chaos of undigested materials, arguments without shape or form, reasonings heterogeneous and repugnant, and darkness brooding over the face of the whole! 'This is such a delineation of a work of learning and genius, that my benevolence is hurt, while justice urges my hand to draw it.' pp. 295—300—303.

• "He thought proper to communicate his grievances to the Public, in the "State of the Case between Mr. W. and Mr. Hughes, relative to the Morning Preachership of Berkeley Chapel."—Lond. 1774. 4to. Napier's Supplement.

It is very possible, that aggrieved as W. considered himself, he might have been intemperate in his expressions of resentment. I have in vain made enquiries in London for this pub-

It does not appear, indeed, that Johnson was much attached to our author. Both strong in understanding, equally tenacious of opinion, and equally impassioned in conversation, it is not probable, that they should amicably coalesce on all occasions. In the Ossianic controversy they were decidedly hostile.

With Gibbon, Mr. W. was intimately acquainted: and the MS. of the first volume of "the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," was submitted to Whitaker's inspection. But, what was his surprise, when, as he read the same volume in print, that chapter, which has been so justly obnoxious to the Christian world, was then, for the first time, introduced to his notice! That chapter Gibbon had suppressed in the MS. overawed by Whitaker's high character, and afraid of his censure. And, in fact, that the Deist should have shrunk from *his* indignant eye, may well be conceived, when we see his Christian principle, and his manly spirit uniting in the rejection of a living of considerable value, which was at that time offered him by a Unitarian patron: He spurned at the temptation, and pitied the seducer!*

This was an interval in which some admirable letters passed between Whitaker and Gibbon.

lication; as I had a strong wish, (putting curiosity out of the question) to be enabled to judge of the merits of the case, unbiassed by the representation of friends or enemies.

* "In order to render this anecdote intelligible (says Napier)—some further information seems to be required. Were his principles so pure and rigid, that he could only accept of preferment from a patron of confirmed and approved orthodoxy? Or did this nameless patron offer him the Living, under the condition, express or implied, that he should become a convert to the Unitarian creed?—With respect to the first question, it is evident, that many pious Divines have accepted preferment from patrons who had apparently no religion;—and with respect to the second, it is equally evident, that no patron possessing common sense, could expect a beneficed Clergyman to make an open avowal of opinions which the Church has formally condemned as heretical."—On this subject, the patron wished merely to silence Whitaker, as a prime Minister has been known to silence many on the subject of Catholic Emancipation. My friend was expected only to "stop his fluent pen" and to "hold his audacious tongue."

The first from Manchester, July 20, 1773, relates to Ossian and Prince Arthur, and the Divinity of Tithes.*

LETTER I.

MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

“ Your judgment concerning any attempt to rescue the character and actions of Arthur from the accumulated shade of 1200 years, as it is the result of a careful and attentive perusal, has gratified the spirit of authorship about me very much. As you have shewn by pointing out some of the faults in the work, that you are superior to the usual mode of treating authors, I lay the greater stress upon it; and as you had taken a different route in your own work, I lay still greater. You think, however, that I too peremptorily censured Dr. Hurd with regard to his asserted origin of chivalry, and that indeed my origin of it, is not so just as his. As to the former, I am ready to own, and I do voluntarily acknowledge, that there is a vein of presumptuousness and decisiveness running throughout the whole of the first as well as the second volume, which (after I had published the first) I stood amazed at on a review; and can only account for my being betrayed into it, by the natural sanguineness of my temper, heightened by the real or supposed discoveries that I had made, and venting itself uncorrected in the solitude of a study. And I corrected it in my second edition of the first volume, that I published last winter; and have also corrected it some weeks ago in that copy of the second which I am re-preparing for the press. But the censure itself (if it may be called a censure) seems to me to be just. You think that the whole argument for my placing the origin of chivalry in the age of Arthur, rests upon this, that his warriors shared with him the dangers of battle and the feast of victory: but I apprehend that it does not. I have noted, that a military order appears to have existed among Arthur's knights, from the continuance of it near 100 years after his death (p. 533 and 536); and this, I think, entirely precludes your objection and Dr. Hurd's hypothesis.

* See Lord Sheffield's Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, Vol. III. 587—593. quart.

“What you observe concerning the enthusiasm of my style and sentiments in the religious part of the work, is more just, I think. That of the style is the natural operation of my over-vivacity when I wrote it, near five years ago, raised and coloured by what (I hope) I shall ever retain, my unbounded admiration of the Christian system. But I had mellowed and softened both in my corrected copy, before I received yours, and have thrown in some additional softenings since. I wish to write like a man who is deeply impressed with the sensibilities of religion; and I have even the fond desire of speaking usefully to the heart, when I am generally writing only to the head. But I do not want to counteract my own purposes. I know the philosophic air of coldness with which the present age affects to receive any notices of religion: and some prudential deference must be paid to the irreligious humour.”

“With respect to the clergy and their tythes, I own that my work would have been better adapted to the taste of many in the present time, if I had, with one of Mr. Hume’s superior airs, treated the clergy very freely; inveighed against ambition in them, and yet considered it as the great stimulus to virtuous actions in the laity, and branded them for an avarice which was founded only in the surmises of an ungenerous suspicion. But surely it does not become any man of sentiment and spirit to write in the strain of popular prejudice, and to sacrifice the praises of future generations to the applause of the present. The time will soon come, when this momentary vapour will give way to others, be lost and forgotten in the common mass, or be remembered only for a while, because of the odd and fantastic shapes that it assumed. And this will serve equally as my apology for the assertion which seems so striking to you, that of the divine institution of tythes. They appear to me as divine now, as they are acknowledged to have been at first: and I see not how the argument that is urged in the text for their divinity, can possibly be overthrown.”*

* “It is no small reproach to the human understanding, that a man of Mr. Whitaker’s abilities should maintain such opinions. It was supposed, to the credit of the English clergy, that scarcely one of them in this enlightened age believed in, or insisted on, the *divinity* of tythes. Their divinity is surely now no more acknowledged than that of all those laws of Moses contained in the Levitical Code, which were abolished on the introduction of Christianity.” S.

Here we have Gibbon's opinion of Ossian.

LETTER II.

E. GIBBON TO J. WHITAKER.

Bentinck-street, Oct. 16, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

Though the hurry of a thousand avocations will not allow me to make you a long epistolatory visit, they shall not prevent me from making a short enquiry into the present state of your health, your business, and your intentions, with regard to London, for the ensuing Winter.

For my own part, about February next, I intend to oppress the Public with a quarto of about five or six hundred pages, and am only concerned that the happy choice of the subject will leave no excuse for the feebleness of the execution. I do not say this from any false modesty, but from a real consciousness that I am below my own ideas of historical merit. In a few days our political campaign will open, and we shall find ourselves engaged in carrying on the most serious business, perhaps, that the Empire has ever known. A dark cloud still hangs over it, and though it may be necessary to proceed, the contest will be difficult, and the event doubtful. Your municipal glory is however secure, and Mancunium, in sounding the alarm, has displayed the zeal which generally succeeds a sincere and recent conversion. With regard to your old friend Ossian, the dogmatic language of Johnson, and the acquiescence or indifference of the Scotch, particularly of Macpherson, seem to have given the bard a dangerous, if not a mortal wound. It appears at least to be the prevailing opinion, that truth and falsehood, the Highland ballads, and the fancy of the translator are blended together in such a manner, that unless he himself should condescend to give the clue, there is no power of criticism capable of untwisting them.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

E. GIBBON.*

I shall print the remaining correspondence of Whitaker with Gibbon, almost entire.

* This letter was communicated to me by Whitaker, which I possess in Gibbon's hand writing.

LETTER III.

MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

I have just now received the favour of your History, and I would not delay the acknowledgment. I expect equal information and entertainment from it. In that expectation I shall sit down to it next week; and when I have gone over the whole, you shall hear from me again, without flattery, though not perhaps without partiality. In the mean time, if I thought I might trouble you so soon after my late tax upon you, I would send you a dozen of covers, and beg you to take the trouble of addressing them to Miss Holme, of Brownhill, Rochdale, Lancashire. She is not a mere goddess in Platonic vision. And, if you knew what an elegant, sensible, and spirited correspondence betwixt her and a Welsh lady you would promote by the flourish of your pen, you would run it over a few half-sheets with pleasure.

Your history found me engaged in another History, a work long designed by me, but now executing on a new plan, and therefore with a new title. It is to be called the Military History of the Romans in Britain, and will consequently take in all their military transactions here, and endeavour to place them in new points of view. I have already finished two chapters upon this model, and have gone through the two expeditions of Cæsar in them.

I hope your anti-American spirits, Sir, are in a higher flow than they were when I had last the pleasure of hearing from you. Manchester has taken a decided part against the Americans. And, having beaten the petitioners out of the field in action, we are now attacking them in the London papers, and driving them from their last refuge there.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Your most devoted and very humble

Friend and Servant,

J. WHITAKER.

LETTER IV.

*MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.**No. 29, Fetter-lane, March 26th.*

SIR,

It was not till yesterday, that I knew to whom I was indebted for your obliging communication of last week. It was, before, a sort of fairy favour. And I supposed, with regret, that it was in vain to inquire after the invisible hand which had reached it out to me. But yesterday, casting a casual look upon the outer cover, I there saw what I had not observed before, a note from Mr. White the bookseller. This naturally led me to inquire of him. And from him I had the satisfaction to learn, that my unknown and friendly correspondent was Mr. Gibbon. To Mr. Gibbon therefore I return my cordial thanks for the obliging manner in which he speaks of the History of Manchester, and my more cordial for his two remarks upon it. These have pointed out a track of thinking, with which I was but little acquainted before. And I should be glad to enter upon it in company with such a guide, and pursue it to its termination. Cannot Mr. Gibbon and I, therefore, contrive to spend an hour together upon the subject? I shall be very happy in waiting upon Mr. Gibbon at his own appointment, and either in Bentinck-street, Fetter-lane, or a Coffee-house. And I shall be glad to cultivate the acquaintance of a gentleman, who seems to be, what few even of our professed scholars are, very conversant with the earlier history of our country.

In the meantime I have the pleasure to subscribe myself
Mr. Gibbon's

obliged and most devoted
humble Servant,
J. WHITAKER.

 LETTER V.
*MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.**Manchester, April 21st, 1776.*

DEAR SIR,

I have just finished your History: and I sit down to thank you for it a second time. You have laid open the interior

principles of the Roman Constitution with great learning, and shewn their operation on the general body of the Empire with great judgment. Your work therefore will do you high honour. You never speak feebly, except when you come upon British ground, and never weakly, except when you attack Christianity. In the former case, you seem to me to want information. And, in the latter, you plainly want the common candour of a citizen of the world for the religious system of your country. Pardon me, Sir, but, much as I admire your abilities, greatly as I respect your friendship, I cannot bear without indignation your sarcastic slyness upon Christianity, and cannot see without pity your determined hostility to the Gospel. But I leave the subject to beg a favour of you. After so open a declaration, I pay a great compliment to the friendliness of your spirit, to solicit from you any favour.

I have inclosed you a printed paper, written by myself, and relating to a Bill for this town, which is now in the House. It was drawn up with the utmost plainness, in order to be level to the comprehensions of the persons to whom it was addressed. And I take the liberty of sending it to you, to inform you of the nature and complexion of the Bill. You may depend upon all the facts in it. And if you think the arguments convincing in themselves, and the cause for my sake worthy of your interposition, you will perhaps think it requisite, either by application to the Committee or by an overture to the House, to get a couple of restraining paragraphs inserted in the Bill; that shall make every subscriber to the improvements a commissioner under the Act, and oblige the commissioners to finish all the improvements in a limited time. In doing this, you will check a spirit of tyranny, that has shewn itself very powerfully in this region of mercantile equality, and confine it within proper bounds. And you will particularly oblige your friend, who, with a great promptness to submit to the authority of his legal superiors, feels a greater reluctance to truckle to the assumed dominion of his equals.

I write to Sir Thomas Egerton by this post, and upon this occasion. But, as his friends here are divided upon the matter, I am doubtful whether he will choose to interpose in it. I shall write also to one or two other friends of mine in the House. But as I have not the same claim of friendship upon them, which you allow me to have upon you, I rely principally upon your interposition. And if you can serve the thinking part of this town, if you can oblige me, you will (I am convinced) do both.

Let me add to this favour, which is merely a public and political one, another of a more private and tender nature. Will you make some of your servants fold me up a dozen covers, and inscribe them yourself to Miss Holme, Brownhill, Rochdale, Lancashire? If you will, you will heighten the former favour, and make me still more

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

J. WHITAKER.

LETTER VI.

MR. WHITAKER TO EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

Manchester, May 11th, 1776.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your franks. And I thank you still more for your friendly return to my last. You received my application to you about the business in Parliament with your usual kindness. I wrote to others of my friends in the House at the same time. And I carried the great point which I aimed at. You also received my animadversions upon your History with candour. I was particularly pointed, I believe, in what I said concerning the religious part of it. I wrote from my feelings at the time; and was perhaps the less inclined to suppress those feelings from friendliness, because I had two favours to beg of you. I hope I shall ever be attached, with every power of my judgment and my affection, to that glorious system of truth which is the vital principle of happiness to my soul in time and in eternity. And in this I act not from any "restraints of profession." I should despise myself if I did. I act from the fullest conviction of a mind that has been a good deal exercised in inquiries into truth, and that has shewn (I fancy) a strong spirit of rational scepticism in rejecting and refuting a variety of opinions, which have passed current for ages in our national history.

With regard to what I said concerning your British accounts, I meant not to blame you, for not saying all that you knew concerning our island. I blamed you only for not noticing some particulars, that made a necessary part of your narration, and are mentioned by the best authorities.

These, however, if never so true, are but trifles light as air in my estimation, when they are compared with what I

think the great blot of your work. You have there exhibited Deism in a new shape, and in one that is more likely to affect the uninstructed million, than the reasoning form which she has usually worn. You seem to me like another Tacitus, revived with all his animosity against Christianity, his strong philosophical spirit of sentiment, and more than his superiority to the absurdities of heathenism. And you will have the dishonour (pardon me, Sir) of being ranked by the folly of scepticism, that is working so powerfully at present, among the most distinguished deists of the age. I have long suspected the tendency of your opinions. I once took the liberty of hinting my suspicions. But I did not think the poison had spread so universally through your frame. And I can only deplore the misfortune, and a very great one I consider it, to the highest and dearest interests of man among all your readers.

These must be very numerous. I see you are getting a second edition already. I give you joy of it. And I remain, with an equal mixture of regret and regard,

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

J. WHITAKER.

It is much to the honor of Lord Sheffield, that his Lordship calls this "a manly and spirited declaration in favour of the principles of the Established Church, and against the perversion of those opinions which constitute the greatest comfort and consolation of the Christian world."

Would that *Warton*, and *Vincent*, and *Cooke* and *Robertson* had written in the same strain!—"I presume you have heard that offence is taken at some passages that are thought unfavourable to the truth of Christianity!—May I hope for the honor of seeing you at this place?"—So says Dr. Joseph Warton.*

"I have not yet read the last two chapters, but am sorry he has taken such a tone in them as will hurt the sale of the Book!"†—"The tone you take with your adversary in the *impar congressus*, appears to me perfectly proper.—Davies's book never reached us here.

* See Sheffield's *Gibbon*, Vol. III. p. 601.

† Dr. Robertson to Strahan—Sheffield's *Gibbon*, Vol. I. p. 499.

We hear sometimes of the worthless things that float for a day on the stream, but we never see them.”*

In a most scornful manner Dr. Robertson asks: “Who is this Mr. Hayley? His Whiggism is so bigoted, and his Christianity so fierce, that he almost disgusts one with two very good things!”†

Such is Robertson.

Vincent apologises for “Professional prejudices”!!!‡ and Cooke speaks in rapture of the “precious volumes”!!!

Bishop Watson is too courteous. He writes to Gibbon “with every sentiment of respect”!!! a Christian Bishop to an insidious unbeliever.§

SECTION III.

In 1777,¶ Mr. Whitaker succeeded, as Fellow of C. C. C., to the Rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne, one of the most valuable livings in the gift of that College; and into Cornwall he came to reside upon his Rectory.

Here it might have been expected, that retirement and leisure would greatly favour the pursuits of literature. But Ruan Lanyhorne was for several years no tranquil seat of the Muses. That pleasant seclusion was now the scene of contest—a contest, however, absolutely unavoidable. Mr. W. had proposed a tithe composition by no means unreasonable, as all have been long ago convinced. The compositions, indeed, with the present Rector (much higher than with Whitaker) are

* Robertson to Gibbon.—Sheffield, Vol I. p. 539.

† Sheffield, Vol. I. p. 539.

‡ Sheffield, Vol. III, pp. 669—677.

§ Sheffield, Vol. I. p. 537.—For Gibbon’s remarks on his antagonists, see Sheffield Vol. I. at pp 153, 154, 155, 156 159, 160, 161, 162.

¶ July 16th, on the death of Mr. Henchman.

universally admitted in proof of Whitaker's moderation. His parishioners rudely rejected his terms: marshalled by Captain Luke, they at once entered the field of contention with a front of daring defiance. And it was vainly attempted to meet the violence of the selfish and the illiterate with an appeal to equity, to candour, or to reason. The *Ruanites* had not the most specious pretence for their resistance. It was no season of scarcity: agriculture had not suffered the depression which it hath since, at several periods, sustained. But there is a cupidity, an obstinacy, an insolence in many of our farming gentry, which has more and more, indeed, increased with the march of intellect. It was not from Ruan Lanyhorne, but from a parish in Cornwall not twenty miles distant from Ruan Lanyhorne, that we saw "insolence" enough in an answer to the following question in 1804: "What is the cause of the scarcity?" The answer was: "Parsons, proctors, rats, and sparrows."

But to return to our subject. The Rector was steady to his purpose; the tithes were demanded in kind; disputes arose upon disputes; animosities were kindled; and litigations took place.

That he was finally victorious afforded pleasure to the friends of the Rector, and to the friends of justice and truth: yet it was long before harmony was restored to Ruan Lanyborne.

That his literary schemes had been interrupted so soon after his arrival in Cornwall; where, in a quiet retreat, he had anticipated those luxuries of mental enjoyment "most native to his soul," was with the *Author* a disheartening subject of regret. But the conscientious *Pastor* looked with a deeper concern to the spiritual welfare of his flock. With sorrow he saw their aversion from his preaching, their indifference to his instruction, their repugnance to his authority; and "he laboured more abundantly;" till, after a few years, he had the satisfaction to perceive a visible alteration in the behaviour of the principal parishioners. With the poorer families, indeed, who were not implicated in the contest, he lived

on terms of perfect amity. The cottages appeared like so many appendages to the Rectory: and there was a good neighbourhood between all—an intercourse resembling almost that primæval simplicity which the poets describe,

———“ When the friendly shade
Of night, unmark'd by prowling rapine, bore
No pale suspicion on its darksome wing
To hover at the unbolted gate; where Truth
And Confidence unlimited could boast
The unalloy'd delight that freely springs
From happiness reciprocally shared.”

In short, that cordial—that familiar manner, which was a strong feature in his character, was always pleasing to those whom prejudice had not armed against him, and conciliatory to many who from misrepresentation were disposed to think ill of him. And in proportion as his people became acquainted with his kind disposition, the transitoriness of his resentments, and after injuries his promptness to forgive and anxious wish to be forgiven, they endeavoured to cultivate his friendship, and at length loved and revered him as their father.

Nothing can more fully display the warmth of his affections, his zeal as a minister of Christ, or his impassioned style of eloquence, than those addresses from the pulpit; some of which selected for the press we shall shortly have occasion to characterise.

But, before we converse with the Theologian we shall contemplate the *Historian* and the *Antiquary* taking refuge in the recesses of his study, and reposing, after many a painful struggle, secure from insult or impertinence.

The “*Mary Queen of Scots*” was published in 1787 in three 8vo. volumes.*

* From Preface to Second Edition, dated Ruan Lanyhorne, 1788.

“ I have used” (says W. apologising for a weakness too apparent in his character) “ a quickness of language at times, of which my more gentle reader may be hurt in his feelings. But let the gentlest of my readers reflect, that such a manner is unavoidable, from the nature and circumstances of the controversy. All controversy is in the literary world, what all war is in the political—an evil necessarily incident to the wretchedness of our present state. In war, such acts are law-

"Of Mary Queen of Scots" (says Napier) "he published an enlarged edition in 1790; and he seems

ful as would be criminal out of it. Blows and wounds then become licensed outrages. Just so, in controversy, a harshness of reprehension and a provoking pointedness of triumph, are as lawful as blows and wounds in war."—p. xv.

* * * * *

"I should have thought myself honorably matched by an opposition from Dr. Robertson or Lord Hailes. But his lordship has explicitly declined the contest in a letter to myself. The Doctor, also, I hear, is so little disposed to refute "the Vindication," that he has declared his resolution not to read it. He is thus practising the arts of generalship, which many a veteran has been obliged to practise before him. Warburton, when he found himself attacked by Lowth, similarly refused to read what he feared he could not answer; and with a child's simplicity of cunning, imagined he should escape the lightning of his adversary's wit, by shutting his eyes to the sight, and evade the thunder of his adversary's argument, by stopping his ears to the sound."—p. xvii, xviii.

From Chapter I, Section 2.

"Young, beautiful and accomplished, already had she sat upon the throne of France. She there became a centre to a large circle. She appeared in it with a propriety that was acknowledged, and with a gracefulness that was applauded by all. She was the peculiar ornament of one of the politest courts in Europe."—p. 24.

* * * * *

"From that scene of admiration in France, she was soon called away by the death of her husband, to her own kingdom in the North. She was now to pass from elegance and splendour, to incivility and turbulence!"—p. 29.

From his partiality I suppose to his beautiful Queen, Mr. W. used to prefer the following stanza to any other in "the Local Attachment:"—

"Thus Scotia's lovely Queen dissolv'd in tears
 "Mused, a fond mourner, o'er receding France:
 "'Twas the sweet nursery of her infant years,
 "The gay, the courtly, region of romance!
 "Farewell" she cried "ye landscapes that entrance
 "My careless bosom—farewell, happy shore!
 "What tho' to mount a throne be mine, perchance
 "My days of bright serenity are o'er!
 "Ah! land of bliss, farewell! to meet these eyes no more!"

From Chapter II., Section 4.

ELIZABETH.

"Women (I speak it with great respect for the sex) are ordinarily more apt to take refuge in lies than men. Bred up in some necessary habits of dissimulation; and urged by the

not to have been a little mortified that neither Lord Hailes nor Dr. Robertson could be induced to print a single page against him."

sense of their weakness, to make up in cunning what they want in strength, they are more prone to the little arts of evasion. Yet the well educated and well principled part of the sex, is, to the full, as much superior to these arts, as the same part of our own. And for bold untruths, for lies told with grave deliberation and vouched with cool confidence; their natural delicacy, which keeps them from many improprieties in life, keeps them also, from this. ELIZABETH, however, was profligate enough for such daring flights of falsehood. She had the boldness of the worst of our sex, superadded to the evasiveness of the worst of her own. She therefore loved to try her strength in this masculine exercise of profligacy."—p. 9).

At the conclusion of the first volume—

"ELIZABETH thus appears in a light that must shock her numerous admirers. The low adulations of her own age, and the consenting flattery of succeeding times, have united to throw a blaze of glory around the head of this political saint; to which she hath as little claim as many of the religious saints in the calendar of Rome to theirs. I admire her abilities. But I despise her principles. I admire her sagacity of understanding, her comprehensiveness of policy, and her vigour of resolution. But I detest her habits of swearing, her habits of hypocrisy, her rancorous jealousy, and her murderous malignity."

"The interests of VIRTUE should be the object of every writer. And one single grain of virtue is worth more in the estimate of reason and of God, than all the mass of intellect, that is diffused through the universe."—pp. 570, 571.

From Vol. III., p. 301.

"It is painful to a generous mind, to see such arts sustained by such credulity, and both triumphing so long over the fame of Mary. But "this world was made for Cæsar." The Elizabeths and the Murrays, the children of artifice and violence, will generally be the heroes and heroines of the mass of mankind. But a period may come, *such as has now come*, when facts will be weighed against assertions, when characters will be ascertained by the standard of history, and when the villain will be exposed and the worthy be vindicated. Yet, should it not come, we may wait in holy hope for that hour of universal judgement, which the sufferings of Mary have repeatedly pressed upon my mind. Then artifice can no longer fabricate calumnies, and credulity can no longer continue them. Then the Marys, the Murrays, and the Elizabeths will pass once more in review before us! The examination will be made by HIM, who cannot be baffled in his sagacity! the sentence will be pronounced by HIM who cannot be mistaken in his judgment!"

And "he went" (says Dr. Aikin) "beyond any former writers, in defending the unfortunate Queen, and in criminating her enemies—Elizabeth, Cecil, Morton, and Murray."

Napier is illiberal; Aikin is affectedly candid. To make an abstract of the main argument in this place, is out of the question. But that the *eight Letters* which had been for two centuries the foundation of calumny against Mary, are satisfactorily proved to be forgeries, all who read these volumes with attention must I think agree. In the notes I subjoin specimens of much fine writing. And our friend's religiousness recurs, wherever we turn, refreshing to our spirits, and animating to our hearts.*

"*The Course of Hannibal over the Alps*" has been read almost with rapture, by many who assented not to the positions which Whitaker was labouring to maintain.†

* Extract from Glassford Bell's *Life of Mary*, 2 vols., Constable's edition, 1828.

"The praise of ardor not of judgement belongs to Whitaker." Preface. "In his indignation at the virulence of others, he often becomes more virulent himself."

"Whitaker describes the House of the Kirk-of-Field as larger than it really was; and misled by the appearance of a gunport which still remains in one part of the old wall, and which Arnot supposed had been the postern-door in the gavel of the house, he fixes its situation at too great a distance from the College and too near the Infirmary." Vol. II. p. 31.

At pp. 90 and 91 we are referred to Whitaker vol. III. pp. 112, 120, 127, 128. Here Whitaker is applauded.

In many other passages, Whitaker is quoted and highly approved.

† The opinions on this subject seem now to be narrowed to two: that here maintained with so much learning, ingenious concatenations of circumstances the most remote from each other in place and time, and fervent eloquence, by Whitaker; and that espoused and defended by General Robert Melvill, an antiquary, and a critic, as well as an accomplished and very distinguished military officer, who in 1775 went on a tour through the Alps in order to investigate the course of Hannibal on the spot. Allowing the authority of Livy (whose inaccuracy is candidly admitted in the work before us in many instances), we are almost compelled, by the reasoning of Whitaker, to adopt the opinion, that the route of

“The Ancient Cathedral of Cornwall” is in my opinion one of his happiest productions as an Antiquary.*

Hannibal lay by Lauriol in Dauphiny, Lyons, Geneva, Martigny, and the Great St. Bernard. But if we prefer the authority of Polybius where that author differs from Livy, we shall be inclined to the opinion of General Melvill, who brings him by Chamberri, along the vale of the Isere, and the Little St. Bernard. The General and Whitaker meet together in the vale of Aosta. The route taken by the General has been found practicable again and again; and it certainly led more directly to its object. It was proper that Hannibal should go up the Rhone, in order to avoid his enemies, but not farther than was necessary for that purpose. The General's route, strongly supported on the whole by the dates and distances, and some other circumstances mentioned in the Greek historian, is also that which would appear the most eligible to a commander. But, on the other hand, when we attend to the arguments of our friend and particularly what he says, Vol. I. p. 272, on the subject of the White Rock, and to the retrograde motions in Hannibal's army, in consequence of the treachery of the Salassi, our opinion will be not a little shaken. It is to be observed, at the same time, that if strong facts are sometimes urged by Whitaker with much energy and effect, he helps out weaker arguments, in other instances, by a peculiar talent for happy conjecture. On the whole, Whitaker is, in some respects, to General Melvill, what Livy was to Polybius.

“*Whitaker's Course of Hannibal, &c.*—On this ground he was encountered by the late Lord Wodehouselee, who published a critical examination, &c. &c. London, 1795, 8vo.”—*Napier.*

* “The history of man, so voluminous and bulky at present, is very slight and slender in all the early periods of it. Either the writing of history was an employ unpractised by the first ages; or time and war have united since, to sweep away the writings. Thus man even knew not his own origin, before the Hebrew scriptures disclosed the secret to him. The world, therefore, might well be ignorant, before, of the origin of the nations within it. The history of the world and of man, indeed, stood then like a colossal statue of antiquity, that had accidentally lost its head. Even since the divine history has given a beginning to the human annals, and so has replaced the head upon the statue; much darkness still spreads over the particular origin of nations. The head of this statue, like the head of the Nile's at Rome, is still wrapped up in a veil. Nor do we know, with any degree of accuracy, the primary period of the history of any one nation in Europe. This is apparently the case in our domestic annals; and in that very period of them too, which is not prior to the Romans. We know nothing almost of the early transactions of the WELSH or of the

But in the *Supplement to my Outline of "The Antiquities of Cornwall,"* there is more of philosophy

CORNISH, before the Saxons came to invade them, and so united their history with their own. Thus two large communities of Britons, which had been composed each of united tribes of Britain, and enlightened all by the rays of the literature of Rome, even more enlightened still by the bright beams of the Gospel, sunk back into the darkness nearly of their original history; and owe the main knowledge of their own annals immediately after the Roman departure, to those rude barbarians who had come from the shores of the Baltic, and whom they had half raised into knowledge, while these had wholly depressed them into ignorance. So much heavier is the scale of ignorance in man, than that of knowledge! This we see strikingly exemplified in the early history of CORNWALL; with which in general we can begin only where the annals of its Saxon invaders begin; and for which, as the sun of history was then set among the Cornish themselves, we can derive an illumination only from the very moon that was then shining with the rays of the sun, faint, indeed, in the reflection, yet serving to dispel the darkness.

Having repeatedly mentioned the late Lord Eliot with honour in the text, I must here do justice to him and to myself in a note. He was my original instigator for writing the present work. In a visit to him, solicited by myself, I threw out some remarks as I viewed the church concerning the age of it; which my Lord politely questioned, and I deliberately maintained. This led me to put my sentiments upon paper, and my Lord exulted probably in his finesse of drawing me out. But when the ardour of my mind, kindling like a chariot-wheel with its own movements, pushed me on to prosecute my survey, and my essay had swelled into a book; my Lord began to foresee the consequence to himself. *He apprehended a design upon his finances.* Nor would he spare money for literature, for literature even concerning *his favourite church.* He therefore refrained from all intimations that would cost him any thing, while the work was under my hands. Even when I had finished it, he expressed no wish for perusing it in manuscript; he put forth no finger to push it into publication. He abandoned it to its fate, without one solicitude felt for it, I believe; without one inquiry made about it, I know. The solicitude was suppressed, and the inquiry was precluded in a cautious delicacy for his purse. *He wished to be a patron without any expense of patronage.* Nor would this work, so abandoned by him, have ever been published by me, if my Lord had not died, if my indignation at such treatment had not been buried in his grave, and if at the same time I had not accidentally become rich enough to risk the expense myself.

About a quarter of a mile to the north-east of Grade church, is a noted well, from which is fetched all the water used in bap-

mingled with antiquarianism than we meet with, in all his other works.*

tism at the church. It has also a saint and a hermit belonging to it, being denominated St. Grade's well; this "Sancta Grada, alias Grade," settling at it in some later period, when the parishes of Ruan Major and Minor had been both laid out in one, so superseding the name of Rumon and even occasioning a new parish to be formed out of fragments of both, with Landewednack as a chapelry afterwards to it, now equally a parish-church itself. But it proves its own relationship to St. Rumon, by lying *very near to Saint Ruan village*, close on the left of the road, at the head of a little hill, and fronting the village. It is walled up at the back and sides with dense black iron-stones; but the front, and particularly the arched entrance, is composed of coarse granite. The water is very fine and pellucid, exactly answering therefore to Ausonius's description of the fountain at Nismes.

..... Vitrea non luce Nemausus
Purior.

The water too, which is always up to the brim of the basin, is remarkably cold in summer; and thus answers exactly again to Martial's description of his fountain in Spain;

*Avidam rigens Dercenna placabit sitim,
Et Nemea quæ vincit nives.*

So faithfully represented do we discern the Nemausus and the Nemea of the continent, in the Nemea of our own Cornwall! And so judiciously had our St. Rumon selected the waters of this fountain for his own beverage! His hermitage, however, was not immediately upon the brink of it, but in what is now the village, pleasantly situated upon a little hill, like the well, and distant about a stone's throw, or rather more, from it. The village consists only of about half a dozen houses, all mean, except one on the right hand, just as you ascend the hill. This has a ruinous fence before it, denominated the court-wall, and built with iron-stones enormously large. The house itself was nearly all in ruins about forty years ago, was therefore rebuilt, but had originally windows and a doorway, all arched like the well. Some of the moorstones that composed the doorway and windows, are still upon the ground; while the other stones are like those of the court-wall, iron-stones enormously large. Here then we have the very hermitage of St. Rumon; afterwards converted into a chapel, like St. Mawes; but latterly, though built of materials so strong and so massy, sinking under the weight of its own antiquity, and crumbling into ruins."

For the above description, I am responsible.—Mr. Whitaker desired me to visit the spot for him; and I believe my report is accurate.

* "That the whole mass of the Sylley Isles, of the shores of Cornwall, and (as we must add) of the opposite shores of

It is very possible that the geologist may affect to hold our friend's philosophy in contempt. But, as Mr. Hawkins justly intimates, (in one of those elegant papers which do honour to our Geological Society,) it is only the geologist will ridicule such conjectures as Whitaker's: men of more liberal education will at least give them a patient hearing. I am acquainted with several philosophers (not of Cornwall in particular) who, ignorant of the learned languages, and possessing no accurate knowledge even of their own vernacular tongue, commit strange blunders in pronouncing the very terms in chemistry with which they boast a perfect familiarity. Yet I have heard them speak slightly of Whitaker. Perhaps his Christian humility provoked their choler: religiousness like his could expect no quarter from the pride of scepticism.

Even here his antiquarian stores were far from being exhausted.

Normandy, should all be depressed by any one shock of an earthquake below the level of the sea adjoining, even sixteen or more feet perpendicular below this level; is a supposition so ponderous, massy, and gigantic, as to stagger the stoutest faith. The earthquake, that could produce such a mighty convulsion, must have shaken all Britain to its centre, and been recorded indelibly in the published terrors of the whole nation. Nor is the cause, however portentous and incredible in itself, at all adequate to the effect produced. This effect is not merely a sudden inundation made some centuries ago, but the gradual encroachments of the sea in consequence of that. For these we must account; as well as for that. A subsidence, therefore, that is competent to the generation of both, must be actually at work in the present moments, actually depressing the ground at this very moment, actually sinking it under our very feet now. This argument reduces the supposition to the last extreme of absurdity; and compels us to seek out another cause, even the natural, the obvious, and indeed the only remaining cause, in the violent bearing at one time, and in the silent pressing ever since, of the ocean upon our shores. Occasioned, perhaps, by some slight inclination of the globe, that threw its aqueous parts in a sudden projection to the east, and that keeps them tending to the east still; the Atlantic has been for ages withdrawing from the shores of America. I believe, and for ages encroaching certainly upon the shores of Europe. We know when it began, from its ravages then made upon the coast of Cornwall particularly; and we feel it operating in its corrosiveness upon the coast of Cornwall, to the

“*The Life of St. Neot*,”* the History of Oxford; and the History of London were all at once projected;

present period. This hypothesis satisfactorily accounts both for the present and for the past, for the facts that occur in history, and for the appearances that salute our eyes.”

*“*ST. NEOT.*” It is thus Mr. W. commences his history of the princely saint.

“A Saint, however related; and however renowned, will hardly be expected to furnish materials in his life, either attractive of themselves, or important in their consequences; yet the present, I think, with proper management, *will*. It is my business, therefore, to use this management, to note the connection of his opinions with our national manners, and to mark the bearings of his actions upon our national annals. I hope thus to render even the biography of a Saint, concerning whom little is told, and less understood, even concerning one who is *now*, for the first time, referred to history by the hands of criticism, useful enough to challenge the curiosity of many in the beginning, and interesting enough to engage the attention of more to the end.”

“But before we enter upon the life of a Saint, so replete with miracles ascribed to him, we must stop a moment to ascertain the origin of the miracles so ascribed, and to explain the quality of the facts so magnified into miracles. Such an operation is requisite, antecedently to any prosecution of his biography; in order to divest the history of all that appearance of incredibility which at present surrounds it, and to bring it down from the high æther of romance to the sober level, the *respirable* atmosphere of reality. For this purpose we must examine the original biographers of St. Neot, find the author by whom the miracles were first attributed to him, and so mark the matter as well as the manner, *in or on* which they were attributed. We shall thus come to see clearly how common incidents in the Saint’s life were worked up into marvellous contingencies, how the very mode of their relation originally shewed them to have been merely common incidents only, and how the very relater of them at first appears to have been the very reprobater of them afterwards.” P 1, 2.

I must here be excused in drawing off attention from the matter to the *manner*; whilst I remark, that this short extract exhibits the author in all his peculiarities of style; discriminated as it always is by vigour and perspicuity; at one time, by elegance and force; at another, by negligence. To proceed with the history.

“The very memorials that imposed upon Ramsay at first were not the fabrication of wilful falsehood; rioting in a wantonness of fiction, and imposing studied forgeries upon the faith of the world. This is too dreadful an extreme of guilt for the generality of mankind; and especially for the sequestered few who

and no sooner projected than executed in imagination, and more than half executed in reality.

love to dwell upon the actions of a saint, to revere the graces of heaven really resplendent always in his conduct, and to contemplate the powers of heavens supposedly displayed in his words at times. Such men are too good to be deceivers, but are very apt to be deceived; to mistake the meaning of names or the quality of circumstances; to consider every common incident in a saint's biography as a miraculous one; to suppose the Deity equally present with the saint in visible powers, as he certainly is in invisible graces; and to fancy *those* communicated, in order to give a kind of visibility to *these*." P. 16.

The author's integrity, simplicity, and piety, are here most apparent. He now examines the marvellous acts of St. Neot one by one; and is successful, I think, in proving, that at the bottom of each fiction lies the truth. The sixth miracle is well illustrated by the manner of carrying corn in Cornwall.

"The tenants were once driving the lord's wains loaded with corn in their usual manner, to the usual places. They had *scarce* begun to move when, wonderful to be seen, a vehement wind came rushing among them. So great was its vehemence, indeed, that it forced wains, and oxen, and men suddenly to turn and go back. All go back together to the field from which the corn had been taken, as with the force of a dart from a hand."

"The incident is certainly very probable in itself. A sudden wind arose as the wains were beginning to move, and in a direction opposite to their movement. We know from our own experience in Cornwall at present, where we still carry our corn on wains, and still draw it with oxen, piled artificially in rows upon rows of sheaves, raised to a considerable height, and bound down by a rope in several directions; how readily such a tall structure catches the force of those rushing winds that frequently annoy us from the south-west. This was such a wind assuredly. The rising stories of sheaves could not stand the violence of it; the whole mass tottered from side to side, and all will instantly be thrown to the ground. The attendants feel the distress, run to support the load at the sides with their protended pikes, and goad on the oxen. But their labours are all vain; the oxen are not able to advance against such a torrent of air so obstructed; and the sheaves begin to fly. In this extremity, no resource is left but to turn, to move before the wind, to seek the field in which they took up the load and there to lay it down again. Such an incident as this may have happened to many, and is likely to happen to all; our Cornish mode of forming our sheaves into round mows within the field, and there leaving them saved (as we naturally presume to speak) till the weather permits us to carry them into our rick-yard, being calculated equally to defend them against the wind as to protect them from the wet."

To recur to our Author as a Divine of the Church of England.—We have already, by copious extracts from

Let us next view St. Neot in his retirement.

“ In an eager desire (notes Leland) for the life of a hermit, he went into Cornwall. Yet in this eagerness he acted prudently, by not burying himself alone amid the wilds of St. Gueryr; but taking a companion with him, and settling near to a church with its priest. From this conduct, solitude smoothed her rugged looks for him; a hermitage lost its dreariness of aspect; and by the irradiations of social religion,

“ There did a sable cloud

Turn forth her silver lining on the night,

And cast a gleam over these tufted groves.”

But the grand magnet to the lovers of solitude was always a fine fountain of water: and at St. Neot's is a well of high celebrity, about a quarter of a mile from the church.

“ At this well (which is to the west of the church, lying in what is called a meadow under a wood at present) St. Neot resided as a hermit with Barius, and communicated that reputed holiness which still adheres in part to its waters. That there was a good arch of stone over it, with a large oak springing from the arch, and with doors to the entrance, is well remembered now. “ This beautiful spring,” says a late author, (who has happily caught some descriptive touches concerning it) “ with a rill issuing from it, that constantly supplies the neighbouring village with water, is yet to be seen at the foot of a steep wood. About thirty (now forty) years ago, a very large and spreading oak, which grew almost horizontally from the bank above, and overshadowed the well” in a fan like form, “ was cut down by the tenant of the estate for repairs,” when it had been spared for centuries, probably from a principle of religion. Weakly children used also, within memory, to be brought from a distance, even from the distance of Exeter itself, to be bathed in the waters on the *three first* (we should have written, *first three*) mornings in May. Even now the parish clerk resorts to it in all weathers, as his predecessors in office have immemorially resorted, to fetch from it the water for the baptismal font in the church. The water itself is very fine to the eye, and very pleasing to the taste. Here, adds Ramsay, St. Neot “ was daily wont to repeat the whole psalter throughout;” thus going through a length of private prayer, to which our faint and languid spirits in devotion could never extend. But our spirits in devotion are not to be compared with a hermit's. When the soul is constantly engaged in contemplation of that awful important point of time on which it stands; is tremblingly alive to its destiny in heaven or in hell, for the whole round of eternity; THEN SEES ONLY THE LIGHT TRANSPARENCY OF LIFE, RISING UP BEFORE BOTH; and is continually breathing forth its supplications to God, its

his works, laid open to our readers his antiquarian sagacity and learning.

We now do homage to him as a Divine.

hopes or its fears concerning both under this habitual discipline of devoutness, what must be the intenseness, the fervidness, and the ardency of prayer? Infinitely superior must they be to those sensations of devoutness, which the man of business, or the man of studiousness, even if very devout, can ever feel in his bosom. The latter can be no more to the former, than THE FUGITIVE CORUSCATIONS OF AN AUTUMNAL NIGHT, TO THE STEADY RADIATIONS OF A SUMMER'S SUN. St. Neot, therefore, might well indulge himself in such a length of prayer, as to go through the whole psalter every day; by the frequent recurrence of his prayers in the day, and by the continuance of them for a long time at every recurrence."

I have given in capitals two fine illustrations which occur in the above beautiful passage. In the hands of such an author, no subject, however dry in itself, can be either uninteresting or unedifying. Of *Wolstan*, who was made precentor of Winchester, on account of his fine voice and skill in singing, the following is a curious memoir.

"*Wolstan*, a monk of Winchester cathedral, in the tenth century, (says Leland) was not without a voice finely musical, or without any very great skill in singing; on both accounts he became much esteemed by his fellow collegians, and was thus at last made even præcentor, a kind of magistrate in high honour among the monks formerly," in high honour among ourselves still, and the leader purely of the chaunts in our cathedral services.

"But in the eleventh century, when Edmund Ironside, in the year 1016, engaged Canute and his Danes within the county of Essex, we behold an amazing picture of devoutness in the midst of a camp, in the open field, and in the heat of a battle; Ednod, bishop of Lincoln, "chanting the communion service there," even while the battle was at its very height, being overtaken by the close of it before he had concluded; and, while he was praying with lifted hands, having one of them cut off by the victorious Danes. So early do we find (what we do not find in our cathedrals at present) the prayers of the Eucharist chaunted! Yet still earlier do we perceive the chaunted prayer in private. In those illustrious moments of death, when the celebrated Bede shone more than ever he had shone before, and was placed by the altar at which he had used to pray, there "he chaunted," even with his expiring breath, "glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit;" but as soon as he had invoked the Holy Spirit, "he breathed his own spirit out of his body;" and thus, as the narrator concludes, he was singing "glory be to the Fa-

And first, of his parochial discourses he published

ther," with some other spiritual sentences, as long as his soul was in his body." P. 118.

After examining the claims of St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, to the remains of this Saint, and giving some account of their supposed removal to that place, Mr. W. triumphs in the refutation of that hypothesis; and then tells us, what remains actually existed there.

"What then were the remains of St. Neot that Huntingdonshire really had? At this very epocha it pretended to exhibit only two articles, but two that were totally extrinsic to him, and had merely been once possessed by him. Leland himself was curious enough to note what they were. They were "the interior tunic of St. Neot, made of cloth of hair in the Irish fashion;" and "the comb of St. Neot, made of a small bone two fingers in breadth, but having the teeth of fish inserted into it, so as to appear like the jaw of that river-fish the pike."

"Huntingdonshire thus shewed to Leland all that it had of St. Neot. This all was merely the comb and the interior tunic of the Saint. Nor did the monks there pretend to have any thing else of his. All proves them to have possessed none of his bones, yet to have owned some remains of his, which in the undistinguishing talk of the times among others, in the studied obscurity of language among themselves, and in the bold eruptions of partial fondness into positive falsehood at times, were vainly estimated to be bodily relics."

It was worth while to insert the above, for the reflections that follow.

"Nor let my reader smile at this long and successful labour to appropriate the bones or the dust of an ancient saint to Cornwall. The fondness for sainted relics is now passed its meridian indeed; and the human mind exercises itself at present upon what it supposes to be the grandest objects of attention. Yet, even with these objects before it, the genius of learning is not more usefully or more vigorously employed than it was before. Antiquarianism particularly, one of the favourite studies of the day, has equally its relics, and its fondness for them. The impassioned part of all studies must have them: only as religion has less hold upon the mind or the affections, that sober rational enthusiasm, which is properly fond of relics, is transferred from theology to literature; and a coin, an altar, or a tessellated pavement, takes place of the comb, the tunic, or the bones of a saint. The same taste prevails, but the objects are changed. Yet the antiquary smiles at the objects of the devotee, while the devotee has greater reason to smile at the antiquary's. The sepulchre of such a saint as Neotus, is surely more worthy of our affectionate attention, than the grave-stone

"Sermons" in 1783: and doubtless he had preached them to his parishioners, with a voice and a manner calcu-

of a Roman soldier, or the tomb of a Roman officer, of either of whom we know no more than that he lived, and that he died, or else we know that he was brave, successful, and destructive. And as the truth of history required me to ascertain the permanent place of St. Neot's interment, I felt enough of the fondness of antiquarianism for such a king, and of the reverence of religion for such a saint, to draw aside the curtain that has hung so long before his tomb, and to shew it in all its dimensions to the eye of my readers. His dust has been always preserved at our St. Neot's; and the casket of stone continued to our own days the faithful repository of it, while those remains of his, which were conveyed away into Huntingdonshire, have long since been destroyed by neglect or by wilfulness. The shrine containing them is equally gone, and nothing remains but a few letters upon a broken pedestal." P. 289.

Among the incidental notices, which will stamp a value on this book, in the opinion of many who have no regard for the history of St. Neot, or any other saint, Mr. W.'s account of some wild animals, no longer existing in these islands, is not the least interesting.

"Little has been done," says Mr. W., "to ascertain the continuance of our wild beasts among us. Thus at what time even that well-known native of our woods once, the wild-boar, became extirpated from them, no one has endeavoured to ascertain.

"It roamed in our woods very late, even so late, could one think it? as the sixteenth century. In the same woods roamed that much more astonishing animal, the moose-deer, or elk. Of this fact I can produce an evidence that is very obvious, but has never been noticed; that is incontestable in its nature, and that actually demonstrates the animal to have been an inhabitant of our own isle, to have been currently denominated an elk among us, to have even continued under that denomination so late as the middle of the sixteenth century. To our astonishment we find the breed mentioned by one of our first game laws, as the 33 Henry 8. c. 6. section 33. kindly extends its protecting arm to the last remains of the wild-boars and the wild-elks of our country. It allows the inhabitants of certain places to use their guns, "so that it be at no manner of deer, heron, shoveld, pheasant, partridge, WILD-SWINE, or WILD ELK, or any of them." This extraordinary intimation from so respectable an authority, I am happy to call out into public notice. It forms a very important addition to the history of our original beasts. It completes, particularly, the accounts which have been formerly given by myself of our boars and moose-deers, the latter of which are either contend-

lated to penetrate the conscience, and to strike conviction into the soul; to awaken the tears of penitence, and

ing still with incredulity for their very existence, or have this existence thrown back into the morning twilight of antiquity." beyond the reach of all "written tradition." They are now shewn to have existed among us, and to have been universally known to exist, even within a couple of centuries from our own times." P. 294.

On reconsidering this extract, I am rather disposed to think, that the recital of the names of the Wild Swine and the Wild Elk, among other animals, in an Act of Parliament of Henry VIII. (merely in a clause of exception) does not furnish quite incontestible proof of their existence in the reign of Henry. I could quote similar recitals, to which little or no meaning can be affixed. We should be cautious in turning the ordinary phraseology or forms of law, into historical recognitions. The author thus concludes the volume.

"I have thus laid open the whole history of St. Neot, have shown who he was, have explained why and whence he came into Cornwall, and ascertained what befel him or his afterward. By all this I have endeavoured to do justice to a Saxon Saint, whose settlement in our country seems so strange at the first view, whose reputation is so considerable among us even at present, but whose real history was little understood, even by ourselves or our Saxon neighbours. And I have equally endeavoured as I proceeded, to catch every call that judgment would allow, for occasional migrations from a local subject, to turn aside into the open ground of general history, and to settle doubts of moment, or to correct errors of importance, in the annals of the nation at large." P. 314.

Of the painted windows in the church of St. Neot, Mr. W. has given us a very entertaining account in his "Arianism," at pp. 329—334. These windows have been recently restored to more than ancient splendour through the munificence of my friend, the Rev. R. G. Grylls: his artist, the celebrated Hedgland, whose sixteen beautifully coloured plates (just published) how many will be gratified in contemplating, not able to get access to the windows themselves!

Tom Warton's fine picturesque poetry here recurs to memory. And I am sure the poet would himself allow (relapsing into his antiquarian prejudices so unwillingly renounced) that, however Gothic imagery may be superseded by "strokes of art with truth combined," in the painted window at New College, it is restored in all its brilliancy at St. Neot's. Nor would he again exclaim, without much hesitation:

"Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display;

to elevate the hopes of the Christian to the abodes of immortality.*

Ye angels that from clouds of gold recline,
 But boast no semblance to a race divine ;
 Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
 That draw devotion's ready tear no more ;
 Ye martyrdoms of unenlightened days ;
 Ye miracles that now no wonder raise,
 Shapes that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
 Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike ;
 Ye colours that the unwary sight amaze,
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze ;
 No more the sacred windows round disgrace,
 But yield to Grecian groupes the shining space."

* Sermons dedicated to Bishop Ross.

"The genius of our nation," says W. in his admirable Dedication, "has been repeatedly remarked to have a stronger tincture of phlegm in it, than that of our immediate neighbours to the south. This ruling bias of our temper we may trace, if we please, with an author of more celebrity than merit, to the nature of our climate ; and so build up an hypothesis that is directly contradicted by facts. We may therefore refer it, with a more philosophical conjecture, to the well-known incidents of our history ; to that large transfusion of German blood into our veins, which was made at the settlements of the Saxons and Danes among us. But these or any other schemes of accounting mechanically for the discriminating temperament of kingdoms, are all, I am convinced, chimerical and vain, fabricated merely by the fanciful part of our understanding, and rejected by the severer the moment it examines them strictly. The different characters of nations result from the same principle as the different characters of individuals ; from those deep and strong lineaments of soul which are impressed upon it at first by the hand of its Almighty Former. He has thrown a shade of thoughtfulness into the original texture of the Romans, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Germans, and the English ; while he has drest up the ancient Athenians, and the present French, with a mixture of livelier colours. And he has done both, no doubt, for those mysterious purposes of his providence, for which he so wonderfully diversifies the personal tempers of men, and which can be comprehended only by the ALL-WISE MIND that suggested them. But, whatever is the cause of our phlegm, the effect is too obvious not to be seen by foreigners, and too powerful not to be felt by ourselves. And it has had a particular influence upon the sermons of the island.

"That some, that several of our later sermons do indeed touch the string of the affections at times, it would be unjust to deny. But that they touch it frequently, that they touch it

That he should have published so little in the line of

powerfully, that they sink deep into it, so as to make it vibrate strongly to the heart and soul ; it would be more unjust to allow.

“ They are all of them didactic, from the radical coldness of our national spirit. And they are some of them sentimental lately, from the more airy and philosophizing taste of the times. But they are not affectionate.

“ Even in towns, even in the capital, even in the inns of court there, three-fourths of our hearers are necessarily employed upon the lower arts of life, with minds wholly estranged to religious speculation, and with spirits wildly afloat after pleasure and after interest. And are these the beings to whom we should address ourselves in a high-wrought delicacy of sentiment concerning religion, and in deep and laboured disquisitions about the heart of man? No, surely ! Such reasonings may be the ambrosia and the nectar of the gods ; but they are too unsubstantial food for mortals—for fallen, corrupted, sinning mortals.

“ We studiously avoid to enter the high regions of eloquence, and to grasp the bolt, and to dart the lightning of the Gospel there. We keep ourselves in a lower kind of atmosphere. We love to amuse ourselves and our congregations, with catching the meteors that dance and glitter in it.

“ The eloquence that is adapted to the mixed numbers of a congregation, is of a mixed kind itself. It consists, I apprehend, not in elegance of language, not in refinement of thought, and not in both together ; but in observations that lie level to the common intellects of mankind, in addresses that go directly to their feelings, and in a bold, pointed, and popular language to convey them. This is the kind of oratory which in all ages has played its magic slights so successfully upon the heart of man. This is the kind of oratory with which Christianity so effectually arms its preachers.”

And this is the kind of oratory which Whitaker has, in these Sermons, successfully adopted. Take a few specimens.

“ The body we are obliged to put under the earth, to save ourselves from being shocked at the sight of that remainder of the sentence of sin, which is executed upon us after death. Then all that once was healthy, fair, and sparkling, is no more. The bloom of beauty on the cheek, the liveliness of meaning in the eye, and the flush of health in the whole countenance, are all lost and sunk in one common mass of corruption. The brow, on which the concerns of empire sat, the arm, which could direct the storm of battle, or the lips, that could do what is much more important than either, that could touch effectually the hearts of a congregation with the feeling eloquence of the Gospel, could shake them with its terrors, and could soothe

his profession is perhaps to be lamented.

them with its comforts ; all lie reduced to the same level with the common children of the earth ; all lie enduring the same punishment of the Fall, and all lie expecting the same deliverance from it."

With respect to the recognition of our friends: " As the same body is to be raised from the grave that is laid there, it must *appear* the same to the eye of all beholders. That, which makes it appear the same through life, must equally make it appear so in the Resurrection. The same fixed and unalterable parts remain. And they must continue to give it the same air, the same turn of countenance and look, as it had before. The whole man, therefore, must be as easily distinguishable by every eye that knew him, as ever he was in life.

When " the rocks were rent and the graves were opened" at our Saviour's crucifixion, and when " many bodies of Saints " which slept arose, and came out of their graves, after his " Resurrection ;" " they went," says St. Matthew, " into the " Holy City, and APPEARED unto many."

" Their faces were yet well-known to many of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. And, when they rose from their graves at a little distance from the city, they took their well-known way into it, they repaired immediately to their relations and friends there, and they were fully known and acknowledged by them. Had they not been known to have died and been buried, had they not been evidently and plainly the very persons that were remembered to have died and been buried ; they would not have been any proof of a miraculous resurrection to the Jews, they would not have appeared as men risen from the grave at all.

" And to place the point (if possible) in a still stronger light for you, let us observe the *Person* of our Saviour himself after his resurrection.—He was just the same man in aspect, in air, in manner, that he was before. His hands and his feet were even still marked with the print of the nails, And his side even still shewed the scar of the wound, which had been made in it by the spear. His countenance also was exactly the same, and as readily known by his disciples as ever it was. And he had even the same peculiarities of voice and action, which had distinguished him before his Death.

" But there is also another fact, which is perhaps still more particular. On the same day of the Resurrection, and towards the evening, two of our Saviour's disciples went from Jerusalem to a neighbouring village, when our Saviour joined them on the road, and began to discourse with them. " But," says the Scripture, " their eyes were holden, that they should not " know him." They would have known him by his look and voice, ye see, if a miracle had not been exerted to prevent it.

His "*Origin of Arianism*," however, is a large

And, when they had reached the village, they pressed their unknown Saviour to go in and spend the evening with them. He went in accordingly. And, on sitting down to supper, He said Grace before meat so exactly in his old manner, the extraordinary force upon their senses being now withdrawn, as made them immediately recollect and know him. "It came to pass," says St. Luke, "as he sat at meat with them, he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them; and their eyes were opened, and they knew him;—and he was known unto them in breaking of bread."—Our Saviour, therefore, was just the same in his looks, in his tone of voice, and in his peculiarities of action, after his Resurrection, as he was before it. And, consequently, we shall all of us be equally the same.

"Ye may yet be happy for ever. But perhaps to-morrow ye cannot. Oh, think of this, and resolve to become religious to-day. Those Blessed Spirits, which were once on earth and are now in Paradise, are all earnestly wishing you to resolve upon this, are all earnestly praying that ye may, and could they be allowed, would all come from their seats of joy to exhort you to do so. And let your Preacher's voice supply the want of theirs. Oh, hear *them* as speaking in *me*, and calling to you by every solemn and every tender tie, to trifle no longer about religion, but to seize the present moment, and to be as happy as they are. They are some of them, no doubt, your particular friends, they are some of them your dearest relations. The Father calls to his Children, and the Child to his Parents; Sisters call to Brothers, and Brothers to Sisters; Wives call to their Husbands, and Husbands to their Wives; they all call from Eternity to you, to be religious in life, and so to be blessed afterwards. They want your company, to add even to the happiness of Paradise. For their sakes, as well as your own, they beseech you to bethink yourselves, while ye have time for thinking, and to make your decisive choice for Heaven immediately. Their souls yearn with more than mortal tenderness towards you. They feel a generous concern for you, superior to what they ever felt on earth. Their thoughts are frequently flying back with a meltingness of affection to you, and are hovering (as it were) about the objects of their dearest regards on earth. They are infinitely desirous of your happiness. They long to see you among them. And they would spring forward with rapturous exultation, to greet you on your arrival there."

Sir H. Davy's ideas of the soul in another state of being, seem to be modified by his philosophy. "It is the law of Divine Wisdom," says Sir H., "that no spirit carries with it into another state of being any habit or mental quality except those which are connected with its new wants or enjoyments;

volume. It is a controversial tract, full of erudition,

and knowledge relating to the earth would be no more useful to these glorified beings than their earthly system of organized dust. There is, however, one sentiment or passion which the spiritual essence carries with it into all its stages of being—the love of knowledge or of intellectual power, which is, in fact, the love of infinite wisdom and unbounded power, or the love of God.”—Sir H. Davy’s *Consolations*, p. 57.

Sir H. Davy’s *VISION* has been ridiculed by our Infidel materialists. For my own part, I can see nothing absurd in his persuasion that the female figure which he described, had been *preternaturally* visible to his mind’s eye; and that at length he actually met the representative of his visionary friend. I do not enquire why a vision might not have appeared to “Davy, as well as to Paul:” for this were to adopt the phraseology of the tabernacle, which I abhor:—But the “*οραμα δια της νυκτος*” in the Troad, might, in a similar manner, have re-appeared in Macedonia.—A critic hath asked, with great acuteness of discrimination “though events may be prophesied because they are foreseen, how can the identity of the figure in the Vision with the Female be so explained?”—See the *Consolations*, p. 71.

Under the sanction of Sir H. Davy, I will venture to recapitulate what I had urged, many years ago, on the subject of our intercourse with the spiritual world.

* * * * *

One of the arguments against the probability of spirits appearing to us, is, that in every country the stories of apparitions are less numerous and less currently received, in proportion as its civilization increases; and that the greater number have been discarded at first sight as absurd, or have been proved, however specious, to be false, in consequence of a close investigation. Allowing this argument its full force and scope, it by no means tends to prove that spirits never appear. All we can reasonably grant to it, must be, that the greater part of the narratives of spirits have owed their origin to fancy, their propagation to credulity. And, as credulity is proportioned to ignorance, unenlightened countries must be more fertile than the civilized in superstitious inventions. This must be invariably the case. A vast diversity of phenomena which were thought supernatural in the darker ages, are now generally known to arise in the common course of nature. But it does not follow, (as Sir H. Davy rightly observes) that there is nothing supernatural. On this ground we may reject the miracles of Christ as illusions. There are a variety of false religions in the known world; but we are not hence to conclude that all are fictitious. Nor, because most apparition stories are fabulous, does it follow, that all are fabulous.

clear in its historical deductions, convincing in its rea-

Again, it hath been argued, that in most tales of this sort there is wanting *Deo dignus vindice nodus*—that the matter is too frivolous for supernatural interposition. But are we competent judges on the subject? Perhaps, an affair apparently trivial may involve some important event in futurity. Is it not presumption in us to say, that the errand of a spirit was frivolous? Or, admitting the truth of the observation in many cases, shall we assert that nothing can possibly happen to require or justify such an interference? Shall we presume to fathom the counsels of God, or determine the ends of his providence?

That spirits somewhere exist, after their separation from the body, I assume as a point allowed by the philosophical believer. But, where they exist, is a question not easily resolved. Conscious of our actions, our departed friends may be supposed to guard us from danger; may pitch their tents around our beds. It was Secker's opinion (and the Archbishop was never accused of credulity or superstition) that "our spirits, when separated from the body, shall be sensible of what is transacting on earth—shall be witnesses of the conduct and sentiments of the friends we leave behind us."

But how, (it is asked,) can a spirit be visible—an immaterial being to our corporeal eyes? I have always considered this question as ridiculous: for it can never be solved, nor ought it to be asked, before we know how spirits exist. But, granting that they are essentially invisible, the Deity has surely the power of investing a spirit with matter, in order to produce visibility. I hope it is not unphilosophical, to talk of the soul and the body, as united in one person. A spirit, then, by the superinduction of the slightest shadowy substance may be rendered visible to the eye, though still impalpable.

In short, I will venture to assert, that he, who truly believes the scriptures, must believe in the *Appearance* of spirits.

That they were once accustomed to manifest themselves to the eyes of man, is a truth which we cannot possibly gainsay. The Apparition of Samuel, conjured up by the witch of Endor, is strong scriptural evidence in point. I know it hath been doubted whether Samuel really appeared or not: but it hath been doubted only by those who would pervert the plain meaning of scripture. The sacred historian positively asserts that it was *Samuel himself*: the Son of Sirach credits the assertion. Let us refer, however, to the gospel of Christ. In St. Matthew, we find that our Saviour's disciples, when they saw Jesus walking on the sea, "were troubled, saying, *It is a spirit.*" And our Saviour, after his resurrection, appearing to his disciples, was dreaded as a *spirit*: but he said—"Handle me and see: for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Now it is not to be supposed, that our Saviour

sonings, beautiful in its illustrations, and pathetic in its

would humour notions absolutely false and groundless. If spirits could not appear, he would have removed the terror of his disciples, much more effectually, by informing them that what they imagined, was impossible. But he affirms, that he is not a spirit, with this very remarkable observation, that "*a spirit hath not flesh and bones.*" We have here even a definition of a spirit. We learn, from the mouth of our Lord himself, that a spirit, though impalpable, may be rendered visible. If there was no such thing as a spirit, Jesus Christ has here imposed a falshood upon the world.

That spirits have appeared, then, is plain from scripture. And what should prevent their continuing still to visit us? It hath indeed been supposed, that, from our Saviour's time all Apparitions have ceased: but I see no reason to support the conjecture. To collect instances of Apparitions is beside my purpose; which is merely to represent the absurdity of rejecting as false and unfounded, every account of our intercourse with the world of spirits. As I am in possession, however, of a story which seems well authenticated, and which, I believe, was never published, I shall beg leave to present it to my readers.

When Admiral Coates was commanding a squadron in the East Indies he met with this extraordinary incident. Retiring one night to his lodging-room, he saw the form of his wife standing at his bed side, as plainly (he used to say) as he had ever seen her in England. Greatly agitated, he hurried from the room, and joined his brother-officers, who were not yet retired to rest. But willing to persuade himself that this appearance was a mere illusion, he went again into his bed-room, where he again saw his wife, in the same attitude as before. She did not attempt to speak to him; but then slowly waved her hand and disappeared. In the last letters he had received from England he was informed, that his wife was perfectly well: his mind, in short, had been quite composed. Of this very singular occurrence, however, he immediately set down the particulars in his memorandum-book, noticing the exact time in which it happened. He saw also a minute made to the same purpose, by several of his friends on board. The ship had begun her voyage homeward; so that before he could receive any intelligence from England, he arrived there: and on enquiry for his wife, he not only found that she was dead, but that she died at the very same hour of the night, when her spirit appeared to him in the East Indies. This account the admiral himself has often given to a near relation, who had seen indeed the memorandum on the admiral's pocket-book; and who more than once related to me the above particulars.

I would only remark in conclusion, that we should check

appeals to every Christian sentiment.*

every propensity to dismiss as untrue what we cannot account for by the rules of short-sighted reason. Such a disposition, which is founded in vanity and presumption, may materially affect our happiness; since it generally terminates in pyrrhonism—often in infidelity. The belief in spirits, which I have here professed, hath, doubtless, a religious tendency. There are some, it is true, who would not believe, though one rose from the dead: yet on most minds, the ideas I have suggested concerning spirits might produce a beneficial influence. The circumstance of apparitions includes the existence of the soul: it implies a future state: it intimates our connection with the world of spirits: it brings departed friends around us: it even secures to us the endearing satisfaction of a parent's care, though that parent be no more seen: it bids us "rejoice with trembling:" and it inspires us with clearer and livelier ideas of the omnipresence of our God.

These observations may be taken as a corollary to my "Essay on the Soul in an Intermediate State."

Expressing their approbation of this Essay, I have letters from Bishop BURGESS, from Bishop PELHAM, from the Archdeacons SHORT and NARES, and from Mr. RENNELL. Mr. Rennell had written on the same subject. "Your Essay," said Bishop Burgess, "will, as I conceive, not only be interesting to all sincere Christians, but afford a substantial answer to the materialists, whom Mr. Rennell has ably combated upon other grounds."

* *Origin of Arianism*, dedicated to Bishop Horsesley.—

"With abilities much less vigorous, and with learning much more contracted, I have here engaged in assertion of the same cause. But I have acted differently from your Lordship. I have entered directly into the heart of the controversy. This you declined to do, because the arguments on both sides had been repeatedly canvassed, you thought, and nothing new could be advanced upon the subject. I flatter myself, that I have advanced something new and just upon it; and have introduced a train of historical argumentation, which is at once novel in its direction, comprehensive in its scope, and decisive in its efficacy."

"The Logos is thus the Providence of God. The rises and the falls of cities, kingdoms, and empires; all that has marked the public fortunes of man, with many and awful revolutions, and

————— billowed high

With human agitation,
the public history of man; result from the controuling superintendence of this God at the pole of the universe. He there, with his strong hand, turns the globe as he pleases. Now one

It has been said, that Horsey and Whitaker were congenial spirits. But Horsey condescended not to

side is uppermost, and now another; as he sees will be best, for his general plans of wisdom. And he makes his sun of prosperity to shine upon this side; then to resign it up again, to the darkness of adversity; and so to pass and illumine another: just as easily, just almost as regularly, and only not in so short intervals of continuance, as he causes the returns of day and night.

After an extract and translation from the poems of Orpheus, he says: "With equal concern and admiration we see the old bard, searching out for his Redeemer amidst the clouds of Heathenism, catching a strong and lively glimpse of him at times, and then losing him again in the gathering thickness of his atmosphere. We see him very naturally exulting in the view; calling on his son Musæus, to share it with him; yet considering himself in the act, as presuming to undraw the curtain of the sanctuary, and to disclose the solemn secrets of God; and so standing forth the venerable prophet of the Messiah, to the early ages of Heathenism. His historical knowledge concerning the great Chaldaean, induces us the less to wonder at his theological acquaintance with the Logos. He had access to some sources of information, which have been long useless to the world, and have therefore been lost by it. And the current from them runs with an amazing clearness and force through the pages of this poet.

"Such is the astonishing delineation of the Grand Saviour of mankind, by the very early pencil of this respectable Heathen! It is very like the delineation of him given us by Virgil before. Both are, no doubt, copies taken from the same primitive original. This copy by Orpheus, is awfully pleasing and agreeably striking. The veil of Heathen ignorance, indeed, has thrown a shade over some of the finer features of the face. But the figure comes livelily and boldly forward, upon the canvas. We hail with religious rapture the Evangelical Restorer of man, we gaze with devout fondness upon our Patron and our Benefactor, in this antient portrait by the hand of Heathenism. And in reverential silence we contemplate, the dignity of the Godhead on his brow, the lustre of the Godhead in his eye, and the majesty of the Godhead through all the lineaments of his face. Such is the *Jove* of the Christians, as formed by this *Phidias* of little fame! It serves wonderfully with Virgil's, Epicharmus's, and all the other accounts before, to shew us what an insight many good men had, in the early ages of Heathenism, into the great counsels of Heaven for the recovery of man. It particularly shews us in conjunction with them, with what a strong effusion of light they saw the *nature* of Him, who was to be the agent in carrying those counsels into exe-

thank Whitaker for his present of the "Arianism." The praise of Van Mildert, however, is sterling praise.

cution, and in effecting that recovery by them. And it finally unites with all, to shew us the three grand divisions of past and of present mankind, Heathens, Jews, and Christians; all concurring to ascribe the plenitude of derivative Divinity to their common Logos; and all in concert acknowledging him with pious awe, as their *Brother* by a material birth, as their *Instructor* and *Exhorter* by office, and yet, under the Father, as their CREATOR originally, their GOVERNOR and PRESERVER at present, and their LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT for ever."

At the close of this noble work, Mr. W. thus speaks of our most notorious Socinians;

"Even at Socinianism did Mr. Chillingworth stop in all probability, only because his life was suddenly terminated by accident. Had it been continued to its natural length, he would have gone probably to the very point at the bottom, to which Mr. Whiston shows us two of his own acquaintance actually going. We have already seen Mr. Chillingworth "by degrees grown confident of nothing, and a sceptic at least in "the great mysteries of Faith." All Arianism originates from Infidelity. The Jewish, as we have already seen, resulted from their Sadduceism. The same spirit, which makes a man question the language of his God, rejects its obvious meaning, and wrests it into one, that common sense proclaims could never be intended, by such language from such a Being; in a single effort more, tortures the language into Socinianism, and in another, rejects the revelation that needed all this. Infidelity thus easily becomes, at once the womb and the grave of Arianism. "From dust thou art," is written by the hand of God upon the brow of Arianism, "and unto dust thou shalt return." There are only three stages of declension, from Christianity into Deism. Mr. Whiston showed himself very ready for the second, when, with all the anticipated blasphemy of the most savage Socinian, he dared to charge the scriptures of God with weakness and absurdity. Mr. Chillingworth had finished two of them, when he died; and was ready, I fear, for the third. Chubb too, whose name was formerly of some notoriety in the lists of infidel fame, but is nearly lost and forgotten in the crowds upon the rolls at present; was first an Arian, then a Socinian, and finally a Deist. Morgan also, another phantom of unbelief, that once stalked about formidable in its nothingness, was a Presbyterian minister, who commenced an Arian, and concluded an Infidel. And Dr. Priestley, as we may fairly conjecture from the past to the future, in the history of his own mind; and as we may reasonably infer, from these dreadful examples of others; having not stopped, as his obvious original Mr. Whiston stopped, but having gone, as Mr. Chillingworth

Even had Horseley's silence implied censure, the applause of the Bishop of Durham would have more than counterbalanced it.*

went before, from orthodoxy down through Arianism into Socinianism; is even now rolling on with Morgan and with Chubb, and will at last be engulfed with them, in "that Sebornian bog" of Deism. The Doctor is already come—I tremble while I repeat it—is come already to intimate—what?—the very fallibility even of our Blessed Redeemer himself.—“Some are now unreasonably apprehensive,” he cries in one of his later pamphlets, “that those who disbelieve the miraculous conception, or the plenary inspiration of Christ and the Apostles, in cases with respect to which the object of their mission did not require inspiration; are in danger of rejecting Christianity.” Dr. Priestley thus takes away from our Saviour, as he had antecedently taken from his apostles, that plenitude of inspiration in preaching or writing about Christianity; which alone can preclude the intrusion of error, and ensure the presence of truth. He reduces Him “in whom were hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,” to the same level of lowness in illumination, to which he had reduced his apostles and evangelists before. He consequently ranks “the Lord from heaven,” in that line of inconclusive reasoners; in which he had previously ranked the principal of his human agents. And the only excuse which can be made, for such a deistical flight of impiety, is what I have pleaded in favour of Mr. Whiston; what is seemingly suggested to us here, by the Doctor's overleaping all the intermediate operations of his own mind, coming at a bound to the conclusion, and even speaking of this as known to be adopted and avowed before, when no adoption appears, and no avowal is noticed; and what, I would fain hope, will prove a valid excuse in that day, when the Insulted Saviour shall become an Avenging Judge, and an eternity of fortune shall be suspended on his tongue. At least the Doctor has, with a melancholy usefulness to the whole world of Christianity, shown us the regular progress of Arian infidelity consummated in his own history; and appears before us at this moment a striking and solemn evidence himself, that to deny the Divinity of our Saviour, does, by the necessary impulse of endeavouring to vindicate the denial, by the judicial curse of God upon the redoubled impiety, and by a precipitate gradation of absurdity from both, draw the mind, at last, to deny the very inspiration of all our scriptural writers, to deny even the very inspiration of our grand and oral Teacher Himself, and consequently to charge both with Folly and with Falsehood in their instructions; so to shelter finally from refutation, in the blasphemies of Judaism, of Heathenism, and of Hell.”

* See Van Mildert's Boyle Lectures.

In a Sermon preached at Topsham at the Archdeacon of Exeter's Visitation in 1794, on a text peculiarly applicable to Arianism (viz. 2. St. John 9. 10. 11.) I referred to an incident, which has been illustrated by Whitaker. This Sermon the late Archdeacon Moore was pleased to notice with high approbation. He read the MS. with avidity; and he pointed out the following as well narrated and reasoned upon:

“ At the time when St. John composed his Gospel, and probably when he wrote his three Epistles, he was resident at Ephesus. At this juncture, one of the apostle's greatest enemies was Cerinthus; who was strenuous in preaching to his followers in that city, what we now distinguish by the doctrine of Arianism.

Now we have it on the authority of Irenæus, that St. John published his Gospel, in order to check the growth of those dangerous errors which Cerinthus had propagated with so much industry.

That St. John wrote his three Epistles, also, with the same view, is extremely probable. The second Epistle (from which the text is taken) addressed to a certain honourable matron and her children, was admirably well calculated for this purpose.

And the text itself refers to the Arians, and possibly to Cerinthus himself; at the same time that it suggests a hint to the disciples of Christ, with respect to their behaviour towards heretics.

In the text, St. John observes, “ He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, hath both the Father and the Son.” Here, it should seem, the divinity of Christ is held forth in opposition to the Arian heresy. The apostle then proceeds: “ If there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house, neither bid him *God-speed*: for he that biddeth him *God-speed*, is partaker of his evil deeds.” From these words it appears, that those heretical seducers, who, in the earliest days of the Church, denied the essential doctrines of Christianity, were considered as objects of detestation, and excluded from all communion with the true believer. And the prohibition *bid him*

not God-speed, seems to have been borrowed from the Jewish form, or to allude to the Jewish practice towards excommunicated persons; who were not only cut off from all intercourse with their brethren, but even marked out as unworthy of common-place civilities.

If the text be pointed at the Arian, with regard to the Arian, also, it furnishes a rule of conduct. The apostle directs the honourable lady and her family, to whom the Epistle is addressed, not to receive an Arian into her house.

The rites of hospitality practised in those days are well known. The rich considered it as a duty incumbent on them to pay every attention to the traveller, to receive him into their houses, and to furnish him with proper refreshments on his journey. And during the more simple ages, the stranger required no introductory formalities to secure his welcome. But, in the politer eras, when the manners became refined, both the appearance and the character of the stranger were particularly noticed.

Such must have been the state of manners at the place where St. John's female correspondent resided; since he exhorts her to be always on her guard against the Arian, not to receive within her doors a person so obnoxious to the Church; and, having denied him admittance, not to bid him *God-speed*.

This, though in the common acceptation a term of mere ceremony, was yet considered by the apostle in a serious light. To bid a man *God-speed*, was literally to wish him success in the name of God. And to wish such a heretic success in the name of God, was, in the apostle's idea, no other than to sanction his heresy; and in truth to become "a partaker of his evil deeds."

If merely to receive an Arian as a traveller, were unworthy the sincere believer, it would have been much more indecorous to treat him as an acquaintance, agreeably to the usual modes of intercourse. Perhaps this is the true meaning of the text—in which case, the apostle cautions the elect lady against entertaining an

Arian in her house. And he might have pointed to some notorious Arian, possibly to Cerinthus himself.

That this explanation is just, is probable from several circumstances. But what more particularly illustrates the text, is the conduct of St. John himself, at an accidental interview with his grand opponent.

Cerinthus had revolted from the Church, controverting its received doctrines even in the face of the venerable apostle, and seducing the multitude from the genuine faith of Christ.

And so extremely obnoxious was this heretic to St. John, that the apostle one day meeting him at the bath, rushed from the bathing-house with the strongest expressions of antipathy. This anecdote, though there be every reason to believe it true, hath been often represented as apocryphal.

If, however, it be unfounded, the greater part of our historical records both antient and modern, must be discredited on the same grounds. But if we receive it as authentic, we shall see in the most striking light, “ what a great object of aversion an Arian was to an Apostle.”

I shall first state the fact exactly as it is related.* Irenæus informs us, that “ at the time he wrote, there were people living who heard Polycarp declare, that John, the disciple of our Lord, entering a bathing-

* Εἰσιν οὗτοι ἀκηκοότες αὐτῆς [Πολυκαρπῶν], ὅτι Ἰωάννης ὁ τοῦ Κυρίου μαθητὴς, ἐν τῇ Ἐφέσῳ πορευθεὶς λήσασθαι, καὶ ἰδὼν ἔσω Κηρινθόν, ἐξήλατο τὴν Βαλανεὶν μὴ λήσαμενος, ἀλλ' ἐπειπὼν, “φυγῶμεν, μὴ καὶ τὸ βαλανεῖον συμπέσῃ, ἐνδὸν οὗτος Κηρινθὸς, τῇ τῆς ἀληθείας ἐχθρῷ.” Irenæus, *Adv. Hær.* iii. 3. p. 204. For a more complete account of this incident, see Origin of Arianism, pp. 439, 442. At the conclusion of Whitaker's learned and ingenious note, we are forcibly struck with the following observation: “The faith of the generality of scholars, in the early and human history of our religion, is like the rock-ing-stone of our Heathen ancestors; a something thrown into a tremulous agitation, by the *stalk of an asphodel* touching it; while even the *arm of a giant* cannot really unsettle it from its centre!” What an admirable illustration is this! worth volumes upon volumes of cold phlegmatic reasoning.

house at Ephesus, and seeing Cerinthus there, abruptly withdrew without bathing, and at the same instant exclaimed: "Let us fly, lest the roof fall down upon us whilst Cerinthus is within, that enemy to the truth."

Irenæus tells this curious anecdote on the positive authority of some then alive, who had received it from Polycarp. And Eusebius cites Irenæus for the incident, as relating to Cerinthus.

In the mean time, it cannot be dissembled, that Epiphanius had applied the fact concerning the bathing-house to Ebion. But it appears, that Ebion preached his heresy equally with Cerinthus, in the place of St. John's residence. They were contemporaries: and both might have met the eyes of the apostle, at the time when he rushed from the bath. And as they were both preachers of Arianism, whether St. John had fled from Ebion or from Cerinthus, is of little consequence to the main point; since he thus expressed, in either case, his indignation against the doctrine. Instead, therefore, of doubting the truth of this incident, from this variation of Epiphanius, I should rather consider it as more fully confirmed by a collateral evidence.

In recounting the transactions of our Saviour's life, the four Evangelists differ much more from each other, than Epiphanius from Irenæus. But this difference is generally accepted as a proof of their historical independence; and serves, therefore, to corroborate their testimony with respect to the more essential points, in which they all agree. From daily observation, indeed, we are sufficiently assured, that the narratives of two distinct persons very seldom correspond in the subordinate circumstances of any transaction. This variation, then, of Epiphanius, seems an additional proof of the reality of the incident in question. The objection, therefore, of a celebrated writer, that it rests only on the testimony of Irenæus, is false; since, in this case, we have the testimony of Epiphanius also.

Admitting, however, Dr. Middleton's objection, that it rests only on the testimony of Irenæus, shall we, for

this reason, refuse our assent to the truth of it? If such an incident may not be received on the credit of *one* historian, what is to become of the general history of mankind? What shall we say to the histories of Thucydides, Polybius, or Tacitus?

But our objector still further urges, that it is told by Irenæus, at second-hand, or from hear-say. Yet it is founded on the evidence of Polycarp, a witness of the highest credibility, a disciple and companion of St. John, at the very time it happened. What evidence in history can be superior to this, but that of an eye-witness? And how was this testimony conveyed to Irenæus? Not by one relator, but by more—by persons actually alive at the time of Irenæus's writing; who had received it from the lips of Polycarp himself, and who had, themselves, recited the testimony of Polycarp to Irenæus.

If this evidence be not admitted, a Livy or a Suetonius, whose proof of facts prior to themselves, can be evidence only at second, third and fourth hand, must be no longer ranked with historians."

We have read no other work of Mr. W. in Divinity, except the "*Real Origin of Government*," expanded into a considerable treatise from a Sermon which he had preached before Bishop Buller, at his Lordship's primary Visitation;* and "*the Introduction to Flindell's Bible*, together with *notes and illustrations*."

* It was indeed a long winded discourse; resembling one of the Cromwellian times (which W. so much abominated) not in spirit or sentiment, but certainly in length. One glass had run down, and another was almost at its last sand, when frequent yawnings betrayed the lassitude of the Diocesan and his reverend brethren. And on the next day our good Bishop was pleased to whisper to me, (the preacher for the same year) on our way to Helston Church—"Be more laconic than your friend Whitaker.—At Truro, yesterday, he put to the test the patience of us all—I am sure of the ladies, to whom he vouchsafed no quarter! And so highly was he in *alt*, that at the conclusion he forgot the presence of the Bishop, and pronounced "the Peace of God," like "a son of thunder!"

Flindell's proposals for publishing this Bible were introduced by the following Address to his Christian readers, which I drew up at his request.

"In addressing "the Christian Reader," it seems perfectly unnecessary to enlarge on the value of those sacred Scriptures, which can alone afford him hope and comfort in life and in death: his Bible, he is assured, is the best gift of God to man.

Without the assistance of the Book of Revelation, we shall vainly attempt to read the Book of Nature. In the latter, it is true, we observe the strong characters of a Deity; we discover some scattered hints of connexion between that Deity and ourselves; and we meet with a few faint intimations of a future state. But, in the former, we are introduced to our Creator and Preserver—the Universal Parent; "Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant;" "to Life and Immortality!" Conscious of our ignorance, infirmities, and sins, we look up to the God of nature with doubt, anxiety, and terror; but we approach the God of Revelation with gratitude and humble confidence: to him "we draw near" "in full assurance of faith;" and, though "trembling," we "rejoice." Well, therefore, might our Redeemer enjoin us to "search the Scriptures:" "for those (says he) are they which testify of me."

That all the passages in the sacred volume which respect the moral conduct are intelligible even to the meanest capacity, is confessedly true; and we can never be sufficiently grateful to God, for addressing us in so familiar a manner, on points the most essential to salvation. But there are many "things" in Scripture "hard to be understood:" and it becomes every Christian to make himself acquainted with his Bible, as far as he hath opportunity. For the sake, therefore, of their brethren and themselves, it is expedient that the more learned and enlightened should endeavour to re-

See in the letters of the late Mr, Reeves, an encomium on Whitaker's "Origin of Government."

move difficulties, to reconcile apparent contradictions, and to illustrate obscurities : and if the "Annotations" proposed, in any degree answer the wishes of the Compiler, it will be no trivial satisfaction to reflect, that his labours shall, one day, meet with a sure recompence."

I was unwilling, for many reasons to affix my name to the Proposals.*

* The following Letters refer to the subject.

Helston, July, 23, 1798.

Reverend Sir,

I cannot but think that the want of your name in the Proposals will be a great disadvantage to the work. Whatever may be the merits of your compilation they cannot be known at the commencement of it ; and even after I have made some progress in the publication, they will only appear to the discerning few. But the weightiest consideration is, that I shall lose the Gentry and Clergy, who would countenance the work in compliment to your name, and whose subscription would give a kind of fashion among the lower ranks.

These are weighty considerations with me ; and, doubtless, the reasons that govern you are no less weighty on your part. Cannot we then hit upon a medium that may obviate the difficulty, in some measure, on both sides, as thus :—Suppose I print a kind of circular letter which may be sent under seal to the *Gentry* individually soliciting their patronage, and giving them to understand that the work is compiled by you ?

T. F.

Helston, January 9, 1799.

Reverend Sir,

As it will not be convenient for me to wait upon you on Sunday next, I take the liberty of dropping you a line, which will answer the purpose equally as well. I am nearly ready to go to work with the Bible, and hope, as soon as Mrs. P's recovery will allow you to return to your studies, that you will begin the Annotations, and prepare half a dozen numbers ; as, to prevent any kind of interruption in the publication, and to have time for revising the copy, it will be absolutely necessary that we always keep some distance before the press.

When I last talked with you on this subject, I think you proposed to leave the *Introduction* till the work should be completed ; but it appears to me much better that we commence with it ; as it will make a greater show of original matter, tend to swell the first number, and give an opportunity of apologising for the delay in publishing the first No. (so generally complained of)—it will also give scope for a deal of fine writing,

That I did not comply with Flindell's request to write the "INTRODUCTION" I have often rejoiced: for the Introduction was afterwards written by Whitaker himself.*

tending to raise the expectations of the subscribers, and prepossess the public with a high idea of the abilities of the Editor (Annotator). I don't know, Sir, whether you may approve of this trade finesse; but, without some *management* few speculations succeed; and as the Annotator's name is unknown, mine only is responsible to the public; and not my *name* only, but *entre nous* my *existence* at Helston:—for if it fails, the weight of my expensive preparations will infallibly break my back.

T. F.

* "In the Literary Anecdotes of the 18th century," says a correspondent in the Gentleman's Magazine, "we have an interesting memoir of the celebrated Historian of Manchester. The article is well written; and came, if I mistake not, from the pen of a Poet and Divine resident in Cornwall. In enumerating the various productions of Mr. W. he tells us, that W. was the author of the Preface to Flindell's Bible. Mr. P. I am sure, will forgive me for telling him, through the medium of your Magazine, that there is no Bible extant under such a name; and as I have heard the enquiry often made, he perhaps will be so polite as to acquaint me through the same channel, what name, in correction of his error, should be substituted for that of Flindell?—I will avail myself of this opportunity to express my regret that Mr. P. has not favoured the public, as was his intention some years ago, with a more extended Life of Mr. Whitaker. Such a work, I trust, for the credit of our day, would be eagerly received, and widely read. The learning of W. was immense, his industry untiring, his fancy highly poetical, and his spirit of antiquarian research ever active, acute, and perspicacious: but most of all, he is to be held in honoured remembrance for his unblenching reverence for the Gospel of Christ, and for a love of his Redeemer's glory, which held such a sovereignty over his heart and his affections, that he disdained even for a moment to compromise these precious sentiments, but immolated instantaneously on their altar his long-established intercourse and friendship, (knit together by kindred pursuits) with the renowned author of "the Decline and Fall," so soon as the cloven foot of Infidelity betrayed itself." See Gent. Mag. for Dec. 1827, pp. 499 and 500.

The following is my answer. "I have to state, that Flindell's Bible was published in numbers, first, at Helston, and then at Falmouth in 1799 and 1800, by Mr. T. F. (to whom Cornwall was indebted for an excellent weekly Newspaper); that the "Clergyman of the Church of England" under whose

Whether as a *Poet*, our friend deserves high consideration, may possibly be questioned. I was once inclined

superintendence (as the title page sets forth) the Bible was conducted, was your humble servant; that in consequence of Mr. Flindell's having taken improper freedom in interweaving his own notes with mine, I withdrew from him my assistance; and that, in 1800, Mr. W. furnished him with an "Introduction," some parts of which are equal in vigour and luminous description and elegance, to any production of our celebrated antiquary.—From Whitaker's notes, likewise, or rather dissertations on Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, this Bible is a treasure; doubtless not sufficiently appreciated, and little known beyond Devonshire and Cornwall.—Among the works which I have often projected, are the New Testament, with notes, to complete Flindell's Bible, and a Life of W.—I possess very interesting papers by W., in antiquities and theology and various criticism. And though at the end of well nigh seven decades, I labour under so many infirmities as to render me quite incapable of performing my Church duties without occasional help, I have not even now abandoned every thought of a revision of numerous annotations on the Four Gospels, scattered among my papers; and also of memoranda illustrating the life of a friend, whom (I had almost said above all others) I loved and esteemed. And I know not how my time could be employed more usefully or pleasantly than in paying such a tribute to Friendship, or in presenting such an offering to Religion!"—See *Gent. Mag.* for Jan. 1828, p. 10. The publication of the New Testament must be a matter of future consideration.

I shall here bring forward, under Whitaker's wing, our honest and spirited Printer and Editor of the Bible, as a theological reasoner.

Flindell was, doubtless, a man of strong understanding, tho' by no means polished or refined. And original thinking appears almost in every page of "the Philosophy of Reason and Revelation."

"I have found" says Flindell, "that the *inspired* writers, differ radically from their *learned* commentators. The former view, with the comprehensive and combining powers of what in other sciences is called, "a professional eye," the divine scheme of Revelation as one vast but simple whole. With them, the Patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations, the book of Job and the Gospel, all teach but one and the same lesson, and are all but so many various means of obtaining the same end—namely, the healing of that breach in the order of the creation, which was occasioned by the Fall; an event but for which the present fabrics of society could not have existed, because present principles of action could not have actuated. Nor, but for that Fall, could the present Revelations have existed, either in their

to the opinion, that his poetical pretensions were respectable, and that, had he courted the favour of the Muses,

principles and theory, nor that body of history, by which those principles and that theory are so clearly demonstrated. *Learned expounders* of the Bible have not so comprehended it, *as a whole*; because they have viewed it through the spectacles of the Greeks, to whom it *was not* revealed, and *who could not*, without its aid, *comprehend the mental power they exercised.*"

Before I take leave of Flindell, I cannot but repeat that my opinion of his integrity and fidelity, remains unshaken.

To his correspondence with the Jacobinical MARY HAYS respecting my "*Unsexed Females*," I have more than once, I believe, alluded. This lady had thrown out a lure, to tempt him to furnish her with some anecdotes of my character which she might turn to my disadvantage. But he shut his ears to the voice of the charmer. These were the offensivelines—

— "Veteran *Barbauld* caught the strain,
And deem'd her songs of love, her lyrics vain;
And *Robinson* to Gaul her fancy gave,
And trac'd the picture of a Deist's grave;
And *Helen*, fired by freedom, bade adieu
To all her broken visions of Peru;
And *Yearsley*, who had warbled, nature's child,
Midst twilight dews, her minstrel ditties wild,
(Tho', soon a wanderer from her meads and milk,
She long'd to rustle, like her sex, in silk)
Now stole the modish grin, the sapient sneer;
And flippant HAYS assumed a cynic leer;
While classic *Kauffman* her Priapus drew,
And linger'd a sweet blush with *Emma Crewe*."

The "*Letters and Essays*," by Mary Hays, were thus reviewed by myself in the English Review.

"The author intimates, in her preface to this work (which is inscribed to Dr. Disney) that 'her *Essays* might, with greater propriety, have been entitled *Sketches*; as they are rather 'outlines, than finished pieces.' To the truth of this remark we do not deny our assent. The question is, whether the world has much reason to be obliged to the lady for her outlines. Perhaps a mere whisper from Mary Hays may be gratifying to the public ear. The fair author thus proceeds, abruptly withdrawing our attention from herself to the great advocate for the rights of woman: 'Impressed with sentiments of the sincerest reverence and esteem for the author of a work in which every page is irradiated by truth and genius, I cannot mention the admirable advocate for the rights of woman (rights founded in nature, reason, and justice, though so long degraded and sunk into frivolity and voluptuous refinement),

he might have ranked among their votaries—not “ the

‘ without pausing to pay a tribute of public respect in the name of my sex, I will say, of grateful respect, to the virtue and talents of a writer who, with equal courage and ability, hath endeavoured to rescue the female mind from those prejudices by which it has been systematically weakened, and which have been the canker of genuine virtue; for purity of heart can only be the result of knowledge and reflection.’ We have here a full display of the style, the manner, and the sentiments, of Mary Hays, who stands forward one of the boldest beneath the standard of Wollstonecraft. And yet she laments the sacrifice of all ‘*the graceful sensibilities.*’ ‘A reformation of manners (she tells us) is wanting; the fountain is poisoned at its source; sensible and virtuous individuals vainly struggle against the stream, which continues to draw down the majority with destructive force.’ But how is this reformation of manners to be effected? We are partly informed by Mrs. Wollstonecraft herself. This pure and perfect female (from the simplicity* of her heart) declares that, in order to lay the axe to the root of corruption, it would be proper to familiarise both sexes, from their earliest youth, to an unreserve in discoursing on those topics which are generally not introduced into conversation from a false principle of modesty; and that she sees no reason why the organs of generation should not be mentioned or called by their proper names, in promiscuous company, just as we should speak of our eyes or our hands. Mrs. Wollstonecraft adds, if we recollect rightly (for we report this from memory) that her opinion, though apparently singular, had received the sanction of a very sensible man, whom she ranked among her most intimate friends.

The particular pieces which our author notices in her preface are, a Fragment in the Manner of the old Romances; an Eastern Tale; and Poems, ‘written at an early period of life, as exercises of fancy.’ These performances have unquestionably all the marks of youth ungifted by genius and unformed by taste. ‘The Invocation to the Nightingale (she adds) has been inserted in Harrison’s Collection of British Poetry. The Ode to a Bullfinch, one of the Sonnets, and the Eastern Tale, have made their appearance in the Universal Magazine.’ They were, doubtless, well adapted to the soil where they sprung up; and, thus cruelly transplanted, they must quickly fade away and die!

We proceed to lay before our readers a few extracts that may facilitate their judgment of this pretty miscellany.

In the first number Miss Mary Hays ‘conceives—that the Wakefieldian controversy is a question of some importance.’

* In an Introduction to a book published professedly for the use of young ladies!—Blush, blush! Miss Mary Hays.

sweetest warbler" but melodious enough to win the ear

—But her conceptions are *indigesta moles*. The whole of this paper is a mere abortion.—‘I am not contending about the propriety of public worship—I should apprehend no danger from priestcraft if the state would not interfere about the manner of it.’—‘Whether preaching, debating, singing, praying—better have any religion than none at all.’—‘Christianity, kept distinct from civil policy, will fall like a rich dew, fructifying and fertilising.’—‘Priestcraft is a creature of the state.’—‘I love the gospel.’—Such are our author’s decisions and opinions.

In number the second she insinuates, that ‘it needs little of the spirit of prophecy to predict, that the present just and liberal notions on the subject of civil government, which, like a flood of light, irradiate Europe, will, in future periods, produce certain, though slow effects;’—most devoutly prays, that a wise reformation of the gross corruptions and abuses which deform the present system of government in this country, may preclude all dreadful extremities;’—observes, ‘that all monarchical and aristocratical governments carry within themselves the seeds of their dissolution’—exults in the idea that ‘posterity will reap the benefit of the present struggles with France’—and closes her triumphs with the prediction, that these struggles will, ‘sooner or later, bring on a total dissolution of all the forms of government that subsist in the Christian countries of Europe.’

But it cannot be expected that we should pursue the lady through all her wanderings. That her political ideas are diametrically opposite to ours, is sufficiently obvious; yet a difference in opinion would not operate to prejudice our minds against good sense, or taste, or genius. In the work before us, however, we have nothing to commend: it every where excites our contempt. We despise dogmas that originate in affected wisdom—we are disgusted by flippancy and frivolousness that betray all the conceit of a half-educated female. In vain may Mary Hays exhibit her lucubrations to prove, that ‘woman possesses the same powers as man’—that (as she modestly expresses herself) ‘there is no sexual character’—and that ‘the name of Wollstonecraft will go down to posterity with reverence;’ whilst, we suppose,

—————‘her attendant sail
Pursues the triumph, and partakes the gale.’

Is it for woman (or for man either) we cannot repress our indignation—to despise authority—to speak evil of dignities—to scoff at priests and kings—to point her sarcasms at the best of sovereigns, ‘who, with paternal solicitude (she says)

of the most fastidious. There is certainly much poetic

‘endeavours to guard his people from light and knowledge by ‘royal proclamations’—and, to complete the climax of impertinence and malignity, ‘by dragging the usurper to punishment, the victim of his usurpation?’—But we are as one that beateth ‘the air:’ the thing is too weak to be dangerous. In conclusion, however, we shall leave it to our readers to comment on the following passages: ‘Numbers of women I have known, whose studies have been confined to Mrs. Glasse’s Art of Cookery, and whose time has been spent in ‘the kitchen, altering with and changing of servants; who ‘have muddled away their time and money in the disorderly ‘management of hands without a head.’—‘The vindicator of ‘female rights is thought incompetent to form any just opinion ‘of the cares and duties of a conjugal state, from never having ‘entered the matrimonial lists.—What nonsense this! From ‘such notions (most devoutly I repeat a part of the Liturgy), ‘good Lord! deliver us!’—‘I am no advocate for cramping ‘the minds and bodies of young girls, by keeping them for ‘ever poring over needle-work.—I doubt whether there will be ‘any sewing in the next world! How then will those employ ‘themselves who have done nothing in this?’—‘A good mother ‘forsooth, must ‘oblige her children to say their prayers, ‘and go stately to church.’—‘In some minds there is a congeniality—were I not a materialist, I should say a recognition of souls.—Young women without fortunes (who do not ‘marry) have scarce any other resource than in prostitution.’—‘Women are designed for higher purposes than the ‘drudgery of bearing and suckling children!’

Such are the crude effusions of Mary Hays, to whom we cannot but acknowledge we have paid a greater attention than our duty to the public may strictly warrant. Yet we have been sedulous to bring forward into full view every female politician and philosopher that meet us in the paths of literature; since to render these characters conspicuous, is generally speaking, to expose them to the contempt and ridicule which they deserve, by detecting their affectations, their vanities, and their follies. And thus the pupils of Mrs. Wollstonecraft actually invalidate, by these specimens of themselves, the very doctrines which they are labouring to establish. Proudly to vaunt their intellectual powers, and to exhibit, at the same instant, the most ‘damning proofs’ of mental imbecility, has (providentially, we had almost said) been the fate of these literary ladies. And soon will it appear, that, to be a skilful housewife, just as well accords with the female character, as to be a quibbling necessitarian; that to be clever as an economist, is not less creditable, than to be wise as a republican; that to instruct her family in those good old maxims by

imagery, bold or beautiful, interspersed in all his works:

which 'her whiskered sires and mothers mild' had regulated their conduct, may be as amiable in a woman, as to give lessons to the world at large, on princely domination and popular resistance; and, that it may be no derogation from her dignity even to manage her needle with dexterity, though there be "no sewing in the next world."

The following letter displays Flindell's character in almost all its bearings.—

"From Prison, Exeter, Sept. 28, 1821.

REV. SIR,

Accept my sincere thanks for the kind interest you have taken in my misfortune. It is very gratifying to me to find that, however negligent of the means by which favour is usually conciliated, I have still a few friends, and those of the best.

Mr. Bastard and his confidential friends have repeatedly assured me, that he owed his last election to me. Ebrington and Acland had both canvassed the county over and over again, whilst Bastard had not asked a single vote. I saw that there was a vulnerable point in the yeomanry body, which had not been stirred in the two former contests, out of delicacy to Sir T. The yeomanry retain a strong prejudice against the Roman Catholics. I took the opportunity of the County Meeting to address the King on his accession, to distribute a handbill, which stung young Clifford to commit himself; and, *the cat once out of the bag*, I resisted menaces, and laughed at promises, from Lords and Ladies, who would have silenced me. I filled the county with handbills, songs, and caricatures, at my own risk. *This* shook the canvassing books of the Lord and the Baronet (but I knew the latter was safe at his full tide of popularity :) the Anti-Catholics came over in crowds. "Never," said Sir John Rogers to me, at the close of the poll, "never was there such a *glorious scramble*. By G—, Flindell, you have won us the election." Now, my dear Sir, *the enemy* is taking time by the forelock: *two new newspapers* are announced to start in Exeter before Christmas—*both Radical*. Tucker will continue to edit the Alfred; one of the new ones will be edited by N. and the other by Mr. J. who has been figuring at our County Meetings of late, in favour of the Catholics and Reform. And, from what I have experienced of Radical opposition in Cornwall and Devon (for it is every where the same thing,) I have a comfortable prospect before me.

The kind offer of your "Recollections, &c." I would accept very thankfully; for your terms are liberal on the whole,

and so there is in the oratory of Cicero.

though there are some objectionable points. Three years! Are not the chances in favour of one or both of us being transferred to another world by that time? I remember our revered friend Mr. WHITAKER telling me once, when I had the honour to sit at his table, that he had still two great works in reserve—a Commentary on Shakspeare, and a Commentary on the Bible, the latter to be his last work. I ventured to hint at the uncertainty of life, and whether it might not therefore be better, as the Bible was of the greatest importance, to set about that first. “No, (said the venerable man) Shakspeare is the “greatest of mortal writers, and I shall *climb up* from him to “the divine.”

But are you aware, Sir, that there is a life of W. already on the carpet? About ten weeks ago, I was honoured with a visit in this strong hold of justice, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Rector of St. P. Manchester. He is the master of the Grammar School of that town, at which Mr. W. was initiated, and had come to Exeter to see the tomb of a Bishop in our Cathedral, who was the founder of that school, of which the Rev. gentleman told me he was writing the history. He said that the life of Whitaker would make a prominent feature of the work, as he was the most distinguished man bred at the school; and, having heard that Mr. W. had condescended to know me, he was come to beg I would give him any anecdotes I might know of him. I was glad of the opportunity of relating every thing I knew that was honourable to a man whom I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance, as one from whom I had learnt to do my duty to God and my King, at all hazards, letting the consequences to take care of themselves. That you know, Sir, was his bold doctrine.

As it did not appear to me that Dr. Smith knew Mrs. Whitaker or her excellent daughters, I will relate to you a little matter told me by that gentleman, which may be interesting in Truro. Mr. Whitaker had a brother in Manchester (an attorney, I believe;) and an unfortunate misunderstanding long subsisted between them. “That brother,” said Dr. S., “I was intimately acquainted with: *I attended him in his last hours.* Their quarrel was simply a misunderstanding, heightened and too long confirmed by the warmth of minds at the bottom both honest and affectionate, and my friend died in charity with his excellent brother.”

Whitaker was very attentive to the gradations of rank in society. With Flindell, for instance, he never conversed but as his patron. One day delighted with a highly seasoned paragraph in Flindell’s paper, W. sent him a guinea. Flindell would have spurned at the present from almost any other man;

In *Criticism** (where writing anonymously he would probably have written with the less restraint) we find him candid and good-natured; not sparing of censure, yet often lavish of applause; and affording us in numerous instances the most agreeable proofs of genuine be-

but he pocketed the affront. Flindell's loyalty was not always so rewarded. Refusing admission to a letter in vindication of a republican, from "a man of *high* consequence," he received this note from "His Highness." "Thou pander of corruption! Thou tool of the Vicar of Manaccan!"

* From the *Cornwall and Devonshire Poems* to which our friend was a contributor—(pressed however into the service by the Editor,) these extracts will not be thought contemptible:

"To thee, bright daughter of the *Eternal Mind*,
To thee, bright Empress of the angelick kind,
I raise the raptur'd strain:
When first creation wak'd her plastic powers,
And rising angels wing'd the ethereal bowers,
Soft-smiling VIRTUE rose, congenial with the train.

Low at thy throne, fair Deity,
Flush'd as thou art with every grace that warms,
The Seraph's fire-clad pomp, the Cherub's milder charms,
Each blissful brother of the sky
In never-ceasing homage bows,
In never-ending numbers glows:
While o'er the Heaven's immortal bounds
The rose-lip'd partner of thy regal sway,
PLEASURE, thy twin-born sister, rounds
The laughing moments of eternal day.

And when the Logos, bent on Nature's birth,
Look'd wild Confusion from her old domain,
And bad Perfection spread the smiling earth;
Goddess! with joy you saw your growing reign:

With joy you mark'd this orb to rise,
The future seed-plot of the skies;
While strong Devotion kindled o'er your mind,
With joy you hail'd the genial hours,
Big with the deed eternally design'd,
And wak'd with warblings of the heavenly powers:

Then Man up-rear'd his form sublime,
The cause, the crown, the center of the whole;
Proportion liv'd in every limb,
And God's high image stamp'd his never-dying soul.

nevolence. Even in the instance of Gibbon, where he has been thought severe beyond all former example, we have a large mixture of the sweet with the bitter.

Though beauty brightens in yon evening beam,
That gilds all nature with a lively gleam ;
Though beauty dances on the sparkling rill,
That steals sweet-wandering round yon eastern hill ;

Though beauty cloaths the velvet lawn below,
And bids yon fleecy clouds with golden edgings glow :
Though music warbles from that night bird's spray,
Swell's the wild trill, and soothes the dying lay :
Though fragrance wantons o'er this opening flower,
This whitening hawthorn, or this woodbine bower ;
Or rides on every balmy gale
That sweeps the blowing beans in yonder vale :
In vain to VICE the radiant landscape glows,
The night-bird warbles, or the woodbine blows.

For thee, for thee alone,
Blest parent of each joy
That to the heart is known,
Eve spreads her scenes in faery majesty.

For thee, for thee, Night's planet mounts the skies,
And gives a softer glory to our eyes ;
Where, with a robe of silver splendour bound,
A shadowy radiance sits on Nature's smiling round.

Nor less for thee the brighter Morning spreads
The lustre of her dewy meads :
For thee she wakes each modest grace,
That crimsons on her maiden face ;
For thee, her warbler tempts the ærial way,
Rides on the dawning clouds, and pours his living lay.

See ! Melancholy, love-lorn maid,
Nymph of the streaming tears and bursting sighs,
That bids the visionary sorrows rise,
And hovering haunt her shade,
Starts at thy wakening power,
Nor more with folded arms and clouded brow,
Laid at the foot of some o'er-hanging tower,
Listens the widow'd turtle's tuneful woe !"

My late lamented friend Sir Hardinge Giffard had written some verse at my request for a third volume of the "Cornwall and Devon Poems" which was once in contemplation. And Lady Giffard has found among his papers two little pieces intended

It was his critique * on Gibbon which principally contributed to the reputation of the *English Review*; in which Whitaker was the author of many valuable articles.

To his pen also, the *British Critic* and the *Anti-Jacobin Review* were indebted for various pieces of elaborate criticism.†

But the strength of his principles is no where more evident than in those articles in which he comes forward armed with the panoply of Truth, in defence of our civil and ecclesiastical constitution.

SECTION IV.

From 1777, when Mr. W. made his entry into Cornwall, to take possession of his Living,‡ to within a

for me, “a ballad of Courtenay and Carew,” and “Giffard’s Leap,” which would do honour to any collection of poetry.

* Whitaker’s Review of Gibbon’s History (vols. IV. V. VI.) originally appeared in the *English Review*. It was published separately by Murray in 1791—8vo.

“He certainly detects errors and exposes inconsistencies, but a writer of his cast of mind was not likely to form an impartial estimate of Gibbon’s real merits.”—NAPIER.

† “Of the *British Critic*” says Archdeacon Nares in a letter to me “he was the regular coadjutor in antiquarian and other lore, from the beginning of 1797 to the very end of 1801;—when a refusal to admit his opinions on the subject of Ossian, caused a separation between us, though by no means any irritation or quarrel. I saw him in his last visit to London with great satisfaction and increase of regard.”

‡ In this, his only preferment, patronage had no share. Many years before, he had declined the acceptance of a living, for the reasons which I have already stated. Alluding to this circumstance, I have been accused of having thrown out

hæc incondita—

— Studio jactabat, inani !

TO WHITAKER.

What tho’ the splendor of thy genius draws
From Europe’s letter’d sons the acclaim of praise;
Yet, with new energy to nerve my lays,

year or two of his decease in 1808, we cannot but observe (and I should think, admire) his unintermitting activity ;—whether his exertions were *clerical*, or *literary* or *domestic*.

Hitherto we have viewed him chiefly as a clergyman and as an author : we looked but superficially on the pater-familias. Curiosity, or a worthier motive will now lead us to the bower, where he wished to “ quaff” (“ mild” as he could) the “ October of a private life.”*

In possession of “ a Living,” he had, in course, to go in search of “ a wife.” And the pursuits of the lover were equally ardent with those of the Antiquary.

How to set off his person to the best advantage, was, I suppose, his primary consideration. His person he had never neglected ; as, seeing him almost absorbed in literature, we might be apt to conceive. And preparing for a matrimonial expedition, he was more than usually attentive, I trow, to the arts of “ *tivation*.” Hard-featured, with a dark complexion and with light-coloured eyes (rather greenish) in repose ; but sparkling when kindled up in conversation, or flashing fire when the subject was of an impassioned nature, or melting in tenderness when “ the tale was of sorrow” —he had a strong muscular frame of body, that well answered to his powerful mind. That he had an eye of glass and teeth of ebony, was the common report. I can vouch for a squint at least in one eye ; and I am sure he used false teeth, “ upon occasions” as we say. When attiring himself for company, he would take

I gaze not on those gifts that gain applause.

No—I survey thee steady in the cause

Of thy religion, in these faithless days !

I venerate that strong unshaken mind

Which for the Saviour-God, the atoning cross,
Such patronage as lures the weak, resign’d ;

Counting the treasures of the world as dross !

I love that soul which no mean cares engross,
Which melts in sympathy for human kind !

O may I never live to mourn thy loss,

But by thy soothing aid thro’ life’s dark valley wind.

* “ The mild October of a private life.” T. WARTON.

from a little case (which he was not shy in shewing to his friends) a sett of dusky teeth—which he called ebony. To a young lady, who asked him, why he preferred ebony to ivory, he once jocularly said: “ivory would ill suit the gravity of an antiquary!”

But, be this as it may. With every adventitious or artificial aid to which he could decently resort, he bowed a humble suitor, (I am told within a month) to “fifty fair maids” (among whom was Sukey Luke) but “breathed his bosom-sighs in vain;”—till making St. Columb in his voyage of courtship, he was presented to Miss Tregenna, a lady of an ancient Cornish family; who shewed her good sense and discernment in admitting his addresses without the struggle of doubt or the coyness of affectation: nor could our friend have chosen a helpmate more felicitously adapted to his disposition and situation. Had Mrs. W. been one of the “Blue-stocking” sisterhood, she might have been a rival to her lord: and he, of all lords, would least have borne a rival. She ranked with a description of females far more useful and estimable—amidst other wise and thrifty dames—with Solomon’s good housewife. To her husband’s high intellect, she looked up with reverence. Yet, conscious of her mother’s wit, she assumed to herself the full regulation of her household, and even the care of an extensive glebe; on which her husband used, at the periods of hay and corn harvest and the hop gathering, to mix with his people in their work, even as a day-labourer among his fellows. In short, to his wife’s prudential management he owed his prosperity. From pecuniary embarrassments he was relieved by her economy: and the recovery of a considerable property at Manchester, which was in great jeopardy, is attributable to her sagacity and exertion. In short she was an excellent domestic character: and it was not the least of her qualifications

———“tho’ she could boast no charms divine,
That she could carve, and make birch wine.”

It may be deemed flattery, but I speak honestly in saying, that Mr. W. had three daughters who seemed, as far as I could judge, to unite in themselves the talents and good qualities of the father and the mother.

The Letters that follow, will notice them frequently—will recur to the one, I believe, who her father's amanuensis, was proud in assisting him in his theology and his antiquarianism; and to another, over whose sickness he sorrowed bitterly, and whose death he lamented with all the feelings of a fond tho' not disconsolate parent. Of the two surviving daughters one was married to Dr. Taunton, of Truro; who may be ranked with the most skilful and approved physicians of the West of England, and who is unquestionably a first-rate man in various Science and Literature. The other daughter remains unmarried.

From his miscellaneous correspondence throughout this period, describing the progress and completion of the several works of which I have given specimens, and referring us to numerous incidents in public and private life, I have made selections which, if I am not mistaken, will be judged superior to the Letters of Gray, by all who prefer energy and pathos to florid description and cold phlegmatic expression.



LETTER I.

MR. WHITAKER, to J. W.

Ruan-Lanyhorne, 1785.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will see here the rhapsody I promised to send you on my approach to "that ancient river, the river" Tamar.

Your's in haste,

J. W.

LINES

On entering CORNWALL when the Author went to take possession of his Living in 1777.

—————Hail, TAMAR, hail !
 And thou, sequestered corner of our isle,
 "Receive a new possessor, one who brings
 "A mind not to be changed"* by thy remoteness,
 From all that Learning in her London mart,
 Holds up attractive to the studious eye,
 'Or all that nature urges to the heart,
 From early love—from kindred charities !
 O take me quick to thy adopting arms,
 And be a better mother than my own.†

I come, dread Genius of this distant land,
 Soured by no ills,‡ by no false hopes misled ;
 But beckoned by the hand of Providence ;
 And taught by mild experience and by Grace,
 E'en in the full meridian of my days,
 To know the only scope and end of life,
 And seek its only solid happiness ;
 In this lone nook, as in the capital,
 To mix in gay good-humour with mankind,
 But still superior to the modes of earth,
 Live to myself alone, and careful court
 Th' ennobling friendship of THE FRIEND OF ALL.

Thus that soft bliss, which "goodness bosomsever,"§
 And Goodness only can, shall still be mine ;
 Breathe a new warmth o'er every Cornish sky,
 Throw a new grace o'er every Cornish scene,
 Beam in my breast, and radiate in my eyes.
 And when the hour, "that general horror sheds"
 "O'er the low level of th' inglorious throng," ||
 Shall come to me ; I then may firmly trust,
 Here on the sea-beat bounds of LANYHORNE,
 To greet its coming, thank its near approach,
 Burst from the bonds of Nature and of Sin,
 And spring into the bosom of my GOD.

* Milton.

† Than his native county had been.

‡ To retreat from the world.

§ Milton.

|| Young.

LETTER II.

J. WHITAKER to T. CLUTTERBUCK, Esq.

*Ruan-Lanyhorne,
a Quarter past three, Wednesday afternoon,
Aug. 2, 1786.*

DEAR SIR,

I return you enclosed the list of the special jury. I have already struck out the names of twelve, and I send Roger over with it immediately, that you may return it by this night's post. That you should do this, seems of considerable importance to me, because I would have you direct the trial for the road to be entered directly. Mr. Luke is scheming to bring on his action for the road and for the assault together, but this intention will be defeated by bringing on our trial for the road first. And I beg you will just write a line by this night's post, to direct our trial to be entered instantly; remaining, in great haste, dear Sir, Yours, J. W.*

"Mr. Canon Grant succeeded Mr. John Dell in the Rectory of Ruan Lanyhorne, in 1715. Mr. Grant, in 1745, was succeeded by Francis Henchman, B. D., as Henchman was, in 1777, by John Whitaker, B.D., both of them Fellows and Nominees of C. C. C., Oxford. Canon Grant was a man of sense and spirit, and proved a great benefactor to this living. He improved the parsonage-house considerably. One instance of his conduct in the management of his tithes, which is still preserved by tradition, deserves to be recorded in writing. He invited his parishioners to his house, in order to ascertain their compositions, when he put into their hands a little paper containing the rate at which he meant them to pay, and said he would walk into his garden for half an hour, that they might deliberate upon it. This demand was a composition of two-sixths in the pound, I believe. In half an hour he returned, and found his parishioners with one voice refusing his terms. He coolly took up his paper, delivered to them another, and walked out for half an hour again. This paper, I believe, contained two-ninths. On his return, he found some wise enough to accept these terms, though they had rejected easier, merely because they were apprehensive of still worse if they refused these. But the greater part of them refused both. Mr. G., therefore, took up the second paper, said those who had acceded to the terms of it should have them, and for the rest he had another paper. And he obliged the rest to pay one-third, though they had refused two-sixths."—From Whitaker's MS. Tonkin, Vol. II. p. 78.

* It is melancholy to consider, that Whitaker was now en-

LETTER III.

The SAME to the SAME.

Wednesday afternoon.

DEAR SIR,

I send you, as I promised, some more instructions for the Assizes. I could have sent you all, as I have at last completed them; but I have detained the two last sheets of instructions for Mr. Luke's action of assault against me and Anne Peters. I want to shew the questions intended to be asked to the witness of whom they will be asked. By reading them over to him carefully, some notions may be revived in his memory, and he may speak to some main points more decisively. The collateral circumstances often help out the main facts.

The instructions for Mr. Luke's action are very large. They are made so, in a great measure, by the cross-examinations, and by drawing into the questions so many particulars. But this seems to me to be quite necessary. The counsel can have no notion of the many little points that are requisite to be dwelt upon in a cause like this, and that appear so to a man actually engaged in the quarrel; and it is better to overdo than underdo in questions.

But, after all, I cannot think Mr. Luke is such an idiot as to try either of these actions for assault. His conduct is so plainly malicious and cowardly in both, that he must be an idiot indeed to have a tithe of his conduct exposed. But what is the latest day for giving notice of trial? I thought the time was three weeks before the Assizes; your clerk thinks it is eight days: and what is the real time?

Mr. Luke, as far as I can hear, is making no preparation for trial at all. He is examining no witnesses, and Mr. H. has never been yet to view the road.

What have you done about the *Non Pros*? If Mr. Luke did not file a declaration against Mrs. W. and Mary Benny,

tering on the arena of a contest with his parishioners; a contest which was, doubtless, unavoidable. Of all his prosecutions he was himself the conductor: his attorney was, in a manner, his clerk. The following are selected from a bundle of sixty or seventy letters, all written with breathless anxiety. They are addressed to Mr. Clutterbuck, his attorney, of Truro, a gentleman of sense and honour, and high classical attainments. Mr. C. would have gladly corresponded with his friend Whitaker on any other than professional subjects.

before the last day of last term, as I understood from you, you might have a *Non Pros.* against him, and so make him pay a few shillings to us.

I write by the bearer to Mr. Mitchell, and desire him to come over hither on Friday or Monday, and plan the road with its accompaniments; and on Thursday I mean to come over to Truro myself, and bring the rest of the instructions for Mr. Luke's action. I shall then send for a young fellow in Truro, who was present at the second skirmish, and see whether his testimony will be of any moment. And I beg to hear by the bearer, if you do not think that the evidence for the road, as sent you last week, very strong and powerful.

But I wish one argument and one address to be suggested in the brief concerning it. Mr. Luke's witnesses can be but negative; he therefore fights to great disadvantage. He can only prove that persons have gone through and not been stopped; but fifty such witnesses cannot stand against one positive witness of people asking leave, or of people being stopped. And this may be strikingly exemplified by a fact.

In towns it is not very uncommon for ways through entries or courts to be open, and for people to pass through them without asking leave, on every day in the year except one. Upon one day the passage is shut up, in order to assert the private nature of it; and this does assert it. Here, therefore, is the testimony of 364 days superseded by the evidence of *one*; because *that* is negative evidence, and *this* is positive.

The address which I mentioned is to the jury, farmers, &c. upon the loss that would ensue to them, in having their farm-yards made into public roads, their poultry-courts to be run over with carts and horses, their gates left open for strange pigs and other animals to come and trespass upon them, and at last, perhaps, their very right to straw their farm-yards contested and denied.

Since I wrote the above, I find that Mr. Luke's hind, Francis Dungay, has been saying on Sunday and Monday, in the neighbourhood of St. Columb, that *Mr. Luke has given up the action for the assault*, and that *I have given up Mary Benny's*. This comes from such a man as must know his master's mind; and it comes to me by Mary Benny herself, who has been equally in the neighbourhood of St. Columb, and is just returned. I have, therefore, kept back all the instructions for the assaults, and I hope to hear from you that this is true. If I do not, I shall bring them all with me on Thursday next.

I remain, dear Sir, your most obedient servant, J. W.

The distance from home to Bodmin is about 17 miles to many, and about 22 to some, or about 20 generally. The witnesses in all the causes reached Bodmin about six on Monday evening. The action for the road was heard by three on Tuesday afternoon, and all the witnesses on that point might then have gone home. Some of Mr. Luke's, R. Stephens and C. Williams, and all of Mr. Whitaker's actually did.

Mr. Luke's action for the assault was tried about nine on Tuesday night*.

Mary Benny's action for the assault was tried about eleven on Tuesday night.

I, John Whitaker, Bachelor of Divinity, and Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne, Cornwall, do depose, &c. that my maid-servant, Mary Benny, having been ill used by John Luke, Esq. I did furnish her with money and credit for bringing an action against the said John Luke. That she having subpoenaed myself, Mrs. Jane Whitaker my wife, Anne Peters one of my maid-servants, and Richard Philips a carpenter employed by me, to appear at Bodmin as her witnesses, I did hire a double horse for carrying the said Richard Philips and Anne Peters to the said town of Bodmin, at the rate of 2s. 6d. the first day, 2s. 6d. the last day, and 1s. the intermediate day or days, and did supply them with money for their expences to and from and at Bodmin. That I myself and Mrs. Jane Whitaker did also go to the said town of Bodmin, attended (as usual) by one man-servant, upon my own horses. That we all reached Bodmin on Monday evening, and the said cause was not decided till about eleven o'clock on Tuesday night. That I paid for the said double horse, being out three days, six shillings. That the said Anne Peters and Richard Philips cost me at least fifteen shillings each in these three days. That for my own horse and Mrs. Whitaker's, I think I may justly charge eight shillings, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER IV.

MR. WHITAKER TO R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I have a thousand apologies to make you for not attending to your two favours before the present moment. But circumstances I trust will absolve me completely with you. When your first favour reached my hands, I was in the midst of my har-

* This action was tried by a special jury ; but the Judge declared in Court, that Mr. Luke should pay for the jury, as he, the judge, would not certify it was requisite.

vest, pushing on in instant expectation of my brother and his family, on a long visit to me from Manchester. When your second came they were actually with me. I was then so fully engaged with them, after a separation of 10 or 11 years from them; and my friends around me came in so politely to welcome them into the neighbourhood; that I was not able to command a moment's leisure for any thing important. I was therefore constrained to defer all reply to both, to the departure of my friends and the moments of my returning studiousness. These did not return with their departure. The spirit of dissipation, which this whirl of visits had raised, was not soon allayed. I fancied, indeed, that your letters would require a deeper consideration than I now believe to be requisite. I, therefore, still deferred what I wished to consider fully. And at last I sit down to the work, resolved to confine myself strictly to your questions, and seeing little difficulty in giving you my replies to them.

To your *Prospectus* I know not what to say. I cannot pretend to judge of your plan so comprehensively as either to applaud or to condemn in the whole, to approve or to correct in part. And I can only say, that in the *historical* parts of it (for with the *physical* I have no acquaintance,) if you can point out any special points on which you think I can assist you, you may command me to the fullest latitude.

You accordingly point out some in your second letter. And I now address myself to the work of answering it, hoping I may be able, not to *compromise* the difference between Sir G. Yonge and you, in the idle way of the world's half-reasoners, who think nothing more requisite in such a case than to take the middle point betwixt two opposite opinions, but to decide it effectually. My own opinion is a decided one; and which way it decidedly goes, will soon appear.

When the Phœnicians traded here, who were the inhabitants? I answer, the Belgæ, who came hither from Gaul about 350 years before Christ; and the Aborigines, who came hither from the same country about 1,000 years before Christ. As to the Saxon Chronicle and Bede, they are wholly incompetent to decide upon the point. They know nothing of those early times but what the Romans and Greeks transmitted to them. To these, therefore, we must appeal. Cæsar is our earliest author, and is himself also our best. "*Britannicæ pars interior ab iis incolitur, quos natos in insulâ ipsâ memoriâ proditum dicunt; maritima pars ab iis, qui, prædæ ac belli intulendi causâ, ex Belgis transierant,—et bello illato ibi remanserunt, atque agros colere cæperunt.*" These

lines form the grand distinction of our island fathers. *When* the Belgæ and the aborigines came successively, Cæsar does not inform us. He only says in another place, "Plurosque "Belgas" of Gaul "esse ortos a Germanis, Rhenumque antequam transductos, propter loci fertilitatem ibi conseruisse, Gallosque qui ea loca incolerent expulisse." This incident is evidently too nearly connected with that above, to leave any doubt upon our minds; but it was nearly cotemporary with it. The Belgæ of Germany invaded Gaul, seized all the north-east of it to the Marne and the Seine, [Cæsar, "Gallos—a Belgis Matrona et Sequana dividit,"] and then progressively passed over into Britain. As posteriour colonists, they inhabited the line of the coast; having dislodged the prior colony from it, and confined them to the interior of the island. And *when* either of these colonies came hither is pointed out to us very happily, and with a full conformity to collateral history, by that little commentary of Richard of Cirencester in the 14th century, which had been strangely smuggled out of Britain into Denmark and which returned back to its native country about 30 years ago. "A.M. MMM. circa hæc tempora cultum et habitatum primum Britanniam arbitrantur nonnulli;" where we observe his actual reference to some ancient author or authors, and their dubiousness concerning the precise year of so remote an event. But concerning the second colony, as coming in a period much nearer to the line of Roman history, he speaks from his authors thus positively: "A.M. MMMDCL. has "terras intrarunt Belgæ."

Having thus settled the points by historical documents, I come now to consider your moral probabilities.

If the Britons came in the course of progressive migrations from east to west, from Asia into Europe, and from Gaul into Britain; you think they would have lost the character of their original country in the long interval of successive movements; and yet they did not, you apprehend; as their religion, dress, and language bore a very near resemblance to those of the Asiatics. — I know of no such resemblance. There is only a resemblance that was sure to arise where the origin was common, and that exists between all the nations of the globe, in consequence of their common origin—"qualem decet esse sororum." The most striking part of this resemblance between the Asiatics and the Britons, is the use of military cars. Yet the use was equally common to the Egyptians, to the Gauls, and to the Britons. And, in these arguments from resemblance, we deceive ourselves

(I think) by taking general similarities for particular, by considering human characters (if I may so express myself) as national characteristics, and by so proving an origin to be analogically true which is historically false.

"The Druids," you say however, "in many particulars resembled the Magi." That is, they both pretended to magick. And so did the priests of Vitziliputzli, I believe, &c. &c. "Our Druids," you add, "according to Cæsar, were senior to the Druids of Gaul; and the latter used to consult the former on important occasions." Cæsar says only, "*Existimatur reperta.*" This was plainly derived only from the succeeding fact: "*Et nunc, qui diligentius eam rem cognoscere volunt, plerumque illo discendi causâ profisciscuntur.*" This is always the case in islands, as opposed to continents. Secluded from innovations, they retain their primitive principles more firmly. *Mona* was to Britain what Britain was to Gaul—the repository of their original theology. And then those who had no light of history to lead them, began to conclude what was accidentally the repository, was originally the fountain of it.

When mankind dispersed from the plains of Shinar, they marched along the face of the large continent of Asia by movements gradual and progressive. Nothing was done "*par saltum.*" In their migrations towards the west, they would find themselves at length obstructed in their advance, by those waters that divide this continental isle of Europe from Asia and Africa. This would check the forward steps of civilization; and Egypt, by means of that little junction of land which connects the continental isle of Africa, was probably peopled before any part of Europe. Navigation at first must have consisted solely in occasional exertions for crossing small arms of the sea. A voyage from Asia to Britain, even so low down as the voyages of the Phenicians, would have been a most miraculous effort of the human mind: it would have been as unnatural as miraculous. The land was all before them, where to choose

"Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Why then should they attempt long voyages, to go they knew not whither, and to seek unfruitful regions near the pole, when they had all the soft climes of Asia, &c. before them, equally uninhabited, and directly inviting them? Nor could they, if they would, have taken such voyages. The Phenician voyages are no proof to the contrary. They were in a much later age, whatever Richard has said (p. 50,) who

makes the "Græci Phœnicesque mercatores" to have come hither about the original plantation of the island; as the Phœnicians came hither only a little before Herodotus; he mentioning the Cassiterides and their tin, but not knowing where those islands lay; and as the Græcians came long afterwards. But we deceive ourselves on these points, by using the words *Græcians* and *Phœnicians* at large. The men who came trading to our Cassiterides were not proper Phœnicians or proper Greeks: they did not come from Tyre and the Morea. The Greeks were the Phœnicians of *Marseilles*, and the Phœnicians were the Tyrians of *Carthage* settled at *Cadiz*. And, thus considered as Cadizians and *Marseillois*; these bold voyagers can lend not a shadow of a pretext to a voyage from Asia to Britain; much less of a colonial voyage.

But let me farther observe, concerning these voyages. It is a common opinion, which I see you have adopted, that those mis-called Phœnicians came to *the south-western parts of this very island* Britain. They came only to the *Cassiterides*, to islands, which Strabo shews us were ten in number. And the idea that Cornwall, and perhaps Devonshire, were considered as islands, is all a dream of romantick antiquarianism. When Devonshire and Cornwall were so well known to the Romans as Kent or Somersetshire, they still distinguished the little islands of the Cassiterides from the great isle of Britain.

As to "the southern" being "the first inhabited part of all the island," I cannot conceive whence you derived the idea. On your own *Stukeleian* and *Irish* plan of a voyage of the first inhabitants from Asia to Britain, the Cassiterides would be the first. Then, as they either entered St. George's or the British Channel, Cornwall would certainly be the next, and either the north or the south of Devon would be the third. This is said on the supposition they pursued that progressive motion which you reject in the first instance. If they did not pursue it, then Ireland or the Scuthains, the Isle of Wight or Lundy, Cumberland or Kent, Cathness or the North Pole, might be the next. When these Neptunes take such strides, I would say with Longinus, the earth would hardly be sufficient for a stride more.

As to etymons of local names, my dear Sir, remember they must follow history. Etymology is a saucy gipsy. She is merely a menial, and yet would act the mistress. But, pray, keep her down. And Armington is only Arman-ton or Arme's house, the *ing* or *an* so placed being only the marks of the possessive case.

I have thus given you my sentiments, dear Sir, with great frankness to you and a special regard for you. I consider you as a man of parts brilliant and strong, spirited, enterprising, and laborious. You have therefore all the elements of a great local historian in you. And I most heartily and cordially wish you all imaginable success.

As you have never seen (I believe) a work which I formerly published on the history of the Britons, and against Macpherson; I have looked for a copy, and beg your acceptance of it. It will be more full than I can now be upon this subject. And I shall send it, with your *Prospectus* inclosed in it, to Mr. Buckland's, bookseller, in Truro, in hopes he may transmit it soon to you for Exeter. This I consider as a very trifling acknowledgment, for the compliments which you have paid me in your additional sonnet.

When you come into Cornwall, I beg I may see you here, and I beseech you to bring Mrs. P. with you. I shall thus see you with double pleasure. So will Mrs. W. You have done so much honour to wedded lives, that we both honour you and Mrs. P. for it. And I shall think myself very happy if I can lend you any assistance in your present enterprise. You are in a road as to the historical part of your enterprise, over which I have walked "with painful steps and slow" very much formerly: even yet I have not done with it. I mean, as soon as ever I have published the 2d edition of Queen Mary, which is all ready for publication; and finished what is nearly finished, an historical account of the Origin of Arianism, which I mean to publish before Midsummer next; and transcribed a large dissertation which I have completed, on the Course of Hannibal over the Alps; then to complete a military history of the Romans in Britain, and to involve in it, of course, all the points of history here noticed.

Your friend,
J. W.

R. Lanyhorne, Nov. 19, 1789.

LETTER V.

Mr. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR, *Ruan Lanyhorne, May 29, 1790.*

Your first step towards acquiring a knowledge of Roman Britain, is to make yourself well acquainted with Richard.

This alone will make you "wiser than the aged." And I assure you there is a mine of valuable ore in him. I found the treasure, like the treasures of the ancient Gauls, all open to every hand, yet all untouched. I seized the spoils without delay and without sacrilege. And, on the strength of them, I set up for myself. The title of the book "*Ricardi Corinensis Commentariolum*," printed at Copenhagen in 1757, together with Gildas and Nennius, and selling at times in London for five or six shillings. I have been intending these 14 years to reprint it. I wish you was nearer to me, and I would lend it to you.

I have at length induced "my good neighbour," as you may justly call him, Mr. Trist to apply his lively and brilliant talents to something beyond the entertainment of an hour. He has written a pamphlet, and has sent it to London. It is to be anonymous. And I am not at liberty to announce its title. But you will be pleased when you know it.

I have lately been revising your version of the Hymn of Orpheus. I had been struck with it, when I read it as poetry. Mr. Trist recalled it to my memory, when I was reading the original as theology. It is so fine, that you suppose it derived from the Scriptures. But it is finer in my opinion, in its own real condition, as not derived from the Scriptures, which were then in an unknown language; but as derived from that great source of religion to all mankind, without the Patriarchal or Jewish pale, the first unwritten revelations.

The hymn all refers evidently, I think, to the great Redeemer who had been promised to all ages. But it is a glorious proof of the Heathen belief in the Divinity of that Redeemer. I shall publish a translation of it, but literal and in blank verse. Yours will shine at my expence in splendour of poetry; but mine will beat yours in accuracy and fidelity.

Yours, &c. &c.

J. W.

LETTER VI.

W. to R. P.

Aug. 19. 1790.

DEAR SIR,

I was exceedingly hurt at the receipt of your last favour, to find you had been so near to me, and I had not seen you. I should have been very glad to have talked over the sub-

ject of our letters, personally with you under this roof. And I can only regret my loss, in your departure without it. But I catch at the promise which you make me, though you say not when, of coming with Mrs. P. to see us. And let me hope it will not be long, before you come.

With regard to your noticed plan, of a collection of Fugitive Poetry for Devonshire and Cornwall; I am quite surprised at your calling on the heavy Historian of Manchester, for effusions of poetry. His taste lay, as his work shews, in quite another hemisphere, and not a ray from the Muse's sun could penetrate to him, through the thick cloud of Historical Disquisition, in which he had wrapped himself round. I have however, a few morsels of poetry by me, composed by a friend of his, and which I am at liberty to communicate. These I shall be ready to communicate if I can find a moment for the revisal of them, if I shall find any worthy of transcription, and if I can procure time for transcribing. I shall, be at liberty, I suppose, in a month more; and you shall hear then from me on the subject.

Mr. Thomas,* the Vicar of St. Merrin, near Padstow, was with me a day or two after I received your letter. I therefore communicated the plan of a collection to him. I considered him as a very likely contributor. And I knew that, as such, he would be a very useful one. He is an excellent poet. You know well his Country Curate, I presume. It is a poem full of spirit and sense. And he is a sound scholar, a lively converser, and a man of elegant manners. I am very intimate with him, and am using my influence to make him sit down in studiousness. This alone is wanting to render him a bright and substantial scholar. And he has promised me to revise a poem which I had seen, and to throw it into the Bath Treasury. But like me, I believe he wants leisure, though from different causes; I from over-much business, he from overmuch company. He is now going or gone, I fear, to meet the Marquis of Bath and Lord Weymouth in Herefordshire, on a shooting party. If he is, his poetry will vanish with his shot, and be left with the partridges in Herefordshire.

I am much flattered by your and Dr. Downman's praises of my remarks upon my old friend Gibbon in the English Review. I originally intended to have put my name to the concluding part of them. But a project which Lord Lansdowne suggested to me, of re-publishing the remarks in a

* The late Archdeacon Thomas.

pamphlet, prevented this. And I have never been able to find time for revising, in order to execute the other. What I received for the remarks from the proprietor of the Review, was so much as induced me to think of purchasing a piece of plate with it. I dwelt long enough upon the idea to determine upon a cup, and to meditate this inscription for it:—

This vase I owe to GIBBON's genius bold,
Extracted silver from his spurious gold.

And then I abandoned the project, and bought books with the money.

This, however, with the eighth volume of the *Archæologia*, is all that ever I reviewed. I have not leisure enough from my own works to review the works of others. I returned some months ago several volumes, that had been sent me for reviewing. And I have now had two quartos by me these eight or nine weeks, waiting for my perusal; but I shall not be able to look at them till I have sent off my *Origin of Arianism* to the press. This will plead my excuse sufficiently with you, for declining to review your *Discourses*, and your *English Orator*, book 4th. I never yet reviewed any work but at the request of the proprietor.

I am very much obliged to you, however, for the present of your *ORATOR* and your *Discourses*. I had read both with great pleasure. Only your *Discourses* appeared to me to want what I should never expect to be wanting in a poet—a little more of the affectionate. Popular addresses should always be directed at the close, to the most active part of us all, our passions.

I shall be very glad to see your *Delineation of Roman and British Monuments in Devonshire*. I will then give you my full sentiments upon them.

The Major Drewe whom you mention was of our College, I apprehend, and the younger brother.

Dr. and Mrs. and Master William Cardew are coming here on Monday, to spend, alas! only three days with us.

On revising what I have said about the poetry, I add without affectation, that you may depend upon receiving some petty pieces of mine in four or five weeks.

Yours, &c.

Yours, &c.

J. W.

P. S.—The following were the passages in your *E. Orator*, which struck me most forcibly:—

In those avenues that erst
O'er-arch'd a BAGOT (proud to embower such worth—
Such virtues in their venerable shade:)
There, musing oft on future scenes, he form'd

The prospect of ideal good—to flow
 From his impassion'd preaching. Nor unmark'd
 His decent fane, nor unreview'd his charge;
 That not at distance from his natal spot,
 Beyond the woody Tamar, Fancy trac'd;
 And, as she spread the glowing tint, it seem'd
 No fairy picture: For young Hope reliev'd
 With golden rays, each figure Fancy drew.
 'Twas then, with honest independence flush'd,
 Oft would he cry,—‘Ye visions, tho’ so fair,
 ‘Perhaps ye promise vainly! For the mask
 ‘Of dark deceit, too often worn for you,
 ‘Shall never hide one generous feeling! Far
 ‘From this untainted bosom be the lure
 ‘That leads through Flattery’s maze the cringing crew.
 ‘If my sincerer aims be frustrate all;
 ‘Whilst the corrupt, the versatile ascend
 ‘To rich preferment through the path whose dust
 ‘I would disdain to tread, or, treading, shake
 ‘Indignant from my feet; if every wish,
 ‘Urg’d by no mean ambition, should arise
 ‘Unsanction’d; then, not sorrowing, would I hail—
 ‘Then would I hail thy bowers, paternal seat!
 ‘Where I might yet retire, and “eat my bread
 ‘In privacy and peace.” There might I rest;
 ‘My slumb’ring hopes of honour undisturb’d
 ‘By those who, prone to adulation, pour
 ‘With a deceitful smile the cold applause;—
 ‘Happy (the hollow sycophant unknown
 ‘To those pure shades) as there, where dawning age
 ‘First wear’d its wayward fancies, I review,
 ‘Through the dim vale of years, each mellow trace
 ‘Of childish joy and youthful bliss serene.
 ‘There, where the veteran umbrage of the beech
 ‘O’erhangs the crossed brook that gurgling laves
 ‘Its wreathed roots, or the long waving limes
 ‘Have darken’d their broad shadows, may I oft
 ‘Attune the pastoral song; or, pondering o’er
 ‘The ruthless times when Cromwell’s hosts oppress’d
 ‘My loyal fathers, hail in many a tone,
 ‘Pensive and deep, the visionary forms
 ‘Of ancestry, that with majestic air
 ‘Swim by the moon-beam, through the glimmering trees.”
 Such his fond thought: and may his heart retain
 Its youthful fires! But tho’ the willing Muse
 His sacred labours may relieve, and chase,
 With a benign serenity, the gloom
 Which settles on the melancholy brow;
 Never may indolence inspire the dream

That, first, in a delicious languor creeps
 Through the dissolving frame, yet gives it o'er
 To qualms and ceaseless heart-akes ! Then return,
 Ye Hopes, fair promising, that only wing
 The soul to vigorous action ! Then return
 The preacher's energetic toils ! And come,
 Digressive Muse, to note them as they rise."

* * * * *

" Then deem not (as my previous strains have taught)
Religion a cold metaphysic form,
 Musing o'er moral problems, and confin'd
 To Wisdom's eyes alone.—Behold, she sits,
 While *Faith* unveils her to the vulgar gaze,
 Streaming cherubic effluence o'er her heaven
 Of spotless azure ! To the dazzling light,
 Her everlasting robe the asbestos floats
 In vivid folds. Around her emerald throne
 The Passions tremble at her awful beck—
 " Her ministers as flaming fire," to waft
 Into the mortal bosom the pure spark
 Æthereal, that refines our thought ! Hence fly
 The words that burn ; while her impulsive power
 Imparts an oratory only less
 Than what inspir'd the Apostles, when of old
 They spake all tongues, and saw Confusion's reign,
 The curse of jarring Shinar, disappear."

LETTER VII.

Mr. W. to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

Amidst your attentions to Parliamentary objects, I hope you will have leisure to peruse a new dissertation from me, in favour of my former heroine Queen Mary. You will see what has given occasion to it—a present from a gentleman whom I knew only from this act. He has done himself the honour of bestowing his original miniature upon one of Mary's vindicators ; and he has done me the honour of making me that one. I am very proud of the compliment, and very happy in the miniature. The contemplation of it has suggested the remarks which I have here drawn up, and which form a little kind of new vindication of her. But my principal aim, I own, has been, to dwell on the circumstances of her murder ; to throw in new circumstances, additional to the well-

known; and to point from all the rising indignation of the publick against Elizabeth. And I now inclose the whole to you, for the perusal of you, Mr. John Hawkins, Mr. Lumisden, and Mr. Chalmers.

The donor of this original miniature, in his letter to me, has with great delicacy *hinted* to me, that he had refused considerable offers for it. Even one of the best modellers in this or perhaps any other country, he says, gave him a bust of Cardinal Wolsey made from the famous picture of the Cardinal at Oxford; merely for being allowed to see the miniature. These are two particulars which enhance the value of it highly.

Mr. Lumisden, I fancy, will be particularly glad to peruse the account of it inclosed. I have therefore addressed a few lines to him, in your cover; as I have addressed a letter to Mr. Chalmers, on that and other subjects. When you have satisfied your curiosity, you may transmit the Dissertation to them. And, when they and Mr. John Hawkins are satisfied, you may then send it to the quarter for which it is addressed—Mr. Nichols, printer, Red Lion Court, Fleet-street; who is the manager of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It will make me happy to hear that you have been pleased with it; being, dear Sir, with great regard, and with my compliments to Mr. John Hawkins,

Your most obedient,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Ruan Lanyhorne, Feb. 21, 1791.

LETTER VIII.

SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS to Mr. WHITAKER.

MY DEAR SIR,

I think you have completely elucidated the dress of your Queen as well as vindicated her character. You have veil'd her remains from the indecent curiosity of the vulgar, and the savage ferocity of the servants of Elizabeth. And you have made your Queen die with the becoming dignity suited to the greatness of her mind as well as of her family.

You have described what was not seen: had you unlaced and unbuttoned what you have so well described, it might be said you had taken liberties. Unlike the modern beaux

eager to place their mistress in *cuerpo*, and not availing yourself of the liberty allowed *pictoribus atque poetis*, you have exhibited her beauty by clothing her, and proved the dignity of her mind by the propriety of her dress.

Yours, &c.

C. H.*

LETTER IX.

Mr. W. to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

A few days ago, I did myself the pleasure of transmitting to you a little dissertation on an original portrait of Queen Mary, now in my possession. But I must beg the favour of you at present, *not* to send it as I had originally destined it to go, to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Mr. Chalmers, by this morning's post, has made me think better of it than I did, and induced me to think of having it printed as something accidentally additional to my *Vindication*. I therefore mean to put a new head and tail piece to it, and to enlarge the body of it with some new matter. And I request you to return it to me, as soon as Mr. Lumisden has done with it; remaining, in great haste,

Dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

J. WHITAKER.

Sunday Noon, March 13, 1791.

LETTER X.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I have just received your favour, and reply to it instantly.

I am sorry to hear from you (for I never heard of the fact before) that you have been wantonly and malignantly attacked in the supplement to the *Gent. Magazine*. I feel for you. Much depends, in a work like yours, upon the repu-

* This is an elegant letter.

tation that you keep up in the county. You have also a large portion of envy to encounter, from the honour done you in singling you out, so young in years and so much a stranger, for writing the County History: Every man has;—who steps out of his rank in society, and leaves his equals and contemporaries behind him. I feel it even now myself, at this advanced stage of my authorship. More probably your antagonist is Mr. I——, who has been long attempting mischief against you, was silenced by your bold attack in May last, but has now begun to spit his venom against you again.

Whoever he is, I will grapple with him for your sake, and am glad you have invited me to do so.

I am just now in the right humour for panegyriizing you. I have been reviewing your Poems and Discourses. I finished the review of the latter only yesterday. When they will be published, I do not know. I am now publishing a Review of the Archæologia, Vol. IXth, and of Berington's History of Henry II. I shall send, when these are published completely, a Review of Lodge's Illustrations of British Biography, &c. in 3 vol. quarto. And your works will come next, I suppose, or perhaps with Lodge. I have written so much more upon the Archæologia than the Review can take, that I believe I shall print the whole in a pamphlet without a name.

I am almost sorry to hear that *our* POEMS are ready for publication. I have been repeatedly vexed with myself, that I did not withdraw my share of them last Visitation. I was inclined to do so, but did not act decisively. To go in company with you as an antiquary, might not disgrace me; but, as a poet, you will be ashamed of your partner. This, however, I say very unaffectedly; and so leave the peer and the pedlar to move on together.

In my review of your Discourses and Poems, I have taken care to do the full duty of a friend; and not, with extorted praises and cordial censures, stab the man that I was pretending to caress. I have, however, used the prudent policy of blaming you in some petty and incidental points. I thus throw a slight shade over the glare of my panegyrical colours. And I conclude in a full radiation of praise.

In this and in every other point, I shall always be happy to shew you, how much I esteem you. Perhaps I am the more ready to say so, because I know experimentally the envy that must beset you in every movement, and would rejoice to strangle your rising lamp of day with darkness. I have accordingly taken the liberty of giving a *Scotch* hint

through the press to my Lord of Exeter, that he ought to prefer you.

And I remain, with great regard, dear Sir,

Your most obedient friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

Tuesday, Feb. 7, 1792.

Mrs. W. joins me in kindest compliments to Mrs. P.

N. B.—A gentleman in this neighbourhood, who has lately been in Oxford, wrote me word on his arrival, that my Arianism met with “great applause” there. I replied, that he flattered me very agreeably by the intelligence. This, I suppose, made him alter his note. A few days afterward, he called, suppressed entirely the “great applause,” and mentioned only what was an implied and general censure. I saw the meaning of all this. And the same gentleman has now assured me, that the great applause was true, and that the censure was only to one single point, to the manner too, and not to the matter—to the manner in which I expose Mahomet’s* paradise.—But I have encountered more envy just at this moment, I believe, from a story that is in circulation here, and that I hear from the *laity*—of a nobleman in administration speaking very handsomely of my writing, and saying The King must do something for me. This, you will think, is enough to set up all the little souls about me, in open sedition against me. But “something too much of this.”

LETTER XI.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I threw aside all my own studies, and set to work upon answering D. H. I was busy at it, when the Bishop of Derry in Ireland, Earl of Bristol in England, came and spent a day with me. I thus lost the only post left me, of having my Vindication even noticed in February Magazine, and promised for March. I sent it, however, by the follow-

* The picture of Mahomet’s Paradise is certainly glowing to a degree of voluptuousness.

ing post, and believe it will be inserted in the next. I wrote it hastily under all these circumstances of delay, put the initials of my own name to it, and have spoken as warmly in your favour as friendship itself would dictate.

Mr. Nichols seems, by your account, to have rather taken part *with* you than *against* you. He will also do you the justice, I doubt not, of inserting my Vindication. The interest of his Magazine, which is, of course, the pole-star of his movements, will put him upon this conduct. A reciprocation of attacks and defences, if not protracted to tediousness, will lend a new life to his miscellany.

I remain, in great haste,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

J. WHITAKER.

Friday Evening, March 9, 1792.

LETTER XII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Monday Evening, May 7, 1792.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have received the two volumes of poems. I did not mean to open them immediately; but the impatience of my girls opened them unawares to me, while they were on the quest of pictures. I then looked at the preface, and thank you for the very friendly manner in which you have mentioned me.

You ask me, in which of the English Reviews I shall have any of my criticisms. I answer, that some are now in publication there; and that you, who know my style so well, ought to have known me there. The criticisms on Berington's History of Henry the Second, and those on the Archæologia, Vol. IXth, which have now continued for three or four months past, were written beneath the shade of this academick bower. The criticisms on Lodge's Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners, in 3 vols. quarto, which were published (I believe) for the first time on the 1st of this month, and will be continued for two or three months; are equally shots from the demi-culverin of R. L. Bat, in saying this, I say what few know and none must tell. When these and remarks upon your Orator and your Dis-

courses are finished, I shall not have any thing more till next winter.

I embrace your proposal with pleasure, of exchanging works for works. I shall write to one of my booksellers in three or four weeks, with some more of my remarks upon Lodge. I shall then order down a set of my works. And I shall wait with impatience for your History of Devonshire. Only you shall send me in the mean time, if you please, the last edition of your Theocritus.

As to the Parochial History of Cornwall, I certainly shall not undertake it. I never intended to do so. I was only prompted, in a paroxysm of local antiquarianism, to put a few notices together that related to general history and that of my own parish; and to superadd a few detached observations, that chance presented to my hand. All these I still reserve for you, when Devonshire shall have received its history from a Cornishman, and when the fugitive shall return to his native land. If I should ever leave this county before you return into it, I shall be happy to deposit my papers in your hands, as a pledge of my regard, a legacy of antiquarianism, and an incitement to undertake the history.

Your health, indeed, I apprehend from your account, is at times precarious. You should attend to this, my dear Sir. You are yet young, and have probably a long race of usefulness to run. You should not abridge this, by too great sedentariness. Your poetical nerves will not bear the continued application that we prose-men can undergo. "The Nemean lion's hardy nerve" can do feats of energy and strength, that the fine-formed antelope cannot pretend to do. In other words, strain not your health too much. Remember that, next to Religion, the prime blessing of life is Health.

I am going on, thank God, perfectly in health, yet wonderfully sedentary. My Private Life of Queen Mary, which I meant only to transcribe, I have been greatly enlarging. One volume I finished last week, and the other I shall begin in a day or two. I would gladly send it up to London before Michaelmas. But, though three-fourths I consider as already written, yet I believe I must not think of pushing on so rapidly. I love to write rapidly, and to revise leisurely.

We have had a singular character with us—the Bishop of Derry. He is ingenious, lively, and a man of great taste in sculpture, painting, and architecture. He came and took a bed here, then went to Plymouth Dock, returned two or three weeks afterward, and came professedly to spend two days in talking Greek with me. "I have been devouring Polybius

“these three days,” he said in his premonitory letter, “and “want to chew the cud of it with you.” He came accordingly; we talked over Polybius; and I have written to him since. He is not convinced, and I am not converted.

Dear Sir,

Your obedient friend and servant,
J. WHITAKER.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

Sept. 20, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,

A man who has been an author so long as you have been, must have experienced a reciprocation of praises and censures, and be seasoned to them both. A circumnavigator of the globe should smile at the gales, that may justly alarm a fresh-water sailor in the channel. And surely any blasts that can blow from either of those quarters, are not tornadoes to sink, or hurricanes to sweep away the vessel; are not even the equinoctial storms of the moment of my writing; are merely the scented winds of Cotton's Eolus. Do you think the impertinence of such a man ever moves me? No, truly! And shall it move you? Not if you are just to yourself, just to your friends, just to the dignity of literature. The man is too “impudent” not to be noticed, but too insignificant to be noticed with vexation by either you or me. As to the other writer, I have always supposed him to be that puppy P., and could have given him a hearty kick upon the breech, had he been present when I read his remarks. This man has been also upon me, repeatedly upon me, and in his native manner of vulgar coarseness upon me. But do I fear him? Sooner than I would do so, I would cry out with one of the heroes of Homer,

Open, thou earth, and hide a warrior's shame.

And shall you fear a man who is a blackguard by education and a scoundrel in life, an infidel, and a blasphemer?

• • • • •

For 12 years was I engaged in law-suits about tithes, had all the laity against me of course, had all the clergy deserting me, both clergy and laity depressing my character; the clergy, to humble a man who presumed to speak, to write, and to

print, as if he was superiour to them; the laity, to beat down a bold asserter of clerical rights against their usurpations; even the very Bishop turning against me, and *once* the laity proclaiming I should be *degraded*, the clergy expecting I should be *openly admonished* by the Bishop at the Visitation. In this situation, Mrs. W. trembling for the consequence, and therefore (though under another pretence) resolving to go with me, I set out for the Visitation, was thrown from my horse, taken up senseless, and carried back to my house. Mr. ——— was sent for, to carry my apology for non-attendance to the Bishop. His look convinced me he thought my hurt only a pretence to avoid an attendance. This cured me instantly. I had a plaister applied to my head, re-mounted my horse, went to the Visitation, had more talk than any other man at the table with the Bishop, and returned to the grief (I fear) of some of my brethren, to the amazement of all the laity, in good health and in high spirits. I mention all this, to shew you how I have weathered much greater difficulties than any which you can have to weather. Religion, indeed, was my support. “Et me qui sidera fulcit” was my maxim. And at last I triumphed over all opposition, over-awed the Bishop, subdued my parishioners, and now have my parish in a better state of subjection and amity towards me, than any of the parishes of my neighbours are to them. “Go and do you likewise.” Trust in God, exert yourself with vigour; and you will succeed finally.

I have thus written a long letter to you, in the midst of some domestic afflictions. My second girl and Mrs. W. were ill for weeks in the winter, of a putrid fever; and, about three weeks ago, Mrs. W. was obliged to fetch away from school at Falmouth the oldest and the youngest, both ill of the same disorder. They have been ever since in bed. The physician says that the crisis is past with the youngest; and it seems, since he was here, to be equally past with the eldest. Yet they are both very weak in body, and very low in spirits. And I fear for Mrs. W. so much about them as she is and so often called up to them in the night. “If I am bereaved of *her*, I am bereaved *indeed*.”

I beg my respects to Mrs. P. Mrs. W. begs hers to you and her. I may perhaps be permitted by that sickness, to take some rides, and travel into your neighbourhood. If I do, I will certainly wait upon Mrs. P. and you, and profess in person how much I am,

My dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

LETTER XIV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Nov. 14, 1794.

DEAR SIR,

I believe I never told you that General Melvill, who *did* keep a plentiful table in Brewer-street, London, and had (I believe) Pinkerton on a Sunday to eat his good dinner and hear his frivolous talk; referred me to *Magazines* and *Reviews*, to shew *it was a drawn battle between us*. This shewed me what he expected from his countryman Pinkerton when he had not struck one stroke; and the battle was therefore all upon one side. Yet such was his fear of me, I believe, that he left London after my hearing from him, and retired into Scotland, with a resolution of visiting London no more.

Yet one countryman of his, to whom I sent a copy of my *Hannibal*, has just written to tell me, that he has now in the press, and shall publish this month or the next, a pamphlet upon my work, agreeing with me and applauding me in general, only differing from me in one or two particulars. The author of this is one who has been much applauded for one publication, but has so much of simple modesty about him as not to prefix his name to this work or to that.

Mr. Pownall also, I hear, is fretting and fuming at what I have said concerning *him*. I know him personally, and know him to be a man of genius. He has been some time menacing to publish against me; but this week I have heard that he is to publish in one of the magazines. If he publishes in any but the *Gentleman's*, I shall not see him; and if he publishes in the *Gentleman's*, I suppose I shall not answer him.

I preached at the Visitation a sermon, upon the origin of government. The idea is not novel, but founded upon the everlasting pillars of the Scriptures, and subversive of all the common theories at once. I concluded this with as pointed a description of the present state of France as my pen and my zeal could compose; and I am now going to publish all, as a pamphlet; in opposition to French anarchy and French Atheism. I fear no censures, no contradiction, no malice. Even the guillotine is nothing to him who would be proud to die a martyr for the religion of the Gospel.

The dreadful wetness of the weather precluded me from all excursions in the month of October. I should otherwise have called upon you, had I gone west.

Yours, &c.

J. W.

LETTER XV.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am glad to find "you are preparing your MS. of your first volume for the press." You should pursue this work, I think, as fast as your health and avocations will admit. Other subjects, especially poetical, I apprehend, should be superseded by that. When these are completed, and your engagements with the publick performed, then you will certainly be at full liberty to turn to any other. Nor will the stream of poetry in your soul, I suppose, be destroyed by the delay. It will only rise and swell the more from the obstruction, and burst out afterwards in a fuller torrent. This is apparent to me from the very return which your letter shews you had been making at the moment, to your historical poem on Sir Francis Drake. I shall be very happy to see this, and to mark your new machinery for it—a machinery rising to my mind at this moment, that seems at once Christian, philosophical, and poetical. But I would rather attend to your "Roman and Saxon papers" at present, and am glad to hear you have finished the former. At the same time I must add, that you are right surely to dispel the gloom of a moment, and to irradiate your mind by indulging your fancy, when antiquarian studies will not do the business.

The *Furry-day** at Helston I have had formerly described to me, and have made some remarks upon it which I cannot now find. But your account is more full than my former, as far as my memory can tell me. I particularly remember nothing of the Fadi Dance, but thank you for your whole account. I have been just transcribing it into my collection

* The following songs were written in 1796 for the Furry of Helston, which (in spite of puritanism, hypocrisy and cant) is still celebrated on the 8th of May, by the innocent gaiety of the young and undesigning.

APRIL.

No longer the goddess of florets shall seem
 To rekindle the blooms of the year ;
 Then scatter around us the wreck of a dream,
 And resign us to winter austere.
 To its promise yon delicate child of the shade—
 The primrose—is never untrue :
 Nor the lilac unfolds, the next moment to fade ;
 Its clusters of beautiful blue.

of Cornish notices. I can therefore explain every point but one, which is in the first line of the 6th stanza, "Aunt Mary 'Moses ;" a reading so strange, that I strongly suspect it to be a vicious one. When I hear from you whether this is the true reading, I will hope to tell you my explanation of all. In the mean time, I will just add, that when in your *Devonshire Views* you derive *Furry* from *Fer* (Cornish) a Fair, and now suppose the *Fair-o* of the song to confirm your conjecture ; I thoroughly concur with you, and see by my notes which I have this moment found, that I derived the name from the same source. Only I never considered *Fer* (Cornish) as the word "whence [comes] the Latin *Feria*." The Latin is the original term, and the Cornish only a derivative from it, *Fer* (Cornish) being the same with *Foire* (Irish,) and so forming *Fair-o* or *Furry* in pronunciation.

Tho' weak be its verdure, ere long shall the thorn
The pride of its blossom display,
Where Flora, amid the mild splendor of morn,
Unbosoms the fragrance of May.

THE EIGHTH OF MAY.

Soft as the sigh of zephyr heaves
The verdure of its lucid leaves,
Yon lily's bell, of vestal white,
Moist from the dew drop, drinks the light.
No more in feeble colors cold,
The tulip, for each glowing fold,
So richly waved with vermeil dyes,
Steals the pure blush of orient skies.
The hyacinth, whose pallid hue
Shrank from the blast that Eurus blew,
Now trusts to May's delicious calm
Its tender tint, its musky balm.
And hark ! the plumed warblers pour
Their notes, to greet the genial hour,
As whispering love, this arborous shade
Sports with the sunbeam down the glade.
Then say, ye nymphs ! and truly tell,
If ever with the lily's bell,
Or with the tulip's radiant dye
Young poets give your cheeks to vie ;
Or to the hyacinth compare
The clustering softness of your hair ;
If e'er they bid your vocal strain
In silence hush the feather'd train ;—
Beat not your hearts with more delight
At every "rural sound and sight,"
Than at such flattery, to the ear
Tho' siren-sweet, yet insincere ?

But let me ask you, in return, an heraldical question. The present arms of the see of Exeter are, a sword in pale, and two keys in saltier. Yet I suspect the sword to have been, about 250 years ago, not in pale, but in saltier with the keys, or (to speak in more technical language) a sword and two keys endorsed in saltier. Have you seen any monument confirming this? I wish you would consider the point for me.

This question refers to my Historical Survey of St. Ger-

THE FADE.

White-vestur'd, ye maidens of *Ellas* draw near,
 And honour the rites of the day :
 'Tis the fairest that shines in the round of the year ;
 Then hail the bright goddess of May.
 O come, let us rifle the hedges, and crown
 Our heads with gay garlands of sweets :
 And when we return to the shouts of the town,
 Let us weave the light dance thro' the streets.
 Flinging open each door, let us enter and frisk,
 Tho' the master be all in a pother—
 For, away from one house as we merrily whisk,
 We will *fade* it, quick thro' another.
 The nymph who despises the furryday-dance,
 Is a fine, or a *finical* lady—
 Then let us with hearts full of pleasure, advance,
 And mix, one and all, in the *Fade* !”

THE SOLITARY FAIR.

Perhaps, fair maid ! thy musing mind,
 Little to festive scenes inclin'd,
 Scorns not the dancer's merry mood,
 But only longs for solitude.
 Thy heart, alive to nature's power,
 Flutters within the roseate bower,
 Thrills with new warmth, it knows not why,
 And steals delirium from a sigh.
 Alas ! tho' so averse from glee,
 This genial hour is felt by thee :
 The tumults of thy bosom prove,
 That May is but the nurse of—love !

BEWARE OF THE MONTH OF MAY.

Then, gentle maid, whoe'er thou art,
 Who bid'st the shades embowering, veil
 The sorrows of a lovesick heart,
 And listen to thy pensive tale ;
 Sweet girl ! insidious May beware ;
 And heed thy poet's warning song !
 Lo ! May and Venus spread the snare
 For those who fly the festal throng !

man's Church, which I have transcribed fair, but with so many corrections that I must have it transcribed again. I hope particularly to lighten up the dark history of commencing Christianity in this angle of the island; covered as it is with a thick fog raised by that Druidical wizard Borlase, and appearing whenever it does appear in a form totally dissimilar from itself. I have been very fortunate, I flatter myself, in breaking up some new springs of intelligence, that have long been buried and choaked up under the rubbish of time. But I shall not publish till next winter twelvemonth, as I must make some excursions to the Lizard, &c. &c. before, and as I must procure good drawings to be taken of the church of St. Germans, &c. Mr. Bonner, I fear, is too distant for my purpose.

But we will talk of these things when I see you. This I hope to do very soon. I hope to pay my respects to you and Mrs. Polwhele on Monday sevensnight, to be with you by two, and to spend the rest of the day with you. The next morning I shall leave you for the Lizard, Helston, &c. But I despair of bringing Mrs. W. with me: she will have her three girls at home with her, and could not be wrenched from them, I believe, by Archimedes's screw itself.

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

J. WHITAKER.

Tuesday, May 19, 1795.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. W. to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

Hoping to find you at leisure from electioneering business,

Find you un-circled by the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe;

I write to thank you for your attention to my literary wants, in consulting General Melville upon my objects. That attention was peculiarly kind in you, and has gained me the very intelligence which I wanted.

General Melville's inquiries concerning me do me great honour, yet do himself greater. His is a mind truly dignified. And his remittance of my inquiries to a proper answerer, is a proof of great kindness.

But I did not know before, and am very happy to know by experience now, that Mr. Lumsdaine, the worthy, the friendly Mr. Lumsdaine, is so comprehensively learned. His account of the classick remains at Rome must prove a rich fund of delight to the classick antiquary, whenever it comes out. I am only sorry to find that it is not likely to come soon.

In his full and satisfactory answers to my questions, he refers me to "*Anneau, Bague*, see that article in the *Encyclopedie Methodique, Dictionnaire des Antiquités, Mythologie, Diplomatique, des Chartres, et Chronologie*, par M. *Monger*. Vol. I. page 128." But is this a reference to one book or two? I suppose it to be only to one, *Encyclopedie Methodique*, and to a particular set of volumes in that one. And this I beg to borrow from you; remaining, dear Sir, with great regard,

Your most obedient,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Tuesday Morning.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. W. to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

Amidst a thousand reports concerning your electionary business at Tregonay, which generally prove false in the event, one is, that your brother is arrived from his second course of travels, and is coming with you to Tregonay. This, I hope, will not prove eventually false. Yet I am very doubtful of the truth. I therefore send over to inquire, whether he is returned or not. If he is, I beg my respects to him, and shall be happy to pay them in person to him and you at this house. I long to hear his account of the Tomb* of

* In 1796, the famous controversy began respecting the very existence of Troy, and of the Trojan War, which had been opened by the learned and excellent *Jacob Bryant* in two quarto tracts. One of these was entitled "*Observations upon a Treatise entitled, 'A Description of the Plain of Troy, by M. Le Chevalier:'*" the other, "*a Dissertation concerning the War of Troy, and the Expedition of the Greeks, as described by Homer; showing that no such Expedition was ever undertaken, and that no such City of Phrygia ever existed.*"

Achilles, and his proof of Chevalier's mediate or immediate forgery concerning it. At present, I range on the side of Chevalier, and know nothing yet to impeach his honour; though I hear, but do not believe, the Duke de Choiseul Gouffier has published a caution to believers in his work.

This most ingenious man, who had been long employing his very uncommon learning and talents to support an ideal history of his own creation, by the most fanciful and impossible etymologies, now undertook to obliterate all the traces of genuine history which had always been supposed to exist in the writings of an ancient bard, who had been appealed to in all ages, as the most undeniable evidence of facts that formed the ground-work of his poems. This attempt occasioned an immediate alarm in the learned world: and several able opponents quickly started up to dispute the positions of the veteran Etonian. Nor was he at all overlooked in the British Critic.

It was not possible that Dr. Vincent should be inattentive to this contest, or indifferent to the subject of it; but, at the time when it commenced, he was too much occupied by his own objects to take up the pen. The Review had then its most learned contributor in WHITAKER; who furnished two powerful articles on *Bryant's* first Dissertation.* It was not till *Mr. Morritt's* able *Vindication of Homer* appeared in 1798, that Dr. Vincent began to take an active part in the controversy. He then entered the field with spirit against the venerable, but paradoxical mythologist; and though assailed by rather unfair weapons, never afterwards receded from his ground. He fought with vigour, but with a strict regard to the laws of literary chivalry. His first critique, upon the subject of Homer and Troy, appeared in the Brit. Crit. Vol. XII. p. 632, in a Review of *Mr. Morritt's* work, which he there describes as "common sense employed against a mass of erudition; and a collection of evidence from the most approved authors, placed in opposition to the capricious judgment of the few and the most obscure—forty—forty-three authors (and the number might be greatly increased) in opposition to three names quoted at second hand, to three writers in *propria persona*, to an epigram, and to Mr. Bryant himself, the only author who ever imagined that the scene of the Iliad was in Egypt."

A sentence so decided, supported by strong reasons, was too much for the patience of a veteran little used to meet with vigorous opposition; and called forth Mr. Bryant in an angry "*Expostulation addressed to the British Critic*," in which he so far forgot himself as to term his unknown opponent "an assassin."

* See Br. Crit. Vol. IX. pp. 535 and 591.

You have such electionary irons in the fire yourself, that you can hardly attend to the antique tale of Troy. Just as you had reached the tomb of Antilochus, perhaps, a message from Tregoney would call you away, to meet and encounter Captain Eliot, the son of the old Nestor of St. Germans; and, in the moments of ransacking the barrow of Achilles, you would be whirled away with the intelligence of one like Achilles being busy in breaking the heads of your voters. Perhaps too, your brother may prefer for a while the bustle and hurry of electionary matters, to all classical concerns; and, instead of running with Alexander round the tombs of the heroes, may chuse to run the gauntlet through drunken burgesses and their more drunken wives. I can only say, therefore, that, if Mr. Hawkins be come back from the East, I congratulate him on his return, and shall be happy (after next week, in which my daughters return to school) to wait upon him and you under this roof; remaining, with great respect, dear Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Saturday Morning, Jan. 23, 1796.

I beg to borrow from your library, that volume of the *Encyclopedie Francoise*, which has the title *Mitre* in it.

LETTER XVIII.

J. WHITAKER to SIR CHRISTOPHER HAWKINS.

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for sending me your brother's letter. It has afforded me equal pleasure and information. I feel much of his spirit of historical enquiry; but I love to indulge it in a less hardy and adventurous way. I mount my Alps in my study. Yet, while I follow this way, I admire the other.

—————*Laudato ingentia rura,
Parva tene*

is my line of practice; yet surely a very humble one for him. And I beg you will present my best compliments of esteem and admiration, when you write.

I was busily employed most of last week, in something similar to his operations; fixing the site, and ascertaining the form of the famous temple at Ephesus. What induced me to

take such an excursion, you will wonder; as neither Hannibal nor St. German could have any possible connection with it. But I took it from a promise which I made some months ago, and to the performance of which I was not able to sit down before last week; of reviewing the eleventh volume of the *Archæologia*. This however is a secret, which I confide with you. But the first article in that volume is a dissertation on the temple of Ephesus, by Mr. Falconer, of Chester; which I meant to applaud before I began, as I knew him to be a man of great talents, but which I have been forced to oppose, and believe I have refuted from end to end. My paper I finished late on Saturday evening, and hope it will come in time for the next publication of the *British Critick*. If there you see it, you will have previously known the author. But you must keep my secret.

Your brother's travelling companion, Dr. Sibthorp, I knew well, and am sorry to find he has returned in so poor a state of health. He was never a man of robust and vigorous health. His design to winter in Cornwall, I suppose with you, has been altered from the uncommon mildness of the weather. I should otherwise have been very happy to see him here.

I thank you for your printed answer to Mr. Barwell's printed paper. My attachments are all personally to you, in the contest between him and you. I have no acquaintance with him, and you are both ministerial men. I have therefore said repeatedly to Mr. Harington, who is almost the only gentleman of Tregoney whom I see, that, was I a Burgess, I should certainly vote for you. And the predominating sentiment of my heart for you has been this, that the contest could be closed, or at least that you and he should agree to give no more money. Those leeches of Tregoney will suck you both, while there is one drop of blood behind.

I have been lately thrown into a very awkward predicament with Lord Eliot. In September last I wrote to tell him, how nearly completed my *Historical Survey of St. German's church* was, with how many plates and in what form I meant to publish it. To this letter he did not reply. I therefore about a month afterwards, being upon a visit a few miles from him, never went near him or his church. He heard of my visit, and wondered at my absence. I accounted for it to my correspondent, from his omission of writing to me. My correspondent assured me, that the omission was occasioned merely by his lowness of spirits, at the present posture of national affairs. Yet neither the good news from the Cape of

Good Hope, nor the success obtained at Trincomalee, have had any influence upon his spirits since. The glass has not risen, and the answer has not been sent. In this low state of the glass, he objected to a Mr. Bentley whom I was engaging to take some drawings of the church and abbey, because he meant to entertain him in his house, and he was a drinking man. I was thus shut out from the only draughtsman in the neighbourhood, but with a promise of a drawing made by Miss Eliot formerly, and of procuring me a draughtsman from Plymouth. Of the drawing I have never heard since, and believe I shall hear no more. But luckily a gentleman has come forward, to offer me three drawings taken by himself of the church. They are very fine ones, I understand, and I shall make them serve, I believe, without troubling my Lord ever more.

I return you the two volumes of the "Encyclopedie Methodique." I found them much more replete with intelligence, than I expected. I particularly found that very mitre, which I wanted. But this is like the air-drawn dagger in Macbeth; and when I say "come, let me clutch thee," it vanishes from my hand like his! However, it "marshalled me to my purpose;" which was, to prove mitres of the present form much older by ages than Montfaucon has said. And for the same "purpose" I beg to borrow the 3 volumes, containing "Anne, and Corbie," and "Theodulphe."

I thank you for your information concerning Mr. Gibbon's posthumous works. Have you got in the country his sketch of Hannibal's course? For a sketch, I see from you, it merely is. From Mr. Temple's letter to me some months ago, I was led to expect some notice of my review of his history. But I suppose you hear nothing of this.

If you do not return to London soon, I shall be happy to see you at this house. I dare not call upon you, lest I should be surrounded with burgesses and the wives of burgesses. "Procul, O procul, este profani!" With Mrs. W's. compliments, however, I remain,

Dear Sir, Your most obedient servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Monday, Feb. 8, 1796.

LETTER XIX.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

Wednesday, May 25, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your letter and present found me so deeply engaged, that I could but just gratify my eager curiosity by reading the one and dipping into the other. I then laid the latter on the shelf, close to my eye, and ready for my perusal, when the hour of vacation should speedily come. But the *term* proved longer than I expected, much longer indeed; and the vacation was consequently thrown to a great distance. It came not till this morning. I then sat down to your poem regularly, having already read it over by piecemeals at intervals; and read it with satisfaction. I would then have gladly dispensed with writing remarks upon it for the *British Critic*; as, to say truth, I am just now tired of reviewing, having been employed in the work, with some interruptions, for ten or twelve weeks past. But I saw you requested me to do it; and I was unwilling to refuse you. I therefore took a sheet of paper, and have just filled something more than half of it with extracts.

Having done this, I go back with the full bent of my soul to my Historical Survey of St. German's Church. This I begin to-morrow to transcribe fair for the press. My last copy was so intended, but has received additions so large, and corrections so numerous, as to be unfit for a compositor's eye. I have particularly discovered in the very act of reviewing, and by means of it, that a church built by the Romans in this island about the year 312, and mentioned by Bede as existing in his time, is still in great part existing at this day. A very recent history has been published of it, which enabled me to see what the author saw not, the general identity of his church with the Roman. I saw not this myself at first, though I had read the work very carefully, and had even written remarks upon some positions in it. Yet, being called upon to review the author, I then saw his reconstruction of the church to be a mere reparation, and three-fourths of the old to remain still. This discovery, in those circumstances, delighted me so much, that I threw aside my reviewing pen, and took up my historical. I inserted a dissertation upon the church in my Survey of St. Germans, to correct the error of the historian, to prove the antiquity of the present building, and to state my reasons at full length.

Stimulated by this discovery, I instantly determined to try for another. Of four churches mentioned by Bede as built by the Romans and existing in his time, I had now traced the form of one that has been long destroyed, from a description hardly known to the publick; a second is well known to exist at present, but very petty in size and very plain in style; and a third I had now discovered. The fourth was in Galloway within Scotland, in a region visited by no travellers, and at a town that never bred an historian. Yet I wished and longed to know what was become of it. As a cathedral of the Romans, it could not be lost in obscurity, though it might have been destroyed as a cathedral by fanatick folly. I therefore wrote a long letter to the unknown minister of the town, and sent it away. And about a fortnight ago I received a long reply, from a Dr. J. Davidson, full of civility, recognizing me as the Historian of Manchester, and giving me all the information which he thought I wanted. He even solicited a correspondence with me, and begged to be instructed by me in the history of his own town. I thought the request for information very fair, in return for my request of information from him. I have accordingly written him a long letter back, telling him all that Bede tells me, and asking for some farther particulars concerning the cathedral. It is now in ruins; but eight arches are remaining, some round, some peaked. And it is well remembered to have had that very form of structure, for which I peculiarly wished to appeal to it.

These, indeed, will seem to you (half antiquarian as you are, but a poet in the *better* half) the mere dreams of sleeping antiquarianism, woven of such light stuff as your poetical dreams are, but—not half so ingenious, half so ravishing as they. Yet dreams they are very pleasing to us heavy-headed antiquaries, that sometimes “lap” even “us in Elysium.” But these dreams have been, I cannot say disturbed, only interrupted, by the much less pleasing realities of the world. I know not whether you saw me noticed in the House of Commons, by Courtenay and by Sheridan, for my Real Origin of Government. I heard of the fact, but could not see it in my newspaper for some time, and was vexed I could not. I saw it at last, and rejoiced. And, at the instigation of the Arch-deacon, I drew up a reply by way of note to my present work, treating them with high contempt for their reprehension. But I afterwards received certain information, that Sturt, the member for Bridport, and the introducer of Reeves’s pamphlet into the House, had declared openly my

pamphlet was then before a committee of the Whig Club—Erskine, Sheridan, &c., to see if they could find any scope for prosecuting the author. This intelligence so little affected me on the receipt, that a month afterwards, when I came to answer the letter containing it, it appeared quite new to me. I enlarged my note, however, and gave a defiance to the whole host of opposition. But, during this threatened prosecution of me, I sent a message to Mr. Reeves, encouraging him to stand up against the prosecution, and censuring Mr. Pitt for his mean desertion of him. This induced him to write to me, and ask me to make a common cause with him by writing a pamphlet in his defence. I began accordingly to project one,—one that would have doubly enraged the democrats of the Commons. But Mrs. W. was alarmed; and I was very busy about other studies, undetermined how I should act, yet inclining to peace because of the desertion. Then Mr. Reeves wrote again to me, and said a brief would be of more use than a pamphlet. A brief required no length of time or labour. I sat down to write one, with the first volume of the Statute-book before me; and in eight or nine days sent him four or five sheets, calculated for speaking, and well seasoned with *cayenne*. He has since desired me to enlarge it, which I declined to do; and to let him publish it, to which I have consented. Only he is to publish it as an intended brief, it being too spirited for any thing else. Last Friday his trial came on, and he was acquitted. The publication, therefore, of this and other things, will now come triumphantly forward, I suppose. The most obnoxious position in this pamphlet of Reeves's, is one which I maintained against Dr. Johnson in the autumn of 1761.

Mr. Gregor comes not among us here. I have not seen him for more than a twelvemonth. Parliament and the militia entirely engross him. But, whenever I see him, I will endeavour to remember you. Yet, as seeing him is all uncertain, I will write to Mr. W. Gregor, state your complaint, and desire him to communicate it to his brother.—We are involved in all the noise of Tregoney election. Mr. ——— has behaved so ill in it, with such a regular system of perfidy, and has so plainly betrayed all his perfidy in one of those drunken periods which are very frequent with him; that the fool has counteracted the knave. Mr. W. Gregor and myself do not speak to him when we see him. Yet I go not to the other party in Tregoney, though Mr. W. Gregor has gone once, and though Lord and Mr. Eliot came hither to ask me. I will not fly in the face of my old friend Sir C. Hawkins.

The Baronet will carry the election, I believe; but must finally lose the borough, I apprehend. And Mr. ——— will either be killed by Sir Christopher's table, or be ruined by Mr. B——'s law.

When shall we see you and Mrs. P. here? Mrs. W. sends her compliments and hopes. And I am, my dear Sir, with great affection,

Your friend and servant,
JOHN WHITAKER.

P. S.—Mr. Gregor is now at Trewarthennick. Mr. W. G. and myself unite to advise you, to write to Mr. G. yourself directly. Pray, is the "Bishop Bennet" of your last, a Bishop of Ireland?

Thursday Evening.

LETTER XX.

MR. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter, note, and present successively reached me, in the very heat and hurry of my personal attendance upon my harvest, on Tuesday and Friday in last week. On Tuesday I began my attendance, having excused myself on Monday in order to finish an addition to my Historical Survey, upon which my mind was keenly bent; a history of Tregoney, in four or five pages folio. From that day to Saturday included, I was in my wheat-field the whole of the day, from nine to seven. On Saturday evening I finished reaping, and had all the work-folks into the kitchen at night, to drink, dance, and sing. Such was my week of work—a little literary, and the rest all farming! I could therefore, just read over your letters, &c., lay them down, and refer them to an hour of leisure for consideration and answer. That hour is now come. This morning I began to take up my barley, but I do not attend upon the operation. The labourers are too few, to require my oversight.

In this employ I have been so much engaged, that I have not yet had time to send my man over to Truro for the British Critick. You have therefore an advantage over me, in having read what I have not—my review of your excellent poem. I am glad, however, to find that you like it.

And I shall always be happy in any opportunity of shewing my regard for you. I am proud to be considered by you as your first friend.

I had not heard till you told me, of the publication of *Essays* by your club at Exeter. I am glad to find that there are some of yours in it. Your essay on Falconry is on a curious subject; and I long to read it as soon as I have leisure. Your essay on Benevolence I anticipate in fancy; and your ode to the Genius of Damnonium, I prophesy, will prove better than both to my taste. That the tincture of your antiquarian ideas should colour over the last, is very natural; and the ideas, I must say, are peculiarly calculated for the regions of poetry. You "poets do best in *fiction*." As soon as I can break the chain that ties me up to St. German's shrine, I will endeavour to procure the work, perhaps to review it.

I am sorry to find that you have been ill used by the society. But managers of publications always consider themselves first. Such is human nature, from the superinduced principle of corruption very selfish and very vain! With Downman's writings I am very little conversant; but I have always considered him as a man of genius and taste. Swete is a little crow, walking erect in a gutter, and showing his littleness the more conspicuously by his strutting. Such a man's essay on *Cromlechs* must be frivolous and petty indeed. If I remember right, you had written well upon the subject in your *Historical Views*. And, if I review the *Essays*, I will do you justice upon the whiffler. What a fop to "furnish decorations for adorning his essays!" But you have really been ill used by the editor, if "many of the best parts of your essay" on Falconry have been "left out." To take such a liberty with an essay, is an unpardonable act of presumption in any editor. It is worse than the omission of other essays of yours; because it is *not* within the province of an editor so to act, but to omit, *is*. The publick, however, have reason to resent the suppression, if the suppressed essays are "much superiour to this on Falconry." Yours were suppressed, the publick will have reason to say, to make room for Sir Vanity and his decorations.

I have read over parts of the magazine sent me, and like it much. I find the author to be what you call him—a friend to the Constitution. I heartily wish him, therefore, all success; and I will endeavour, whenever I can throw off the incumbrance now pressing heavy on my shoulders, to write

something for him. But I beg he will not put himself to the trouble of sending me one of his monthly numbers.

I thank you for the pleasure which you intend me, of giving me your company here. I shall be happy to receive it. But I fear the second Thursday in September (the day of the school-meeting) will be too close upon my harvest to find me quite disengaged. I have two days more of hard work to bear—the two carrying-days for wheat and for barley respectively: in these I am busy within my mowhay, from five in the morning till eight at night. This day next week I mean to carry my wheat, and this day fortnight to carry my barley. The Monday following, therefore, allowing for any delays that may occasionally intervene, and for a visit that we expect will then be over; even on Monday the 19th of September, I shall see you, I trust. A Monday is more convenient than a Thursday; because it permits what I hope from you, a visit of several days. I shall then be able to shew you what I am now transcribing for the press, and to talk over parts of it at our leisure. And I shall therefore depend upon seeing you on that day, unless I hear to the contrary; remaining, with mine and Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. Polwhele,

My dear Sir, your friend,

J. WHITAKER.

Monday, Aug. 22, 1796.

LETTER XXI.

MR. WHITAKER TO R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

As I am setting out with Mrs. W. to-morrow morning, on a visit to our girls at Falmouth; I take up my pen in haste, to trouble you with a little kind of antiquarian commission in your peninsulated region of Meneage, and to send my letter to you by some of the marketers of Tuesday.

In all excursions of an historical nature, one is so apt to unite visits of duty and of pleasure, that the latter swallow up the former almost entirely. This was the case with me, in my incursion into your Meneage last year. My grand objects stood still, while I conversed with Mr. James or disputed with Mr. Sandys. I did not visit the place, that I fully meant to visit, and that I peculiarly wished to see.

I beg leave, therefore, to visit it by you. Will you be so obliging, while the weather continues mild and soft, to take a ride to *Saint Ruan*, a house or village pretty near to Grade church, and to observe what traditions you can catch concerning St. Ruan's residence as a hermit there, or what objects you can discern as the remaining memorials of it. I would wish you to be as particularly tenacious of the traditions, as if they were to be your *neck-verse*, and upon your faithful recital of them depended your preservation from the gallows. Yet the remains, if any, will be still more important. There was once a chapel here, the hermitage-chapel of the Saint. And there is still, I believe, a fountain of water by it, the hermit's own fountain, and (if I rightly divine from the "*augratio antiquariana*") one like Horace's *Blundusia*, "*splendidior vitro*." Take particular notice of this circumstance, its clearness, its brightness. For thereon hangs my whole etymon of the name of the forest.

Mr. Kempe, the rector of Grade, will readily assist you in your investigations, I believe; but I would rather recommend you to any prating old-man or old-woman. These never mix their own fancies with the traditions, or rather have none to mix with them. But the Divine may have just learning enough, to mar the tradition by his bad telling it. You may, however, want his introduction to some such prater, the genuine and fair-voiced herald of tradition. And, if you do, you may present my compliments to him, if you do not know him yourself. I have been very busy since I saw you here, in transcribing my *Historical Survey*, and in correcting or enlarging it. On Friday I inserted an account of my own parish, in an account of the Saint of Meneage. And yesterday afternoon I finished my last chapter but one, my sixth. The seventh, and a large appendix, will however take me up till Christmas, or the end of January. That or this will be the earliest period, at which I can send my MS. to London; I believe, I shall then print through the spring and summer, having every sheet down by the post, and publish about this time next year. You must go on, I suppose, in the same mode of dilatory cautiousness. Only you have begun already, but then have more sheets to print than I, and in a larger size.

I have never yet heard from the Archdeacon. He is too busy, good man! to attend to those among his clergy, who are not weak enough to be as idle as the generality are, and who are setting an example of studiousness in private with usefulness to the publick, that even an Archdeacon may blush not to imitate. When I trouble him again with a letter, I will

say as much. A poor prude in a cassock, and a prude without the religiousness attached to the character !*

As you have never read (I believe) my course of Hannibal, and as I have one copy now at Falmouth, I will lend it to you, and perhaps may send it with this. At all adventures, I will direct it to be transmitted to you, by the person or persons to whom I have lent it. And you may keep it till the spring.

The enquiries concerning St. Rnan's well, recur upon my mind. If you find it, pray take your own descriptive pen to tell me its beauties, and then I can say again with Horace,

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium
Me dicente.

And to your obligingness in doing this, add that of doing it speedily. Let me hear from you in the course of a few days, while your mind and mine is set upon it, and the weather invites you to such an excursion for the morning. I have your Historical views now upon my table, ready for my perusal now my chapter is compleated, and open for the selection of some passage as the ground of a just compliment to the author. I always feel happy, when I can either speak or write in compliment to an author, of whom I entertain so high an opinion ; remaining in hopes of hearing from you soon, my dear Sir, and with Mrs. W's. respects, Mrs. Polwhele's and your
obedient friend and servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Sunday Evening, Oct. 23, 1796.

I open my letter to copy a note which I have just written about you. "In this opinion unites with me one, with whom I am always happy to be united, as a very ingenious writer and my particular friend—the Rev. Mr.

* No one could have thought more highly of Whitaker than Archdeacon Moore. And Whitaker momentarily piqued at the Archdeacon's neglect in not answering a letter, thus slightly spoke of our common friend ; in direct opposition to the prevailing tenour of his sentiments. Not "to answer a letter," indeed, is almost an insult to the writer of it. I scarcely ever knew a GENTLEMAN, who, at any time—under any pretence, omitted "to answer a letter" from a GENTLEMAN. But Whitaker's letter (we found upon enquiry) had been mislaid. Our truly venerable Archdeacon ranked high, even among distinguished characters, as a finished gentleman, a man of talents, taste, and learning, and a Christian in heart and in practice.

“ Polwhele, now Vicar of Manackan, in Cornwall; in his
 “ Historical Views of Devonshire, p. 91—92. There the poet
 “ appears in the antiquary ‘like some earth-born giant’ la-
 “ bouring under the load of a mountain, turning from side
 “ to side for greater exertions of his powers, and shewing
 “ both in numerous flashes of fire from below.”

LETTER XXII.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

As Mrs. Whitaker is going to Falmouth to-morrow, in order to bring home her daughters for Christmas; I take this opportunity of writing to you as it were from Falmouth, and of replying to your late with your former letter.

For the trouble which I gave you, and for the kindness which you shewed me, in searching for the residence of Ruan at St. Ruan, I thank you. Your account also answered my expectations, and gratified my wishes. You saw the very well of my saint, and found it as I supposed it was—clear and cold. You saw also the very hermitage of my saint, changed into a chapel after his death, and lately re-built into a dwelling-house. You thus did all that I wanted you to do. And I have entered your account into its proper place in my work.

With regard to the miscellaneous production of your Exeter club, I have never yet opened it. I have recollected that I had received it. I should not, perhaps, have recollected it at all, if you had not mentioned it in your favours. So much am I engaged in my own work! So absorbed and englutted am I in any stream into which I plunge! This

—————“ Curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc sum.”

I now, however, promise you, that as soon as I have finished the present chapter, and so finished the work itself, having then an appendix only, though a very large one (and I shall finish it, I trust, next week;) I will then open, peruse, and review the work. And I doubt not but I shall with strict justice vindicate what you have said, and bring it forward into publick approbation or publick applause. Yet allow me to observe, that I think you should be less anxious concerning what reviewers do or will say of you. I think you

owe this to your own character and to your own ease. Your own character calls upon you to act with dignity about what they may or do say. Your own ease equally requires you, to wait with a calm consciousness for any thing they do or may say. You are a reviewer yourself. In what are they superiour to yourself? "Are their sides ribbed with steel, that they are not as vulnerable as we?" Or rather, as far as we know of their names, are they not inferiour in every estimate of power and strength? And shall we not therefore be inclined to dash our iron gauntlet in their chops, rather than crouch or tremble before them? I would assuredly dash it much rather. I have thus delivered myself long since from that aguishness about fame, which would keep me continually in a hot or cold fit, and thus reduce my vigour into weakness.

In this spirit am I proceeding, with painful steps and slow, up the hill, with my Historical Survey. I am ever labouring in the advance, yet mount only by inches. I have now fixed February next for my goal of rest, but begin already to doubt whether I shall repose at it by that time. For my own part, I feel easy about the event. I shall be glad to finish, because to finish presents a pleasing idea to the mind. Yet I shall not repose, I know. As soon as this work is done, I shall fly to another. I shall set a new bowl to run its course upon the green, and move with its *leaden* bias towards the jack.

Et globulus globulum velut unda supervenit undam.

I have lately had an overture made me, of writing in another Review. The premium is three guineas a sheet. I am staggered by this, as at present I write in the British gratuitously, and merely to support it as an orthodox and constitutional journal of literature. I had indeed resolved to write in none but this. Yet to retrieve a Review peculiarly unconstitutional and unorthodox, in some measure, from the hands of our domestick enemies, would be a glory worthy of any man to gain. I will therefore consider it. But, after all consideration, I believe I shall hardly engage, as I have so much to do of my own, and have so strong a desire to escape into higher studies and Biblical writings.

Mr. Trist has at last, under the remonstrances of some common friends, begun a kind of preparatory reconciliation, by sending me his Magazine and Review. Mr. ——— also was the bearer of them, as he had been (I believe) the inflamer of the quarrel. The latter convinced me, by a foolish speech which he made at the moment, that neither he nor Trist did it with a good will.

I had a visit from Dr. Wolcot a few weeks ago. He spent an evening and took a bed with me. I liked him much. He has certainly strong talents and a vigorous genius. He laughed at me for supporting the Ministry, yet getting nothing from them. Turn against them, he cried, and they will pension you. They pensioned him with £300 a year, on the bare stipulation of silence; then quarrelled with him for not writing, and offered him the half-year then due upon the pension. This he refused to accept; and is now writing a severe satire upon George Rose, of the Treasury. He read me some strong, bold lines in it. I read him one or two little notes in my *St. Germans*. And one of these, that which I read to you concerning the ready patronage of merit by the bishops, struck his imagination much. It even has given rise, I surmise from what I hear by the way of Fowey (to which town he went from this house,) to a projected satire upon bishops from his pen. Such, says my Fowey intelligence, he was there talking of writing; and he certainly had no such project in his head when he was here.

I am glad that Hannibal has at last got into winter-quarters with you. May you like the soldier in the historian! When you are tired with him, pray turn him over to Mr. James, of St. Kevern, with my kind compliments. And he will remit him to you again.

With Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. P. and yourself,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours and hers affectionately,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1796.

LETTER XXIII.

MR. WHITAKER to R. P.

Feb. 4, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

In my last I promised you that I would in the first week of January sit down to the *Essays of the Exeter Society*, and review them for the *British Critic*. But the first of January arrived, and found me still entangled in the web of *St. German's*. Yet I had reason to hope, that in a day or two I should still be able to perform my promise. In this manner my hope dallied with my pen for a week. I then

was resolute for marching from St. German's to Exeter. But I accidentally met at the moment some notices in M. Paris, that I had never observed before, and that laid open some unknown points of ecclesiastical antiquarianism. I could not but notice the novelty, and could not but convey it into my repository. Nor was I able to turn over the essays till last week. My daughters were then on the wing for their return to school; their mother was fluttering her wings to fly with them, and I was fluttering in my spirits at the prepared, the actual departure of all. My wife returned, my spirits rose, and on Monday I sat down seriously to lash you with your anonymous associates.

The vindication of the character of Pindar I praise much. The remarks on the early population of Europe I condemn severely. The more remarkable British monuments in Devon, I "applaud with civil leer;" or rather, condemn harshly in one point, and praise moderately in the rest. The historical outlines of Falconry, I censure in the reasoning, but praise in the notices. A chronological essay on Ptolemy's mode of computation I praise. An essay on the contraction of the Iris, I leave to other critics. But, to leap over all the intermediate, an essay on Benevolence I praise highly; and the ode, called the Genius of Danmonium,* I at once praise

* Ruminating on the following address from that admirable Classical Scholar, HAYTER, I conceived the first thought of the ode to the Genius of Danmonium; in which are various allusions to Hayter's verses.

DANMONIUM.

"Anglia quâ sole hesperio jam angusta tepescit,
Atque unda oceani refugit lambentis utrinque
Oscula, terram olim sceptro et ditione tenebant
Infecti Britonum reges: his sanguine ab alto
Cimmerium genus Japeti, nec fabula longas
Mentitur cæca ambages. Ibi nocte dieque
Per nemora ardebant saxosa altaribus ignes,
Placebatque humano obscenas hostia quercus.
Prædo nihil metuens nocturno hyemumque procellis
Stramineas tecti latebras in vallibus imis
Incola ponebat, tutâ felicior umbrâ.
Danmonio hinc illi nomen. Mox Roma feroces
Indigenas mansueta armis cultuque subegit.
Hinc et mos, et lex, quæ religionis avitæ
Exiit horrendas immani carmine lucos.
O quanta hæc Britonum, fuerat si Roma superstes,
Gratia—Deis aliter placuit—namque Itala virtus.
Dilapso tandem im perio, signisque revulsis,
Ipsa sibi est trepida, et perituros linquit amicos.

and cite. On the whole, I have endeavoured to act with impartial justice to every writer. Yet I wish to know, who

Dimoveat Romana acies—non pignora cara
 Aspicias ut obstantes eternum abitura Britannos
 Osculave aut gemitus, lachrymæve merentur euntem.
 Tum demum fera gens septem subjecta trioni
 Irruit, et nudatâ arctoi littoris orâ
 Aggreditur facilem bene nota per æquora prædam.
 Nec solûm avulsas devicta Britannia plorat
 Artesque et jura, et vinclis succumbit iniquis.
 At ne quid demum miserandæ dulce supersit
 Aut patriæ, aut una exigui solaminis umbra,
 Ipso etiam excidit spoliato nomine laudis
 Antiquæ et rerum vestigia. Sed tamen hosti
 Vis cœli ingeniumque hominum et cum nomine virtus
 Accepêre, et gestorum haud oblita priorum est
 Anglia. Tu, quot mille luis perjuria, mendax
 Gallia, tu testis, quid possint vindice dextrâ
 Angligenæ, sive Anglo-Britanni. Testis Iberus
 Submisso porrecta pavens per littora fastu.
 Ipsa inter glacies ignotas frigoraque alta
 Volvitur in præceps tremefacta Borysthenis unda,
 Et Georgi auspiciis mansuescit Sarmata victor.
 Scilicet his patriæ plus justâ parte triumphis
 Devonia, O felix, plusquam sociata periclis
 Dant tibi fata frui! Salve, O sanctissima mater,
 Tu salve, natalis ager, foecunda virorum,
 Tu, segetumque parens, tu diis præsentibus artes,
 Tu simul arma colis, famæ spes magna Britannæ.
 Nec te adeo tacitum Musa, O Polyele, relinquet:
 Qui prima tandem repetens ab origine pandis
 Res Danmoniacas! Stirpis obscura remotæ
 Evolvīs monumenta; soli tu viscera cæca
 Thesaurosque imâ reseras tellure latentes;
 Temperiemque doces cœli, quo cultu habituque
 Quoque viget regio, renuit quid quæque feratque
 Aut arbusta, herbarumque aut genus omne animantum.
 Occultos nec te morum recludere fontes
 Penituit, seu forte volenti grata Minervæ
 Devonii sua sacra ferant, seu magnus Apollo
 Delon sæpe suam dulci mutaverit Iscâ.
 Quippe et Devonîæ prolem miratur Eoam
 Asia, et Armeniæ tecum jam nacta receptos
 Agnoscit nostro exultim sub sidere natos.
 Hinc gaudet duce te ipse sui, ignarusque suorum,
 Nec rursus proprios patriâ velut hospes in ipsâ,
 Incola perlustrat fines, et jura penatûm.
 Tu salve precor, O merito dilecte camænis,

is the confused contradictory remarker on Europe's early population; and on the mythology and worship of the Serpent? He is one man obviously, the most learned fool, with the semblance of wisdom, whom I ever met before. Shakspeare's fools are all wits; but this is a fine scholar, giant-like rearing his head to the skies, and scarcely deigning to rest his tip-toe on the earth. Had I not been unwilling for your sake, to tell him who I was, I should have cut him for the simples with a gashing knife, on account of what he says about me.

I have thus thrown off a load that had lain heavy upon my mind for some months past. I love reviewing when I have got into it, but I love not to get into it. My own studies so engross me, that I hate to relinquish them. Yet surely this is wrong in one who has been a professed Reviewer so long, and is likely to be one, longer. I have lately had a solicitation to engage in another Review, but declined to engage because of my connections with the British. Yet the British has no other claim upon me, but that of congeniality of sentiments and views. I will therefore consider this offer more soberly than I have done, and may perhaps be flourishing where you would least expect me. The offer would have tempted a Johnson, who avowed, you know, he had no other temptation to writing. Yet I do not believe him. I profess, at least, to act upon very different principles; to review for profit, and for consequence; but to write in my own name for consequence and praise. If I can buy the books that I want for the year, at the expence of reviewing for a few weeks, I obtain all that I want, except the pleasure of praising the meritorious, and of scourging the coxcomb or the fool.

When I was last at Falmouth, I met there Dr. —; but so, I recollect, I told you in my last. Have you read, let me therefore ask, Burke's pamphlet on a Regicide Peace? I have read it twice, with wonderful pleasure. It has all the fervour, all the fancy, of his best of days. It has a rapid sale; mine is the *eleventh* edition. And it will therefore have an electrical effect upon the spirits of the nation. May it have all the effect there, that it has had upon me; pre-

Tu salve! Nec te tristis malatædia curæ,
 Insomnisque labor, nec TELUM IMBELLE MINACIS
 TERREAT INVIDIÆ: tibi circum tempora lauri
 Vis teget intactos famæ crescentis honores.

J. HAYTER, 1794.

viously thinking with him in general, yet willing to believe that the King's Ministers were better judges than myself, and now convinced they humbled their King and their Country too much in stooping to sue for peace.

Your friend and servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

LETTER XXIV.

J. W. to R. P.

Wednesday, July 26, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

I received your present of the Sketches on Thursday last, and your letter on the Sunday following. For both I thank you, but especially for the former. The poetry and the prose I admire, yet the prose, I think better than the poetry. Such is the effect, that a habit of reasoning has upon the mind! I had heard some indistinct hum from those who are ready to pull down authors, because they cannot become authors themselves; of your essay on spirits. Yet they could not tell me, and I could not guess by myself, in what form or manner you had written about spirits. Some however laughed, who could not reason; and I was obliged to suspend my opinion, till I could hear further. Your present has enabled me to do more than hear, to read, to approve, and to applaud. What you have written is in my opinion at once scriptural and rational.

I had however seen the British Critic, before I received your present. This had informed me in general, of the contents of your elegant volume. It had particularly announced to me, your sonnet addressed to me; and announced it with an eulogium, that startled me. But, till I received the Sketches, I supposed your compliment was paid in the usual manner to my head. I was agreeably undeceived on the receipt, to find it was paid to a much better part. I did not however understand your allusion at first, even till my wife's soberer genius reminded me of a fact. For your compliment on that fact, for your general compliment to my heart, and for your concluding wish so honourable to me; I feel myself much indebted to you. May our friendship be as lasting, as it is warm!

I am glad you liked the review of the Exeter Essays. By

the British Critic of last month you have already learnt, that the essayist on the population of Europe has written an angry letter to the reviewer, and that the reviewer has answered it with spirit. The essayist is not Dr. Downman, I hope, as (amid much genius and much erudition) he is weak in mind and confused in judgment. But, what is more astonishing than all the rest, he plainly points at you as the reviewer; though many compliments were paid *him*, and though one of *your* pieces was slightly blamed. Conscious that he had offended you, whoever he is, he thought you was now retaliating upon him. I therefore saw myself obliged, to free you in as peremptory a tone as I could use under the existing circumstances, from all suspicion of being the writer.

In my last, short and hasty as it was, I believe I hinted to you my writing the two articles on Bryant's *Plain of Troy*, not that on Bryant's denial of Troy's existence. I was particularly desired to review *that*, and to make a strong article of it. I sat to work therefore with eagerness, soon caught fire with my own movements, and at last found myself inclined to blaze away in a *pamphlet*. What I had written, I could easily have dilated with some remarks that I had in reserve, into such a publication with my name to it. I should thus have gotten more money and some fame. I should have appeared in a new walk of literature, and have acquired an addition of credit as an author. These reasons staggered me for a moment. But honour set me steady again. That honour, which cannot "set a leg," set me firm upon my legs. I had engaged to review the work, and I could not retract with honour. I therefore sent my paper to the British Critic, and only mentioned the temptation as I proved I had overcome it. I had been much delighted in writing the articles, but I was more on the acknowledgment of their receipt in London. The acknowledgment was very complimentary indeed. And to *their* sense of my honourable conduct do I attribute in some measure, *their* compliment to me, in reviewing your sketches, perhaps *their* speed in reviewing them so quickly.

Last winter an offer was made me, of writing for a rival Review. I instantly replied, that I was engaged to the B. C. The offer, however, was a handsome one, a third higher in rate than what I used to require from the English. This therefore put Mrs. W., who knows the value of money in a family of children, upon advising me, not indeed to desert the B. Critic, but to require as good terms from the latter as the former had offered me. I thought the suggestion very reasonable, and followed it. Hitherto I had written for the

B. C. without one farthing of a fee; and with only the detention of the books sent, *when books were sent*, as frequently they were not. I had thus acted for four years, and therefore thought I had contributed my full share of assistance to the support of the Review. The answer returned was exceedingly complimentary, begging I would not leave them, apologizing for not offering before to pay me, and offering to give me even one fourth more than what the other Review had offered. They even laid open to me all the secrets of their management, their expenditure, sale, and profits. I found therefore, that they could very well afford to pay me; and I replied, that I would not leave them, yet they should pay me only what the other Review had offered. I have accordingly reviewed, and shall review, several books for them. I am waiting only at present, to finish my own work about St. German's; before I resume my reviewing pen.

That work I am now revising *a second time*, finally for the press. I have been particularly un-burdening a cumbersome appendix, of a part of its load. I have thrown out a dissertation upon St. Neot. I have also cut off the antient *Valors* for benefices in Cornwall. These I design for two separate publications hereafter. The latter has many notes and some dissertations; while the former is a regular history, or rather a regularly historical disquisition. With both these abscissions, however, the survey of St. German's will be more than 500 folio pages in my writing. In that extent I mean it to set out on its travels to London, by the middle or end of September. When it has passed through the press, I will take care to send you an early copy.

I am expecting Dr. Wolcot down at my house, for a week this long vacation. We correspond a little, and shall more. —I beg to hear from you soon, and in a letter not half a sheet in size, but a whole and a large sheet. And let me receive your letter to-morrow fortnight at Falmouth, as I shall be there in Mr. Gwennap's house for a few days that week. To-morrow I shall put this letter into some market-hand at Falmouth, for you; as I am then going with my daughters to school, and return the same day. Mrs. W. is so ill with the remains of an erysipelas, as not to be able to go. My eldest daughter is now freed from school. With Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. P.

I remain, Dear Sir,

Hers and yours affectionately,

JOHN WHITAKER.

LETTER XXV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Sept. 30, 1797.

MY DEAR SIR,

Till this moment I have not had leisure or inclination, and inclination frequently creates leisure, to read over with care your obliging communications in your last. I have had cares and anxieties, and terrors, that you un-farming divines can hardly conceive. I have been out early and late, urging on the tedious work of the harvest. I have been beaten out of my fields and beaten out of my new hay, by the descending rains. I have twice despaired of saving my corn; yet I have saved it, thank God, very happily. My hops alone have suffered, and are suffering now; but they form only an inconsiderable object in my plan of farming.

I have been just perusing your poetical essay on the origin of the Blank-verse Sonnet, for the second time; my first was a hasty one, upon its first arrival. I like it much, and advise you to follow up your intention of publishing it. Your "Sonnet in Blank-verse," I particularly admire: it is a choice piece of poetical landscape-painting, short in itself, but vividly picturesque, and happily moralizing at the close. Your *Jeu d'Esprit* also gave me great pleasure of a lower kind, indeed, yet great in ridicule. Many touches I lose of course, by my ignorance of characters and names.

But now to business.—It will always give me particular pleasure if I can serve you. I have therefore wished ever since I received yours, for leisure to write to the manager of the British Critic upon your offer. I would not write to the rival Review, because I would not have you, willingly, against us. But I will write by this post to London, and urge your offer upon the British Critic. No urgency, indeed, will be requisite, unless a writer in that department is already engaged by the manager. But I apprehend from all my experience with the Review, that no one person is engaged regularly and invariably for any one department. I shall speak of you as a Critic for poetry and for essays. Yet they, and all the literary world, know your general abilities as well as I do. I need, therefore, to mention only your offer, and I think it will be accepted with readiness.

Your friend,

J. W.

LETTER XXVI.

MR. WHITAKER to J. H. Esq.*

Sept. 1797.

DEAR SIR,

" I was not able to read over your work on Predestination before this day. I then sat down to it, turned down leaves in abundance as I read, and meant to have refuted it from end to end; but I find my time too short for a course so long; I therefore throw aside what I had begun to write, and shall only make two or three observations in general upon it. The doctrine of eternal election and reprobation, comes with such a sound to the ears of even uneducated reason, that the mind receives it with aversion, and dwells upon it with increasing disgust. The doctrine indeed, is so pregnant with consequences both to God and to man, that nothing in the whole circle of demonstrations could possibly prove it. Not an angel speaking it from Heaven could possibly reconcile the intellect of man to the belief of it. If a decree has been made for the absolute salvation or damnation of any man, then all other modes and means are utterly useless, the Redemption itself is a nullity, and the Bible a mere mockery.

" Nor is the case mended, even if we take the only novelty that occurs in this book, and extend the decree of salvation into a decree also of religiousness. The same objection still remains in full force. The religiousness that is *decreed*, cannot possibly be religiousness at all. But *sin* must also be *decreed* upon the same principle, in order to carry the decree of damnation into effect. And as a rule of action given from Heaven is an errant superfluity in itself, if a decree determines at once the religiousness or sinfulness of the party; so all the calls of God, frequent as they are in Scripture, to repent and be saved, are adding insult to injury on the heads of the already reprobated.

" The doctrine, indeed, is so horrible in itself, so blasphemous to God, and so noxious to man, that the Lutherans have justly reproached the Calvinists with turning God into a devil by it.

* About this time, Whitaker was engaged in a correspondence with J. Harington, Esq. (son of Dr. Harington, of Bath) on various literary and theological subjects. With respect to theology, Mr. Harington had the goodness to communicate to me the above curious letter.

“What then, you will ask, is to be done with the passages in Scripture, that seem to announce such a doctrine? The same, I answer, that has been always done by them among the great body of Christians; by interpreting them with latitude, by understanding them to mean any thing (I had almost said) rather than this, and by keeping their meaning at least within such bounds as shall not render the very book in which they are found, a mere cipher.

“This may seem to give too free a rein to interpretations merely human. I will therefore exemplify the proper, the necessary use of it. ‘All things shall work together for good to them that love God.’ ‘All things.’ would a reader, reasoning like a Calvinist, repeat, and therefore Sin itself. He would thus turn a single sentence of the Scriptures against all the rest, and annihilate every promise, every threat, every exhortation against sin.

“This shews you, as in a mirror, the necessity of recurring to such interpretations of single passages, as reconcile them with the whole, and carry on one regular systematic plan with all, for the rescue of a fallen world from sin and destruction.

“And I subscribe myself in haste, dear Sir, yours,
J. WHITAKER.”

LETTER XXVII.

J. W. to R. P.

Monday, Oct. 16, 1797.

DEAR SIR,

Some days before I received your last from the post-office of Penryn, I had sent you what was a full answer by anticipation to it, and was to go by the marketers of Manaccan from Falmouth. In it I inclosed also your papers, and I informed you, that I had written to the manager of the B. C. upon the subject which you had mentioned. I am now to inform you, that I have received the following answer. “With the highest respect for the character of Mr. P.,” says the manager to me, “I cannot but fear, that it is wholly out of our power to find him any employment that may be worthy of his acceptance. With critics competent and willing to give a very good account of poetry, or any thing connected with belles lettres, we

"are amply stocked. If there are any matters of more peculiar and difficult research, which he is competent and willing to undertake; we might indeed be able to employ him. But otherwise I do not see, how such a plan could be made to answer to either party. I am much obliged, however, to you for the proposal, and should certainly pay every attention to any suggestion from you, with which it was practicable for me to comply."

I am afraid I hurt my own application for you, by specifying your critical excellency in Poetry and in Essays. Yet I specified these as the strongholds of your character. But in these, it seems, the Review is "amply stocked." The manager however, asks in effect, if "there are any matters of more peculiar and difficult research," which you would undertake to review. You must suggest to me, what I shall say in reply. But suggest it by the post, as all transmission privately from Falmouth is uncertain and tedious.

From the manner, in which the B. C. *turned off* your compliment to Nares, in your sonnet below your text; I suspect Nares himself to be the reviewer of poetry.

I write in haste, as I am preparing to *embark* for Falmouth, and shall take this note or letter with me. There I hope to hear from you, and to add a few lines to this.

It will give me a very sensible pleasure, to be capable of serving you. Let me, therefore, suggest one thing to you. A late report, which was false, impressed it strongly upon my mind. Mr. Pye of Truro was reported to be dead. The living is in the gift of Lord Mount Edgecumbe and Lord Mount Edgecumbe is your relation. The idea prevailing here is this, that Charles Rashleigh, as agent for my Lord's boroughs, will have the bestowal of this living. Yet, as my Lord makes no pretensions to the borough, this agent can have no claim to the patronage. Think of this, Dear Sir. It would bring you into my neighbourhood; a circumstance, for which I wish much, as being with Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. P.

Dear Sir, your friend and servant,
J. WHITAKER.

Nov. 1, 1797.

P. S.—My letter was mislaid. I now open it, to say, that yesterday I received a letter from Mr. Swete of "Oxton House, near Exeter," remonstrating with me on my supposed review of *his* essay in the essays by a society of gentlemen at Exeter. "By mere accident," he says. "it was

discovered at the Bishop's table, a week or two since," that I was the reviewer. Conjecture had previously fixed upon me, he remarks, but now the crime is too plain. "The opinion I had entertained of Mr. W. from a repeated perusal of his publications, gave me much higher conceptions of his erudition, candour, and urbanity, than seemed to be possessed by the author of the critique, and it was with the utmost reluctance, that at length I suffered myself to be persuaded that it absolutely originated in him." Does not the gentleman make a fine bow, before he advances to close combat? But he makes a still finer just afterwards. "For I will ingenuously own to you, that your whole character, as a man of letters, a gentleman, and a christian, had placed you so high in my estimation, that I was loth to have the charm burst, and to find that a part at least of this appreciation," a choice word this! "was ideal." He then draws on his white gloves, and pulls out his maiden sword, for a *bloodless* encounter. Yet he flourishes with his sword, and seems to admire the glitter of it for the feint. At the close he makes this desperate *lunge* at me. "But I have done, and I beg leave to assure you, that what I have thus done, has been more to express to you the regret I have felt, in your having so much descended from the exalted height of your literary character," (did ever feather strike more softly?), "as to censure a club of Essayists, and to endeavour by your thunderbolts of criticism to annihilate it, than to show you that I have been hurt by your strictures." Poor man! He has not been hurt at all, at all; though he wriggles so, like an eel under the murdering knife. But he takes more courage at last; speaking of "those who, though their brows have been wreathed by Fame" '*quæsitam meritis*,' "yet have prostituted their genius and learning to satire and anonymous criticism." There is a dash of boldness for you. But he gives me another instantly. "It would have given me considerable pleasure," he finally says, "if (what *with sincerity* I could lately have done) I *now* could subscribe myself with respect, your obedient servant, John Swete."

What therefore shall I say or do to this *sweet* gentleman? To go to fisty-cuffs with this dish of *whipt* cream, I cannot condescend. I will therefore turn him over to you, I think. Tell him I am sorry too much vinegar was put into the bowl, but your hand dashed it in.

In sober sadness, I am sorry he is hurt. His feelings

are too acute, and my lancet was too rough. I feel for him, because I see he feels for himself. But I shall not answer his letter, for that very reason.

The intelligence, however, will be nuts and almonds to you. He was one of your principal adversaries in the club, I think. And I have revenged your cause by my pen.

LETTER XXVIII.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

Your letter found me in the midst of embarrassments, that claimed all my attention at this moment, and left me unfit for correspondence at the end. I have been obliged to put my only brother, an attorney, into chancery; and now find myself compelled to refute his answer there, by examining his own letters to me. In this investigation I have been successful enough, however distressing it was to me, and however I feel the painful sensation from it still hanging upon my nerves.

Before this time, however, I suppose the parcel from Mr. Nares has reached your hands. To have had it conveyed with one to me, and then transmitted by me to you by our market people, as you propose, would have been impracticable in itself. The parcel had most probably set off, before you wrote. Even had it not, I did not know when I might desire to have a parcel for myself. Even had I known, I could not have sent you your part of it by any certain conveyance from hence. We have no market people going to Falmouth. We send only by a boat, that may chance to go, or by our servant man, that we may chance to send. To-morrow fortnight we thus propose to go ourselves, and that day fortnight we thus intend to send.

I sent away my manuscript of St. German's four months ago, yet have not received a line from the bookseller about it. I imprudently took a recommendation, diverted from the man that I meant to select, and went to one who is too busy to *do business*. He promised my recommender, a month ago, to write by that post; and has never written yet. But I hope this week to rectify my mistake, and to recover my proper path.

I have had a fresh application, and from another Review, to engage in writing. This was a Review, from which I less expected such an application than from the former.

The Review has been particularly opposed to my principles and me. And I was solicited expressly to write, as an Antiquary and Historian.

Do you know the exact fate of the English Review? If not, I can perhaps tell you. Dr. Thomson formed an union between his and the Analytical Review. He writes the Political Reflections at the end, as he used to write before. And the two booksellers of the English are tacked to the bookseller of the Analytical. I think that Thomson should have carried you with him into the latter. But perhaps you would not go.

I have just planned a new work, a small one, under no very promising title, and calculated for the *bonhommes* of Cornwall; "The Valors of Cornwall with notes and "dissertations." I mean it to embrace all that I have written or shall write, of matters merely local; with many openings, however, to the general history of the island. For such a work I have ample materials provided, I think; and hope I shall be able to shape them into form, in the course of a few months. And then I long to begin my military History of the Romans in Britain, with all my powers collected to a point.

I have lately been re-perusing your last publication, the Sketches, with new pleasure. I then saw allusions and felt strokes, that I neither felt nor saw before. Your T. T. and your V. I now recognize with much satisfaction. You think and you write well in both those characters; and you wished very reasonably, I believe, to make those shrink under your lancet who had behaved with impertinence to you.

But I am wasting your time and my own. I therefore hasten to send Mrs. W.'s compliments to Mrs. P., and to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,
JOHN WHITAKER.

Monday, March 12, 1798.

LETTER XXIX.

J. W. to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

I could not possibly answer your late favour, as you desired, "by the return of the post," even if my own

business would have permitted me, to lay it all aside for so sudden a call. But the weather was too bad to allow my humanity to send a servant through such snows three miles to the office. And I knew what I hinted in my last, that we meant to be at Falmouth ourselves next week. This meaning has indeed been altered, in consequence of that weather, and in consequence of the relapse of my youngest daughter. We fetched her home last November, through turbulent seas; we had the pleasure of seeing her recover, under our domestic management; but we have the mortification at present, to find her falling back again. Her we meant to have taken to school, next week; and are now obliged to defer her return, for a few weeks, even till the weather becomes much warmer. We therefore send our man to-morrow, to carry some provisions to our second daughter there, to bring home two ankers of brandy that have been some time purchased for us at the Custom-house, and to take this letter for one of your market-women.

* * * * *

You have so often entered the lists, so often ran over the course and so often borne away the prize; that I cannot but think you degrade yourself, by carrying the flutters of boyhood into the experience of manhood. At least I can safely say for myself, that, whatever I felt at my first publication, I feel no longer the solitudes that you seem to feel so exquisitely. I have no apathy indeed, but I have a concern moderated and subdued. My pride buoys me up above fear, above acknowledged fear at least. And I refused when my bookseller advised, to ask Mr. Trist to review my Arianism in the English. I even pretended not to understand him, when he offered himself; and, in consequence of both, he mixed some pert censures with his praises. Yet I would rather have encountered more of his censures, than have asked or permitted him to do, what I did not want and he could not perform.

Your account of not having yet received either a letter or a parcel from Mr. Nares surprises me much. After his express promise, I had no idea of his reeiding. And I should rather suspect the promise to have slipped his memory, as lately slipped one to me, about making an extract from a manuscript in the B. Museum. Yet such a slip as yours is rather of a magnitude greater than mine. But he has now delayed for three weeks past, to acknowledge the receipt of a large packet from me. I begin to be anxious about the fate of this, as I have no copy of it, and it covered several pages in folio. But he is engaged very busily, I suppose, in

making the extract that had been neglected before, and in preparing this month's complement for the press.

The packet, which I sent Mr. N. lately, was a review of Pinkerton's History of Scotland 2 vols. quarto. This, my old antagonist, I have treated with great generosity. I have blamed him, where he merited blame; and I have praised him, whenever I could. But, upon the whole, I have praised him much; though I have reason to believe, that he is not now at least what I used to think him, the historical writer in the Critical Review. This work, and Bryant's Philo Judæus are the only pieces that I have reviewed lately. But I mean to review several soon; as, like you, I have from pride or patriotism, or both, declined to reduce the sum of my triple assessment, by an appeal upon the ground of income. I hope indeed to settle soon my differences with my brother, and so recover possession of my own estate; remaining in that hope, my dear Sir, and with Mrs. W.'s respects as well as my own to Mrs. P. your affectionate

Friend and servant,
JOHN WHITAKER.

Thursday, March 22, 1798.

LETTER XXX.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I wrote to you a few days ago, by my man going to Falmouth. I then told you, that I expected to hear from Mr. Nares the next morning. I did not hear, however, till yesterday morning. Mr. Nares then confirmed what I suggested in my last, that his delay in sending the parcel to you was merely the result of his being over-busy. "I have not yet been able," he says concerning you, "to set apart any books for his revision; but I expect ere long to receive a fresh supply, when I will endeavour to make due provision for him and for you."

He also adds, what anticipates any application from me about reviewing your new publications. "I have received from Mr. Polwhele," he writes, "a thin volume containing a part of his History of Devonshire:—if he wishes this to be reviewed before the rest of the volume appears, (which will not be quite regular, according to our general practice) you perhaps will be kind enough to undertake

"it." I shall write to him in a few days, and agree to this ;
remaining in great haste and with best wishes,

My dear Sir,

Your friend and servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Saturday, March 31, 1798.

LETTER XXXI.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I was glad to see your letter, and I shall be glad to see your person. On Thursday the 1st of November I trust to be at home with all my family. I mean however to set out this morning for Falmouth by land, together with Mrs. W. We meant to have gone by water; but the rough winds that still prevail prevent us. We are going to fetch home our two youngest daughters from school finally, and our eldest from a visit. But for this purpose we must have a boat, and when the weather will permit a boat, we cannot say. As I propose to send you this from Falmouth, your receipt of it will assure you of our arrival there. And this morning, in the next week, I intend to send you a letter, by a private hand; to announce to you our safe return, and to tell you how happy we shall all be to see you; especially,

Dear Sir,

Your Friend and Servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

Mrs. W. sends her respects to Mrs. P. and you.

I shall direct my letter on Monday next, to you at your mother's.

Monday Morning, Oct. 22, 1798.

LETTER XXXII.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I sent you a letter from Falmouth last week, to tell you I was then there, but hoped to be at home before this day; and to assure you, if I reached home, you should

hear from me again by a letter addressed to you at your mother's. This promise I now fulfil, having been detained at Falmouth by the weather till yesterday; but having then returned with all my family by water. And I just proceed to tell you, that I shall be happy to see you here on Thursday next for the whole day, and that I shall take care to keep up the day in store for you alone; remaining with the respects of Mrs. W. and all my three daughters to Mrs. Polwhele,

Dear Sir, her and your
Friend and servant,
JOHN WHITAKER.

Sunday Evening, Oct. 28, 1798.

LETTER XXXIII.

J. W. to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

I have at last found leisure from business of a disagreeable nature, that yet demanded all my attention, as being a suit in chancery with my only brother, and him a lawyer too; to read over your papers manuscript or printed. And I thank you for the perusal of all.

Your "Letter to a College Friend" already printed, and your postscript to it in manuscript, I have read with particular attention, because of the dispute with the Doctors Downman and Parr. The Archdeacon (you told me) dissuaded you from publishing either;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

The Archdeacon is undoubtedly a very prudent man, and could not well with such a character give any other advice. He is also connected with the very persons attacked, by occasional meetings, occasional conversations, and occasional friendlinesses. And he (as I have always suspected) was the person that informed Mr. Swete at the Bishop's table, of my writing the review of the Exeter Essays in the *British Critic*. The Archdeacon himself inferred this, I suppose, from my conversation once at Dr. Cardew's, or perhaps was told so by the Doctor privately, from my own acknowledgment to the Doctor. But, from Mr. Swete's manner of mentioning the information, I fancy that the Archdeacon made the information in an invidious manner. But, whether

he did so or not, or whether he gave the information or not, I care little. Only, if he did, he would be sure to advise the suppression. And, with a spirit just opposite to his, I advise you to publish both. You will find too, I suspect, that Mr. Swete, in his timidity at chastisement received *and feared*, has told what is not true; and he will thus be properly exposed by your publication. Publish, and I will review; ready to acknowledge my part, and willing to confront them all.

* * * * *

Your poem, "*The Unsexed Females*," is written much in the style of the author to whom it is addressed; the poetry a peg for the prose. But the poetry is good, and the prose is necessary. The design of both, however, demands praise of a higher quality than what the execution can claim. It is of an exalted nature, calculated for the best interests of society, and sure to promote the best of causes—religion. I like all very much; and would have urged the publication, if you had not already begun to print, and had not inserted a compliment to me in the manuscript.

Both these manuscripts, with the printed page of one, I return you by my man, who is going to Falmouth, and will leave it all with Mr. Gwennap for one of your parishioners on Saturday.

I have read also your discourse on two melancholy events, and like it well. But I am most agreeably surprized at your "*Old English Gentleman*." This is in a style of composition new to you, comick and humourous. The man of observation, the keen characterizer, the antiquary, and the poet, are happily blended together. Some of your antiquarian touches, the *Arish* note, the *Geese-dance* note, I shall contest with you. But many strokes of humourous *portraiture*, I suspect, are taken from real life, from existing characters in your ancestors or your cotemporaries. Some you expressly attribute to the latter; and others have so much of *particularity* in them, as to shew they are derived from the same source.

On the whole I stand surprized at the versatility of your talents, and the range of your publications. But should not you give the name of Mr. H. at full length, like that of Downman, Parr, and Swete? I think you should; as even I do not know who is meant by that initial letter except Mr. Hole. The *orators* in your society, indeed, had best be kept as you have given them, under general descriptions or allusive names; as their speeches are only flourishes of

the muse. But in all real actions, I think, real names should be given.

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you here, I have heard from Mr. Nares. But his letter was written only to tell me, that two publications, which I had very lately offered to review, Dallaway's account of Constantinople and Morrit's answer to Bryant on the Troade, had been already reviewed; the former even were printed a few months ago, the latter in M. S. now ready for printing. He seems afraid of my going off to a rival review. *En passant*, what makes you think Dr. Parr writes in the Critical? I was offered a part in it, but declined to take it. Dr. Thomson now writes in the Analytical; writes at least the Epilogue on Politicks, and assuredly many articles. He is a believer, whatever the subordinates may be.

I beg to hear, that you have received your manuscripts safe; and with every good wish for your happiness, and Mrs. W.'s respects to Mrs. P., remain

Your assured Friend,
JOHN WHITAKER.

LETTER XXXIV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Feb. 14, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,

When I had the pleasure to see you at this house, from the shortness of your stay and the company of other visitors I forgot to tell you, that I had resolved, in consequence of your request so repeatedly made, to review your "First Part" for the "British Critic," and had agreed with the manager to take only the historical half, leaving the physical to some other person.

I have now executed the plan; but I found some difficulty in doing this. I wished, of course, to notice such passages alone as would do most justice to my own feelings, and do most honour to your name. I have accordingly noticed several. Yet the Armenianism of your opinions compelled me, at times, to blame; though only to blame with the tongue of a friend. And your adoption of some of Borlase's reveries, about rock-idols, rock-basons, &c. which, indeed, all our brethren of the antiquarian family have equally

adopted, but which I had previously refuted, I think, in my review of the twelfth volume of the *Archæologia*, obliged me gently to notice them. I even went the more willingly into those slight censures, because I had formed a design in your favour, which I thought such censures would greatly strengthen. At the close I cite some passages, that plainly point at Sir G. Yonge's failure in patronizing you, and the insufficient encouragement which you have received from the gentry of Devonshire in general; and I take the liberty to add, that, if the gentleman particularly meant, if the gentry in general, suffer you to pursue the History at a loss, which I understand you will incur, of several hundred pounds, it will reflect eternal disgrace upon him and them. For this bold declaration, so probably useful to you, so certainly (I believe) necessary for you, I take upon me to be answerable. I will avow it if requisite. Nor have I suffered you to know any thing of it till it is done, gone to London, and half printed, perhaps, by this time. If it serves you, I shall have an ample reward. If it does not, I shall have attempted to do what I feel myself warmly inclined to do at all times—to promote your reputation, and to further your interest.

Whether my article on your Devonshire will be actually published at the end of this month, I do not certainly know; my critique on the *Archæologia* undoubtedly will. The first half will make the first article of this month; and the other half the first of the next. In both, as far as I now remember, they having been gone these six weeks, I have attacked several notions to which our Borlase first gave circulation, concerning Druidical monuments. I have particularly exposed Mr. Hayman Rooke's account of some in Derbyshire, &c. But I squint in my views of him, much at your friend Mr. S. The views and the squint, I doubt not, will excite the attention and inflame the hearts of some. But I care not. I close with exposing Mr. Rashleigh, of Menabilly, about his Druidical book; and Mr. Gough comes in with him for a castigation.

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Your friend,

JOHN WHITAKER.

LETTER XXXV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

May 7, 1799.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

With your letter of April 8, I received your *Unsexed Females*. I had read it with pleasure before, and I re-read it with satisfaction now. I wished immediately to review it. But the hour of sickness was not calculated for the work; nor could I go to the work as soon as the sickness left me last week at liberty for it. I had had a publication on my shelf these four months, which I had promised, and yet did not like to review. It was a singular production: "Specimens and Parts, containing a History of the County of Kent, and a Dissertation on the Laws, from the Reign of Edward the Confessor to Edward the First by Samuel Henshall, Clerk, M. A. Fellow of Brazennose College, Oxford." This undertaking was so magnificent in itself, and dealt in erudition so extraneous to all my own, that I dreaded to execute my promise. Last week, however, I engaged in the business, found it much more agreeable than I expected, and finished it much more quickly than I had even hoped.

When this was done, on Saturday, I sat down to your "Letter to a College Friend;" or (as you call it in your letter to me) your "Epistle to the Exeter Society." For whom I should review it, the British, or the Anti-Jacobin, I could not determine. The British I expected, from his very cautious wisdom, to decline accepting it; as the history of a private quarrel, better suppressed than published. The Anti-Jacobin, I feared, would consider it as moving out of the orbit of his course. But, in the act of reviewing, chance threw a couple of suggestions in my way, that determined me to send it to the Anti-Jacobin, as they brought it directly within his sphere. Stating from your pamphlet the first ground of the quarrel, the frivolous vanity about the two blank-verse sonnets, I added thus: "If this representation be true, as, from the character of the author, we believe it to be, and as in common justice we must believe it to be till it is contradicted, Dr. Downman of Exeter is the petty dictator of a petty republic, actuated with all a republican's jealousy of the merit around him, and acting with all a republican's lust of power to make himself the monarch of the whole. Dr. Priestley exclaims, in the agony of his American repentance, that "Republics are less free than Monarchies!"

I have thus endeavoured to give an anti-republican tinge to my review, to procure it an admission into the *Anti-Jacobin*. Yet I am not certain that it will gain admission after all.

Having done this, I turned to your *Unsexed Females*, and I have formed a fair abstract of your text and notes, by citing such passages only in both as relate to the females censured. I conclude with their sighs of repentance around Miss More. "We have thus given," I say at the close of all, "a fair and full abstract of the poem. We find it at once politically useful and poetically beautiful. The satire is ingeniously conceived, and judiciously executed. And we are happy to see a poet who ranks high for richness of language, vividness of fancy, and brilliancy of imagery, employing his poetical talents at this awful crisis of Church and State, in vindication of all that is dear to us as Britons and as Christians." This, I have no doubt, will be inserted in the *Anti-Jacobin*. But you have impaired the force of my praises of you, by not prefixing your name to your work. I therefore could not mention your name, and could only glance at it.

Yours, very affectionately,

JOHN WHITAKER.

P. S. I am highly pleased with all your Satiric pieces. But I want keys to them. In your "*Follies of Oxford*," at pp. 19, 20, 21—I meet with a description of "a Pedant-fool."—Who is this "Pedant-fool?"*

In "*the Epistle from Mason to Pitt*," there are passages worthy of Peter Pindar.

In the "*Animadversions*"—*incedis per ignes!* But to come to your last satiric strokes, I again advise you to publish your "*Visitation of the Poets*."†

* *Jackson*; afterwards Bishop of Oxford; our Mathematical lecturer. But he deserved not this character. To be sure, he used often to call names.—"A set of illiberal undergraduates," he would sometimes denominate our whole class. We trembled at his frown. Stern however, as he was,—his heart was good. He had convivial talents of which few were aware. More than one pleasant evening have I passed with Jackson.

† See APPENDIX to the second volume of these Biographical Sketches; where I have made extracts from "*the Follies of Oxford*," from "*Mason's Epistle to Pitt*," and from the "*Animadversions*;" and where I have printed "*the Visitation of the Poets*," entire. In a fugitive pamphlet it appeared before in fragments only—the *disjecti membra*.

LETTER XXXVI.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

July 10, 1799.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your "Letter to a College Friend," which, to my surprise, I found not in the number for May, appeared yesterday, in the number for June. Your "Old English Gentleman" appears also in it; and your "Sketches in Verse, with Prose Illustrations." Both are praised, but with a mixture of blame. You are blamed, under the former, for a general over-minuteness of circumstances, and for a too great familiarity of language at times; but you are praised for your description of the knight with his old roan horse; for your account of Miss Prue, Rachel, and Avice. And the conclusion runs thus: "We have been thus free in our observations, because we cannot overlook in Mr. Polwhele what might safely be suffered to escape animadversion in bards of inferior note; but from great powers we are authorised to expect great effects. The "English Gentleman" has certainly much merit; but attention to the maxims of Horace would, we are persuaded, have supplied the means of improvement."

"——— Luxuriantia compescet," &c.

Of the "Sketches" it is said that, "they exhibit many strokes of a master-hand. Of the first Ode to the Prince of Wales, the beginning is highly poetical," and is quoted. "In the Highland Ode, the imagery, derived from the character and superstitions of the country, is appropriate and striking." Then some are said to be "greatly inferior to these, as the 'Professor,' the 'Saint,' and 'W—— Lodge.' The 'Ode to Lord Dunstanville' is of a much superior cast, and abounds with bold and beautiful personifications." Then is cited from it:

"Yes, when insulting," &c. *

I have thus given you an abstract of these two articles. As to the "Monthly," I have not seen that for May yet; nor shall I write for the "British Critic," before I receive what, in his late letter, he said he meant to send me soon, his packet of books previously approved by me. I have now got some from the Anti-Jacobin, but shall not revise them soon I sus-

* Hurdis was, I suspect, the reviewer of the "Old English Gentleman," and the "Sketches."

pect. I am deeply engaged, and have been for weeks, in enlarging and correcting my "Essay on St. Neot." I enter into general history, and endeavour to settle some points of moment in the annals of King Alfred.

When this will be published, or when my much larger work concerning the Cathedral of Cornwall will, I know not; but I shall be glad to see your "Essay on Calvinism." You write and publish at once; while I am slow in writing, and slower still in publishing. If you go into Calvinism at large, you have had a copious subject. But you rest, I suppose, upon a few points, the wildest and the weakest in that region of follies.

Yours, &c.

J. WHITAKER.

LETTER XXXVII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

Nov. 13, 1799,

After a second perusal of your "Letter to Dr. Hawker," I sit down to acknowledge the receipt of your two favours, and to give you my free opinion upon all.

When I wrote to you with some hesitation of doubt, about the nature of your intended work, I supposed (as you have expressly cited me for saying) that you meant to go into "the follies of Calvinism," to expose them. I never imagined that you meant to attack the very point in Dr. Hawker which has always made him respected and revered in my eyes, what a world of fools denominates his Methodism. I have lived too long in the world, and felt too much of the world's hatred of all vital religiousness, not to know the term as merely the former's nick-name for the latter. I have been through life, and so (I believe) has every man who was seriously bent upon the promises of Christianity, marked with the appellation of Methodism. All my zeal for Orthodoxy, all my warmth for the Church, which you yourself have, at times, apprehended to amount above the cool atmosphere of charity, have not been able to save me from the appellation. This alone will shew satisfactorily to every man, that Methodism has not been, and is not, opposed in general from any zeal, any warmth, for either Orthodoxy or the Church, but from a very different principle—from a dislike to the seriousness of spirit, from an hostility to the devoutness of life, in the persons branded as

Methodists. And I see this to have been always the case with Dr. Hawker; a man whom I know not personally, whom I know as an author by one work, and whom I have heard repeatedly abused at the bottom for his Methodism, his sanctity, his hypocrisy, or whatever else irreligion chose to lay upon him.

I was, therefore, much hurt, when I found you had joined with the herd of the world's *naturals* in assaulting his Methodism, for the sake of religion and the Doctor.

I still reprobate "the follies of Calvinism." But, in the name of common sense, do not confound the doctrines of the Gospel with Calvinism, and reprobate them as such. Yet this you do, in some measure, by that improper language of yours concerning regeneration, p. 11: "According to this doctrine, our regeneration depends not upon ourselves." To which Dr. Hawker has wittily replied: "no more than our very generation." But you both use the term absurdly. You both mean renovation by it. The real regeneration of the gospel is what is done to the soul by the Holy Ghost in baptism: "Except ye be born again of water and of the spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Here God, even God the Holy Ghost, is the sole agent, and the effect certainly "depends not in the slightest degree upon ourselves." But in the renovation of our minds to religiousness from heedlessness, though the Holy Ghost is the *causa efficiens* of the change, yet our own concurrence with him is the *causa sine qua non*. You have thus taken up a Methodistical abuse of a term as your own, and then insulted an evangelical doctrine by mistake for a Methodistical one. And would you banish from the code of Christianity that supernal principle of assistance, which we denominate the grace of God, for which we pray continually in our churches, and in our closets, and without which we know we cannot think one good thought, or do one good action?

Having said so much upon these points, I can only add a couple of observations more. "According to Dr. Clarke," the father of Arianism in England, "and other *rational* divines, the only way to understand the Scriptures rightly is to explain one text by another, and so as that none shall contradict the 'great law of nature, which is likewise the law of God.'" The principle here laid down is the very essence of infidelity and folly. For where is this "law of nature" to be found? Among the heathens? There we have a something beyond the law of nature; even sacrifices, even vicarious sacrifices. And to refer to a law thus invisible, to refer to it also

as a standard for explaining what is actually visible, as actually written, is such a sophistry of reasoning as is too ridiculous for refutation. It is like the fanatical appeal of the Quakers, from the Word of God to their own spirit. It was intended, probably, to sweep away the doctrine of the Trinity, and is calculated to sweep away every mysterious doctrine of the Gospel.

"I am assured," you add, p.60, "that Methodism has, from its first rise to its present state of insolent boasting, been alarmingly injurious to the community." This is a most pregnant falsehood. It has been amazingly beneficial. It has turned the wretched heathens in the forest of Dean, and thousands of heathens as wretched in the collieries all over the kingdom, together with the profligate rabble of all our great towns, into sober, serious, professed, and practical Christians. And I should be happy to see my own parishioners all Methodists at this moment. But you endeavour to make Methodism appear otherwise, by coupling it with schism and sedition. In the days of John Wesley, whom you, whom even Methodists abuse, and who appears a glorious character to me, no schism could take place among his Methodists, as he kept them strictly to the church. As to sedition too, in the time of the American rebellion the King thanked John for a pamphlet which he wrote in favour of Government, and which was circulated with great success among John's followers. And, for the present times, you are more unhappy still in your charge of disaffection; as the very man whom you condemn so much, the very man who has "acquired a portentous influence over the Calvinists of the West of England," p. 84, has actually published, I find, in favour of the Government.*

In haste I subscribe myself, still and for ever,

Yours,

J. W.

* Of Dr. Hawker's judgment or probity I was led several years ago (said Archdeacon Moore) to entertain a suspicion by reading his Book on the Divinity of Christ. And if you will give yourself the trouble to compare that Treatise with the Letters of Ben Mordecai on the same great argument, I am apt to think you will see reason to conclude either that Dr. H. was a snake in the grass (which by the way I do not believe he was) or that he did not understand the tendency of the arguments he employed. He wishes to be thought quite orthodox, and he fights with the weapons of Arianism. I am not possessed of Ben Mordecai's book; but our learned friend at Ruan Lanyhorne who is thoroughly furnished with the celestial panoply, may

LETTER XXXVIII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

DEAR SIR,

Jan. 8, 1800.

I have been mournfully employed for some weeks past in attending a dying daughter. My eldest, you know, has been long ill in a consumption. The disorder terminated on Monday the 30th of December; and the event has thrown us all into a depth of sorrow, that has only the happy alleviation of her religious end. My mind is just beginning to emerge from this "sea of troubles;" I therefore write to thank you for your poetry and your prose, which you kindly sent me, but which I have never yet been able to read; remaining with regard,

Yours, &c. J. WHITAKER.

LETTER XXXIX.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

My DEAR SIR,

Jan. 31, 1800.

I thank you for your kind letter on the death of my daughter. That death was a heavy blow to me, but a heavier to my wife. We are both, however, rising superior to its stunning effect, though we shall ever retain a lively impression of it on our minds. Religion will keep up the impression, as it is religion that is making us superior to the stun. We dwell, in

probably have suspended in his temple of victory some trophies of a more unsound temper. As Dr. H. is so forward as to throw articles and homilies at our heads, it is but fair war to call his orthodoxy to the same test. I write upon memory, and mine is too much time-worn to be depended on. I beseech you therefore, to see with your own eyes, and by no means to mention my name, if you see occasion to avail yourself of this hint.

At the same time with your letter and Dr. H.'s answer, there was put into my hands a wretched illiterate performance by a person who enters the list as second to the Dr. The thing would be beneath notice but for the man's impudent assertion that Bishop Lavington in his latter days repented of his writings against the Methodists; which I know to be without foundation, as far as his conversation could afford assurance of the contrary. To the very last he always spoke of them as a fraternity compounded of hypocrites and enthusiasts."

thought and in talk, upon the religiousness of her life and the devoutness of her death. We thus feel a holy balm distilling over our souls from both. We particularly rest upon one point, because of its reach and range. Soon after her sickness begun, she told her mother that she had been praying to God a little time before, to send her something which would make her more serious, and that she now considered her sickness as a return to her prayer from God. It is soothing to my soul to dwell upon this. Even then she was so serious as to be praying for more, and to be praying for it at the expense of a visitation. Even when it came in the formidable shape of sickness, she was not startled at its appearance, but welcomed it as the messenger of God, sent for the gracious purpose of making her more serious, and she continued in the same happy frame of spirits to the very last; re-mentioning the prayer and the return, only a few hours before she died. But my tears compel me to leave the pleasingly distressing subject.

I am thus unfit to discuss with you any points at present, of your controversy with Dr. Hawker; nor do I know what you mean by "Wotton's Letter," which is to convince me that the Doctor is not one of us. I can only say, that I still wish you had not published against him, or published with more care as to facts, and more attention as to doctrines. Only this moment have I ended a re-perusal of your "Second Letter," and have much to say against it. But I withhold my pen.

Your anecdotes of Methodism, I fear, will be exposed to more objections. The lie of the day, the jest of the evening, or some revived tale concerning the Puritans in the last century, will compose (I suspect) the motley mass of scandal, and religion will suffer from all, I apprehend.

"As to the cantos on Methodistical Jumpers, or on Jumperism," you say, "I will remand back the MS. from London, where it has been for months, and shew it to you. If you think any part of it, or all, exceptionable, I will commit it to oblivion, in deference to your judgment, and in regard to you." I thank you for the compliment, but I must decline the acceptance of it. The compliment indeed is too great, in my opinion to be paid to any one. You must be the sole judge of what you think to publish, especially in a case like this, when confessedly the suppression "will be really a sacrifice of your poems." Who would devote to the cord such a bantling as this? Who would wish the father himself so to devote it?

Your "Greecian Prospects" I read yesterday, and like them

much. I have even reviewed* them for the British Critic.

I am sorry to find that Mrs. Polwhele's health is so very precarious. God preserve her life for the sake of you and yours! I know not a man who would be more forlorn under such a loss than yourself. The best wishes of my wife and daughters, (the latter, alas! now *two* only) for her and you, accompany those of

Yours, &c.

JOHN WHITAKER.

LETTER XL.

Mr. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

To your letter without a date I am now at liberty to reply at last. But I was so *engulphed* in my Original History of London critically stated, that I could not mount up into day and reply before. I have thus been waiting week after week, in hopes that the next would terminate my long labour upon one point—the Origin, &c. of Southwark, but still finding the termination fly before me. Last week I had finished in my own fancy this point at last, when the Lock Hospital closed me in its wards, and kept me in its infected company. And, when I had escaped, I recollected a part in a prior chapter, in which I had long meant to prove a passage of Ovid's *Fasti* had no reference whatever (though one writer of celebrity has asserted it had a direct one) to the history of Sampson. And, when I had done this, I devoted two or three of the weeks following to letter-writing and to reviewing. I accordingly began this week; and your History of Cornwall, with your letter or letters to me, of course challenged my first attention. But I have spent all the days till this in examining some papers that I wished to send you, in diverting

* I had illustrated my Grecian Prospects with notes from Thompson's *Travels* which I afterwards suspected to be spurious. Mr. Hawkins lately confirmed my suspicion; and soon after our conversation, informed me in a very friendly letter:

“On my way home from your house I recollected the name of the fabricator of *Thompson's Travels*; it is Sir John Hill, the author of a great botanical work and of a well known attack on the Royal Society, besides a variety of other publications.

I had this information from the late Mr. Pennant.”

from my pursuit by perusing some pamphlets that thrust themselves into my hands, and in hunting for others that I could not find. And, just as I had finished my eighth line above, my man brought me your last letter of Nov. 4.

I have thus at length selected for you two folio MSS., entitled on the cover, I see, "Local Notices, vol. 1st and 2d," and containing dissertations on St. Michael's Mount, on Penzance, on the Land's End, and, what I value more than all together, on the Scilly Isles. To these I have added a MS. by the late Mr. Collins, who died at Penryn, being a copy of those observations which I had formerly written on the blank pages of Tonkin's MS. when I believed it to have been given me by that unscholarlike divine, the late Rector of Truro, but which I took care to erase with my pen before I returned the MS. itself. To these I have added a MS. entitled "St. German's, vol. 8," but containing only "The Antient Valors of Cornwall," with notes. Some loose papers concerning Veryan and Probus, &c. I have put between the folds of a plan of the Coyt near St. Columb. The two drawings of an inscription on the doorway of the porch to St. Austle church, are done by two different persons. The larger one is by Mr. W. Gregor, the smaller by Mr. Briton. On the back of the former are some notes of mine. To all I have subjoined the pedigree of the Connocks historically unfolded, which I drew up at last, after repeated solicitations from Mrs. Connock; but which, when read to her by myself, she shewed evidently she did not like. I had swept away the wild dream with which, it seems, this widow of the last male Connock had flattered her vanity, of their descent from the Counts of Bretagne; and she would rather have dreamed on. I gave her a more honourable descent for them, even one from the Kings of Cornwall; but she did not like this a thousandth part so well as the other. So little has she of a Cornish soul within her! And at the close, when I expected the old lady, rich and liberal, would have put a bank-note of fifty pounds into my hands, she *would* have given me three guineas. I resisted the offer, not wholly because I would take nothing, but because I considered the offer—as nothing. I *felt* the guineas, and felt their *fewness*.

With all these I send you what I borrowed some time ago—your Peters on Job. I have not read it, but just glanced over what he says about the Leviathan, and found it was nothing.

I had once intended to have published myself all that I now send you. The essay on the Land's End and the Scilly

Isles I particularly intended. But "art is long and life is short." And at sixty-eight I begin to cut short my plans of publication. I therefore threw off every thing Cornish for your pen, except my St. German's and my St. Neot's. My corrections of the histories of London have drawn me off from Cornwall, as a history of London is more generally attractive, and therefore more likely to be popular. Yet I have so much of the vanity of authorship about me, as to wish you would publish my account of the Land's End and of the Scilly Isles, in an appendix to your History of Cornwall, and avowedly as mine.

Your history I have not yet read. I have been too much immersed in my own ideas concerning London, to turn off for only a day into yours. I will, however, as soon as I have written a few letters that have been long waiting for my answers, and looked over some accounts that have been long wanting my examination, I will go over your History with attention, and will review it for the *Anti-Jacobin*. I wish to write to Mr. Gifford, as he has three or four months ago met with some dreadful misfortune, and I have not even had time to inquire how or what it is. He has also been very ill recently, and yours is the first account which I have received of his being better. This his writing to you seems to intimate. But his Summary of Politicks, which was suspended expressly in September by the writer's illness, has not been resumed (I see) in October.

Your warlike Ode to Faithful Cornwall I have not yet seen. I see it, however, by extracts in the *Anti-Jacobin*; and I will send for it by my man, when he goes with this letter and the parcel to-morrow for Truro—the letter to reach you by the post, and the parcel by the carrier. My daughters say they promised you the View of St. Keyne's Well, if Mr. Briton, the drawer, consented you should have it. Where he now is, I know not. But five months ago he received a miniature of me, which Mr. Bone drew of me some years ago, in order to send it from Mr. Bone* to my daughters; and they have never yet received it. Only he wrote to me about four or five weeks ago, to tell me this, and to request I would revise the Cornwall, as I had formerly promised I would, and send him my remarks. He added, that he had sent the miniature by the coach or the carrier: he did not say which, and he did not say when; nor have I yet received it. And of course I have not revised his Cornwall; having, indeed, never looked into it.

* In enamel, a first-rate artist.

"The reluctant submission of Cornwall." says Gibbon, iii. 617 quarto, "was delayed for some ages." So says the text. "Cornwall was finally subdued," says a note, "by Athelstan, A.D. 927—941, who planted an English colony at Exeter, and confined the Britons beyond the river Tamar. See William of Malmesbury l. ii. in the *Scriptores post Bedam* p. 50. The spirit of the Cornish knights was degraded by servitude; and it should seem from the Romance of Sir Tristram, that their cowardice was almost proverbial." All this I had forgotten, because it was published before I had any connection with Cornwall. But you had transcribed it, I see by the terms of your account, and now wish me to answer it. He says very truly, I think, in stating the final reduction of Cornwall to have been made by Athelstan. I have dwelt upon this particularly, in my account of St. German's church. I dwell again in my account of the Land's End, here sent. Nor do I know any the slightest shadow of cowardice in either. Gibbon was a mere coxcomb in history: he read much, he fancied more, and he erred splendidly in both. The tale of Sir Tristram I do not recollect circumstantially, though I am familiar with his name. The general story is in *La Morte d'Arthur*, I suppose, and only as old as that, some time (I think) in the 14th century. And what an historian must that be, who founds a censure of cowardice against a whole nation upon what he thinks a feeble resistance, without once weighing the comparative strength of the assailants and the assailed; yet reinforces his hasty censure by a sarcasm, personal certainly, absurd probably, in a mere romance, a romance too later by some centuries. In a fair estimate of the comparative strength of a county against a kingdom, Cornwall behaved with exemplary courage in opposing Athelstan at first, and in not yielding at last without another battle. Gibbon's establishment of an English colony at Exeter, results only from Malmesbury's assertion of Athelstan's obliging the Cornish to give up their part of Exeter to the English.

As to your and Mrs. Polwhele's fears, I am rather surprised at them. I see some in my wife and daughters. But I fear nothing myself, and have always calmed their fears hitherto. I *pray*, I exhort them to *pray*; and then, with a confidence in HIM who has the reins of the Creation in his hands, we fear nothing. What He orders, is right in itself, and right with regard to us. Why then should we fear? "Is not God in Heaven?" asked my youngest daughter many years ago. "Why then should we fear, papa?" she re-asked. All this I am obliged to recall to their minds, for the support

of their spirits. Yet, in a human view, I consider all fear of a French invasion* in *Cornwall* as supremely ridiculous. The aim of the scoundrel, who has now usurped the power of all the scoundrel usurpers before him, is to terrify by appearances, is to wound by realities, to aim at London and to land in Ireland. And in all probability his aims or his landings will be defeated completely, by his landing and his defeat, or, what is still more likely, by the extinction of him and his host (like Pharaoh and his) in the waters of the sea. Then only will the world be freed from its disturber. And then only can it "rest from off the tossing of those fiery waves" which have so long disturbed and inflamed it.

In this spirit of confidingness upon the Highest Wisdom and the Highest Goodness, I am pursuing my studies without one atom of fear. I see the danger, and I face it. I consider all as a trial from God, of our reliance upon Him; and upon Him will I rely to the end. I will act prudently; but I will never leave my reliance upon God. The more trials I have, the better; because I am sure I shall have the more rewards. In short, I fear nothing but God; and Him, I hope, I shall ever fear most reverentially.

We shall be happy to see you both, when you have got over your fears as we have done, and find all the designs of the French pointed as they formerly were, and as they evidently are now—at *Ireland*, that land of strong disaffection formerly, and that region of feeble rebellion very lately.

With the kind compliments of my wife and daughters to Mrs. Polwhele, and with my warmest wishes for your success in the *History of Cornwall*,

I remain, my dear Sir, yours affectionately,

Nov. 11, 1803.

JOHN WHITAKER.

* I had told Mr. W. that our family were taking flight—and that I had cried out "give me the sword which was my father's in the year forty-five!" &c.—It is remarkable that Sir W. Scott has put almost the same words into the mouth of his antiquary, upon the same emergence.

"Give me (said the Antiquary) the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five. It hath no belt or baldrick—but will make shift." p. 324. *The Antiquary*, Waverley Novels. Vol. VI.

Such is the sword now before me, a handsome silver hasted sword—certainly without belt or baldrick and even a scabbard; which Lord Mount Edgcombe had presented to my father in 45; when he had the conduct of a new-raised regiment as far as Exeter; where they stopped short, on receiving intelligence of the battle of Culloden.

LETTER XLI.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

I would have replied to your favour immediately on the receipt of it, as I was so glad to hear from you; if I had not been expecting to be at full liberty for the work in the course of two or three days. These days, however, have run out successively into many in number. And then your mother's illness came after all. But, as the sale of your mother's furniture calls you this week to Truro, I take up my pen to greet you there.

In my late visit to London, I was taken very ill, at least so ill as to be deprived of my appetite and to lose my flesh. The air of London (in the crowded parts of it especially) is so loaded with sulphur from the fires, as to be almost pestilential to a short-breathed man. I was always sensible of this malady, and now felt it for the first time in the atmosphere of London. I had now been just thirty years absent from the city. My native malady had increased in the period much. And I soon began to feel I could not walk, and could not breathe so freely as I used to do. My stomach, generally active and vigorous before, began to lose its elasticity and to languish in its vivacity. I fancied meats, but could not enjoy them. I could drink, but could not eat. I thus began to shrink in the size of my corpulence, and to fade in the colour of my cheeks. And I was soon made sensible myself that my life would be in danger if I did not soon return into the country. Yet my spirits were lively and steady; I enjoyed the conversation of scholars who came to see me, very much indeed; I saw numbers about me in my lodgings near Covent garden, that I had known only by correspondence before; I found them all very pleasing, very complimentary, and very friendly; I even felt myself raised above myself whenever I was conversing with them, and forgot my increasing malady for the time entirely. But, above all, I was very unwilling to take my daughters abruptly away from London. It was their first visit; and I should have been cruel to cut their visit short. I could not attend them myself; and to procure substitutes for me required time. And I was therefore very desirous to stay with them in London as long as ever I possibly could. I accordingly staid to the last line of my assigned period, having allowed one week for the journey up, two weeks for the journey down by Oxford, and

the intermediate period to residence in London. I had thus reduced myself so low in health and aspect, that I was in no little danger from my kindness. When, however, I left London, I flattered myself, from the briskness of my spirits and from the enjoyment of my mind, that I should feel myself well again as soon as I had turned Hyde Park Corner, or at least that I should leave my cough behind me on Windsor Terrace. Yet I turned Hyde Park Corner without losing my cough, and even walked the Terrace without leaving my cough behind me. I actually took it with me to Oxford. I even carried it away with me out of Oxford, after two days stay in it. My malady still stuck close to me, my lungs being still loaded with a *mucus* from the air of London, and my only relief being by expectoration. My stomach thus had no power of expansion; and my appetite thus had no possibility of exertion. In this manner I went on amid all the recollections and re-visits of Oxford, all the exercises of the road, and all the enjoyments of a surviving friend there; not recovering myself, yet not receding in health. At last I found my long lost appetite at Bath, where we met by agreement with a family of this neighbourhood, that had repeatedly called upon us in London, and that consented to spend a Sunday with us in Bath. I there, after the service of the afternoon, sat down at four to a dinner, and, for the first time, relished it very much. I consider this as the crisis of my complaint, and went on improving in health till I reached home. Yet my improvement was so little in reality, that a lady of my parish has since told me, as she looked at me mounted into my pulpit on Whitsunday, she thought me fitter for my bed than my pulpit. I grew better, however, and better and better still. My spirits settled into steadiness; my appetite gained an addition of strength; and my harrassing cough ceased by degrees. Yet during all this interval of recovery itself, I felt my mind so weakened by the illness of my body, that I was actually *afraid*, while I was reading my own Original History of London, of encountering any difficulties in it, or of starting any doubts concerning it. Both these I left to be started by myself, or by myself to be encountered at a future time. But by degrees I had the boldness to start the doubts, and to encounter the difficulties, from which I had turned or fled before. And I have been, ever since I came from London, employed wholly in correcting or enlarging what I had written before, intending for many months past to resume the series of my history, yet still diverted from my intention by new objects in the past parts. I have of late

been particularly busy in the Norman period of my History, which has been very wretchedly told by the only historian of London who has told it at all; yet it is pregnant with notices, general and useful and curious. But I have resolved at last and determinately, to resume my series next Monday, and to begin what alone remains for the completion of my whole work—my 8th chapter.

“Before you left Cornwall,” you tell me, “you spoke of some notes on Bodmin and other towns, which you had in reserve for me.” I had forgotten that I promised you any notes upon Bodmin. I have since promised them, I find, to another writer; as an intimation from this other has reminded me some time ago. But I had promised you, I see, before he was promised; and yours is for the County at large. I shall therefore transcribe what I have written, and send it to you at Truro in the course of the present week. “On this and the success of your literary expedition, I expected to have the pleasure of hearing from you; especially as, having got rid of your great work, I supposed you tolerably free from learned cares.” By my “great work” I suppose you to mean my Antient Cathedral of Cornwall. But this I did not send to my printer till I had returned home; and then my malady disabled me from attending to any thing very closely. I even thought of this work with so much indifference, that I parted with it in a perfect apathy almost about its fate. I left it all to my bookseller. And, as I have recovered my ancient spirit, I never was more burdened with literary cares than I have lately been. For a fortnight past, I have been deeply engaged, in particular, by what I mean to insert in my very next publication—The Origin of Oxford as a Town before the University. I have a clergyman employed in Oxford at present, in examining some points that I have seen, but neglected at Oxford formerly. In the mean time, however, you fancy you catch me under a new publication. “Some communication, indeed, I have certainly had with Mr. Whitaker every Saturday. But this was in common with others. And, to my regret, it is now ceased.” You was thus deceived, as even I was myself. In the first paper containing what you mean, I read over one paragraph with pleasure. I then began to think the author writing just as I should have written. I then suspected these were my own sentiments and my own expressions. I even turned at last to my own preface of Flindell’s own Bible. And you might well recognise myself in myself, the prefacer of a Bible in the essayist of a newspaper. “So perfectly,” as you add, “am I acquainted

“with your style and manner, that I am sure I am obliged to you for the sacred columns of the *Truro* newspaper.”

“In consequence of Overton’s attack upon me, which has kept alive the memory of the Hawkerian controversy, I have been repeatedly urged by a Staffordshire friend (a truly Christian believer) to publish in some shape or other my vindication of my religious principles.” In that controversy I took part against you, I remember, by a private letter to you. You had not, if I remember, distinguished properly between the principles of the Church of England, that is in my estimation, the very “Pillar and Ground of Faith” within this island, and the opinions of the Methodists either as wildly Calvinistical under Whitfield, or as adhering, with some erroneousness about Justification, to the doctrines of the Church. Yet I have more lately thought worse of *these* Methodists than I once thought. The strange tergiversation of Wesley himself towards the close of life, has undeceived me in a particular manner. I remember to have formerly seen in the hands of Mr. Baldwin, then at Manchester, a letter written by Mr. Samuel Wesley, the Master of Tiverton school, and the brother to James as well as Charles, predicting, if they went on in the manner which they had then begun, “they would come at last to lick the spittle of the Dissenters.” This prophecy has been latterly accomplished in full form, to our ears and to our eyes. Wesley himself had the unwary presumption to assume the powers of the Episcopate to himself, though a Presbyter only, and so to begin a second succession of usurping Presbyters in the Church. And, as the Rev. Mr. Nott, in his Bampton Lectures, has lately shewn this part of the history of Methodism in a strong light, in a fuller form, and with convincing circumstances; so has he particularly displayed the versatility of John’s judgment, in proving him whom I remember to have been at first a favourer of the American Rebellion, to have been converted very ingenuously by Dr. Johnson’s pamphlet against it, to have then published his abstract of this as his own, to have made many converts by the abstract, and to have been thanked for it personally by the King himself; yet, at the close of all, when Rebellion had prospered, to have written in favour of Rebellion, and to have openly disowned all that he had said before. Such a poor creature was he in reality, when he came to be fairly tried! And such poor creatures were those simpletons of our communion, who confounded religiousness with Methodism, who, having no life of religiousness in themselves, fancied all was Methodism, and thus did all that they

could do to make Methodism that "vital spark of heavenly flame" which can alone save any Church or any Christian from final reprobation.

But I have dwelt so long upon this point, that I have hardly time to notice even the others in your letter. I saw Mr. Gifford repeatedly at my lodgings. Mr. Gifford is now, or has been, in distressed circumstances. *He was obliged, before I reached London, to sell his library.* I therefore feel for him, as I equally feel for your large family. The views of interest through a borough, indeed, might probably have proved a blessing to you. So it has proved seemingly to ———. Yet it almost always produces a meanness of mind that is a disgrace to any dignified spirit. And even our friend, I understand, is frequently talking with all his successes in life, that he has not been rewarded sufficiently; even frequently, I see and feel, envying and disliking those who are content with their own, yet are happy and rich without being preferred.

As you will now be at Truro for this week, I wish you could come with Mrs. P. and spend a day with us. Mrs. W. has no right to expect a visit from Mrs. P., as she never paid one; but then a visit from her will be the more kind, and Mrs. W. will think herself the more obliged by the kindness. You can come on Friday, I suppose, take a bed with us, and go round by the passages on Saturday. Think of this, Sir and Madam, and do this. I will even trust you will. And in that trust I subscribe myself, with the respects of my wife and daughters to Mrs. Polwhele,

My dear Sir, your Friend and Servant,

Monday Evening, Feb. 5, 1805. JOHN WHITAKER.

N. B.—If the sale will not allow you to come this week, and should force you to return next week, we shall be happy to see you and Mrs. Polwhele then. One day in that week we have fixed our minds for receiving some neighbours. We mean to give them Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday for their selection. And we will apprise you what day they choose, if you think you can favour us. On Thursday my wife and daughters mean to be at Truro, in order to attend the last assembly for the winter; but to reach Truro about eight in the evening, and return home about three in the morning.

Mem.—I must require you to let me have the two folio apex-books concerning the Scilly Isles. I want only to make a few extracts from them, which will not interfere with your use of them.

Wednesday, Feb. 6.

LETTER XLII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

MY DEAR SIR,

Your two last letters found me visited with a sickness that I cannot call a paralytick *stroke*, but must call a paralytick *affection*. In consequence of it, a numbness seized one half of my body, and I was afraid was stealing over my mind. But, thanks be to God! all fear of the latter is gone off, and all feeling of the former is much lessened.

I remain, with a pen apparently faltering from my late attack, but likely to recover I hope, by continued and moderate exercise, my dear Sir,

Your Friend,

J. WHITAKER.

Wednesday, March 27, 1805.

LETTER XLIII.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Saturday June 16, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

Attention to my health, has prevented my replying to your letter. I beg you will put me down for one of your subscribers for two copies.

I see with satisfaction, that your third volume is published already, and that you mean to publish speedily another volume on the Civil and Military History of Cornwall, from Edward I. to the present time.

I had resolved to send you a Dissertation which I thought I had lent you before, on Pope Nicholas's Valor. Had I found it before, I should have inserted it in the Appendix to my Ancient Cathedral; and to you it is useless now, unless you can insert it with propriety, and wish to insert it in your Civil and Military History. You can best judge of this, as you see your proposals favoured or discountenanced. That they will be discountenanced, I have no notion; that they ought not to be, I am clear and certain; and, if they are, I shall think it a disgrace to the whole county. Yet I know too well the spirit of the world, even of the world of scholars, not to be sure of success for you. Even scholars have their

vanity so coloured with their selfishness, that this unites with that to discourage such undertakings as yours. I have felt the spirit myself in others, where no selfishness could stimulate, and only vanity could instigate.

At present I am very busy in completing my History of London; it takes up much of my time and thought; yet I move very slowly in finishing it. I have long been in the concluding chapter of it, and was hoping to rest at the goal before this day; but the goal flies before me as I advance, and I am still in the course; so I shall be for some time to come, I foresee; yet I have lately been cheered in my labours, by recollecting what I had pointed out more than forty years ago to a friend, yet had nearly forgotten of late, a passage proving a church in London to have been Roman in its origin; and, as I have yesterday drawn up my recollections in form, I am particularly pleased with them.

In so writing, I have anticipated part of your second letter of May the 22d, and the other part I shall now answer. "From your attendance at the Visitation," you say, "and your good spirits through that day," as announced to you by the Archdeacon, "I infer that you are considerably improved in your health." I am, I thank God, much recovered from the kind of paralytic touch which I received about nine or ten weeks ago. This benumbed my limbs, and weakened my mind considerably for a time, but I betook myself directly to the exercise of a chaise, and have even lately purchased a pair of lively horses for the purpose: with these I go out three times a day, and move so rapidly, that some envious simpletons in my neighbourhood fancy I move for parade, not for health. By this means I am recovering, though but slowly; yet, by persevering, I hope to recover more to my own feeling, and more to the feeling of others. My spirits have always been the promptest instruments of my mind, and will continue to be the promptest (I believe) to the day of my death.

"The fourth volume of the Cornwall," you add, "will be immediately put to the press; but I wait for the Bodmin notes, &c. which you so long ago promised me." I shall therefore send them with the Dissertation hinted at before; they shall go off to Truro next week with a note inclosed to you, and I am happy to find that they will be of any service to you.

"Have you heard any thing of the threatened invasion of the Lysons, or their Cornwall? They are said to be formidable gentlemen." I know only Samuel Lysons, whom I

saw personally in London in my lodgings; he is so great a talker, that I said to myself of him when he was gone, after hearing him alone for two hours,

The rattling and audacious tongue
Of saucy Eloquence.

He talked incessantly and eloquently, but therefore allowed me not to talk with him. Of him I have never heard, but am expecting every post to hear; when I hear, you shall hear from me. What his "Cornwall" is, in execution or in design, I know not; when I do, you shall hear also.

Yours, &c.

JOHN WHITAKER.

LETTER XLIV.

J. WHITAKER to R. P.

Monday, June 24, 1805.

MY DEAR SIR,

I wrote to you this day week, and then promised to send you some papers in the course of the week by the Helstone carrier, supposing him to reach Helstone on Saturday, and intending to send to him at Truro by Thursday; but vain are the promises of busy men about sending papers. On Thursday a new game started up under my feet, and I was busy all the week in pursuing it. This being now done, I shall turn to you before a new hare starts up. This morning I have found out what I thought I had sent before, what I originally intended to have printed, and what I have therefore, I see, written out fair for the press; only I must observe what the Archdeacon told me at the Visitation, that Pope Nicholas's Valor has been printed.

This and all you are at liberty to publish with my name to all; I objected to this part of your conduct before, but now consider it as most dignified in you; you assume not to yourself the merit of any thing meritorious, and you leave them to answer for any thing otherwise.

I also send you the account which I drew up of Bodmin, for my journey last year through Bodmin to London.

I thank you for reminding me that I had promised you my Antient Cathedral of Cornwall.* I will write to Mr. Stockdale about it this evening.

Yours, &c.
J. WHITAKER.†

LETTER XLV.

J. WHITAKER to Mr. HARRINGTON.‡

Nov. 3, 1806.

DEAR SIR,

With a hand still affected sensibly by my late illness, I return you thanks for your kind letter to me. That illness was the severest which I ever remember to have had. It was brought on merely by my over studiousness. This you have long known to be the striking propensity of my life. It is indeed an honourable one, and I glory in it; but on this occasion I indulged it rather too freely. I wanted to finish a work which I had been engaged upon for some years—a History of London; I fancied I could free it from a multiplicity of errors and mistakes, which I saw repeated and renewed in every history that I consulted. The thought was certainly a bold one, especially in one living so far from London, and at an age so far advanced as mine; but boldness is the true sign of an enterprizing genius. In the execution of this bold plan, I had proceeded very far, to the injury of my health, last spring. I therefore resolved to go to Cheltenham at Whitsuntide with my wife and daughters. They meant to

* In the "Ancient Cathedral" is completely demolished the old historical fabrick of the Western Bishops. I consider the new edifice as for ever immoveable. Among several little errors, however, I think I have detected one which should not pass unnoticed. "Even Probus (says W.) is of so much value of itself, that Bishop Ross got £8,000 for the renewal of a lease upon it." p. 261. The fact is, Bishop Ross got £8,000 for adding two lives on a lease of Cargol. Probus is, comparatively, a very small estate.

† It was about this time (perhaps writing this very letter) that he fell from his chair upon the carpet. His dutious daughters re-placed him at his desk; and he resumed his pen, perfectly unconscious of what had happened.

‡ Son of Dr. Harrington, of Bath.

drink the waters; but so fearless was I of all maladies, even from my long-continued over-studiousness, that I, who meant to go for no complaint whatever, should be puzzled (I said) what to do with myself while I was there, and was aiming merely at a long interval of idleness: yet my spirits, I recollect now, were loaded with a great weight of depression upon them.

* * * * *

Even at Bath, when I was in company, I felt surprized I could engage with so much briskness in conversation; but I was soon seized there with my grand complaint. I was seized there, on the Saturday following my arrival, with a paralytick affection. I was obliged to take shelter in my bed, and I was confined to my bed for several weeks: there I was cupped and scarified, blistered and tormented, even pronounced to be in great danger of my life once. Yet, I thank God, my spirits were so firm in themselves, and so founded in confidence upon God, that I did not believe I was in danger except once, and even then did not fear the danger. I remember only to have thought of my expected death, as what would cut short my publications, and deprive me of the honour I expected from them. So faithful was my soul to her favourite passion, as even in death to preserve my attachment to it! I prevailed, however, upon my physician, Dr. Archer, of Bath, then upon his annual excursion of a few months to Cheltenham, to let me set out for Ruan. I therefore did set out with great satisfaction, got to Bath that evening not very much fatigued, but furnished with written directions from the Doctor for Mrs. W.'s management of me in future. At Bath we staid four days, visiting our friends, shewing them how much I was pulled down by my late sickness, and hearing one of them report that I looked worse when I went through before to Cheltenham, than I now did on my return from it. In my way back, I just called upon Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, stopping at their gate, and announcing by my appearance how ill I had been. I then turned away to examine the new road over the marshes, a few miles off, which were the very marshes that concealed King Alfred once, and of which I had taken only a slight survey on going. I now took a full one on my return, and I made out all that I wanted to know concerning it.

On my return home, I found I had been given up for a dead man. Mr. Bedford, who had kindly acted as my Curate in my long absence, and received letters from my wife or daughters, in the extreme moments of my illness, had very wisely ordered my men to cut down my hay, in order to secure it for

the family. This circumstance flew of course, and made all the neighbourhood conclude I was dead. So happily was the hay saved from the very wet weather that ensued; and so convinced were all the gentlemen round that I had been in a dangerous way, that they could hardly believe I was yet in a safe way. Many came to call upon me who had not called upon me for years before, and perhaps will not call for years hereafter.

My looks, however, soon recovered themselves, and I appeared as full and fresh in the face as I used to look; but my limbs were still languid, particularly my legs, and (as my writing even now shews) my fingers; yet, in spite of all, I quickly got to my History of London, and was intending to finish it, but as I was very cautious from my late illness, I soon found it requisite for the sake of my health to desist; yet I only desisted to change my object. Before I had undertaken the History of London, I had written much upon the History of Alfred. With a view to this, I had turned aside to examine the marshes of Somersetshire; and I now resolved to substitute this history for that, as much easier in the execution, and to be executed much sooner. In this, therefore, I have been employed ever since. Yet even this I have enlarged so much by mixing with it the History of Oxford, that I know not when I shall be able to finish it; I mean, however, to finish it at my full leisure. My experience of the past has taught me not to be too eager for the present. And I therefore look forward for the future as what will properly fill up the remainder of my time.

I am glad to find from your letter that you have been able to fix your son in the Marines, that he is now on board the fleet, in that thirty-six gun frigate the *Penelope*, and that he behaves extremely well, being not extravagant. I am also very glad to hear your father is well, enjoying the charms of musick at 78. I saw him in my two passages through Bath, but was latterly too ill to stop his chair for talking with him.

In my first pass through Bath, I sent up to inquire after Mr. Thomas, and found he was not at Walton; when I saw him at Walton, I could just note he did not look well, any more than Mrs. Thomas; but I was so ill then as not to be capable of getting out of the chaise, and yet——of making many inquiries concerning Alfred's road in the marshes adjoining.

I have seen Mr. Trist several times since I came home. I called upon him the last time, hearing of an express arrived at Tregoney, with the news of the dissolution of Parliament

determined upon, and supposing he had not heard it. He had not heard, though I had; and we each of us made use of the intelligence as we liked.

I am sorry I have not been able to write to you more fully than I do. But we have been waiting in expectation of hearing, every day, for three weeks past, of the death of Mrs. W.'s sister, Miss Tregenna. You have seen her at this house, I believe. Mrs. W. has been to visit her in her sickness repeatedly at St. Columb. She has been with her, particularly about ten days ago; and every morning brings us the mournful expectation of her departure. My daughters have been repeatedly with their mamma there. Miss Tregenna has much to bequeath; but what she will leave to my family, I cannot say. I am not so much in her favour as I should have been if I had been less a dissembler. What she has, however, I want not, being quite satisfied with what I have got; and very much with my kindest compliments to Mrs. H. my dear Sir, hers and your friend and servant,

JOHN WHITAKER.

CHAPTER II.—SECTION I.

In my *anticipation* introductory to this little sketch, it has appeared, I conceive, from WHITAKER'S WORKS and LETTERS that my judgement was not erroneous.

And now, on a *retrospective view* of his LITERATURE, I would linger yet awhile. There are many who with me, will linger; unwilling to let drop the curtain: And there are many, on whose minds is, assuredly, left the most pleasing impression; whilst they feel, likewise with me, that in their conversation with Whitaker, they have had an intercourse of rare occurrence, even in this age of intellectual excellence.

We have hailed him in the several departments of the HISTORIAN, the ANTIQUARY, the DIVINE, the CRITIC, and the POET. It is seldom, we are gratified by such versatility: And still less so, by the splendor of original genius exhibited in walks so various.

In characterising the several persons who have passed under my observation, I have always aimed at individuality. And no literary censor, I presume to hope, will object to the manner in which I have represented our author; whilst I pointed out his discriminating qualities—acute discernment, and a velocity of ideas which acquired new force in composition; with a power of combining images in a manner peculiarly striking, and of throwing the strongest light on every topic of discussion.

If we borrow expression from picture, we may sum up his character in saying, that his style—and that his sentiment is as the mountain torrent; amidst shaggy precipices and romantic glens, illuminations bold and broad, and depths of shadow magnificently gloomy; abrupt-

nesses often repulsive to the spectator; and scarcely in any instance the harmony of gentle transitions.

That men of genius have not always the merit of patient exertion, is a trite remark. And certainly splendid talents and studiousness are far from being inseparable. But in his learned labours, Mr. W. was indefatigable, from his youth—even from his boyhood.

Nil reputans actum, &c. &c. might well have been chosen for his motto. Notwithstanding all he had done, I heard him speak not many months before his death, of "*Notes on Shakspeare*," and of "*Illustrations of the Bible*." But he wished to finish his "*Oxford*," his "*London*," and his "*St. Neot*" (already mentioned as projected publications) before he resumed his "*Shakspeare*," on which he had occasionally written notes—and to lay aside his "*Shakspeare*," before he took up his "*Bible*." To the Bible he meant to withdraw himself, at last, from all other studies. It was "the Holy of Holies," into which he longed to enter, and when entered, there to abide.

All this, he intended to do. And all this, if some few years had been added to his life, he would probably have done.

With a view to the last three Antiquarian productions (but chiefly to "the *London*") he determined "to visit the metropolis." And thither he travelled with all the ardour of youthful spirits. But, even for his athletic frame he had a mind too restless, too anxiously inquisitive. Amidst his remarks into the antiquities of the city, his friends detected the first symptoms of bodily decay. His journey to London, his daily and nightly sallies whilst there, in pursuit of objects started every now and then to the eye of the antiquary, and his energetic and diversified conversation with literary characters, brought on a debility; which he little regarded, till it alarmed him in a stroke of paralysis. From this stroke, not long after his return into Cornwall, he recovered so far as to be able to pursue (though not many hours in a day) his accustomed studies. And it was "the *Life of St. Neot*," that chiefly occupied his attention.

At the time of his death, *St. Neot* was in the press; and the preface prefixed to the volume by Mr. Stockdale the publisher, contains two letters of Whitaker, in the last of which he still writes with confidence as to his further plans—alas, never to be completed!

SECTION II.

This much for our friend's literature. Still, in recollecting anecdotes of his *MANNERS*, his *MORALITY*, and his *RELIGION*, I must detain my readers;—still, whilst with pleasure and regret

“We cast one longing, lingering look behind!”

In the survey either of his public or his private character, it is only for stupidity, or prejudice, or depravity, to disclaim such a feeling of delight.

His greatness as a writer, no one can question. And that he was *good* as well as *great*, would appear in the review of any period of his life; whether we saw him abandoning preferment from principle, and heard him “reasoning of righteousness and judgment to come” until a Gibbon “trembled;” or whether among his parishioners we witnessed his unaffected earnestness of preaching,* his humility in conversing with the meanest cottagers, his sincerity in assisting them with advice, his tenderness in offering them consolation, and his charity in relieving their distresses. It is true, to the same

* Yet a wealthy farmer of Ruan Lanyhorne told me (it was before the march of intellect had commenced) that “Maister mouthed it out enough, and that, after he had talked about tithes till all were tired to death, he took up a text on which he had been preaching for many months.” I asked the farmer, “What was the text?” He appeared a shrewd sort of man, but scratching his head, said, “I caant bring et to moind, for the life o’ me!”

warmth of temper, together with a sense of rectitude, we must attribute an impetuosity that but ill brooked opposition.

This precipitation was, in part also, to be traced to his ignorance of the world ; to his simplicity in believing others like himself—precisely what they seemed to be ; and to his abhorrence of that dissimulation or hypocrisy which had imposed on his credulity.

But his general good humour, his hospitality and his pleasantry were surely enough to atone for those sudden bursts of passion—those flashes which betrayed his human frailty.

That such *simplicity* and *sincerity* and *quickness* of apprehension, and feeling alive at every pore, with a *kindness* of heart, and an ingenuous *promptness* in confessing an offence (the result of a sensibility too rapid for discretion) were the leading traits of his character, several anecdotes just recurring to memory will serve to convince us.

Of his artlessness, one of the most pleasing proofs was his conversing most affably “with very young people,”—his playful talk, indeed, with little children, to whose level he loved to descend. Nor, in that familiar intercourse was there any indication of a sense of the eminence from which he stooped—any appearance of conscious greatness ; such as we have perceived in persons, who seemed to exact a tribute of gratitude for the honour conferred on their inferiors.

Notwithstanding his *stentorianism* in the pulpit, he had an odd squeaking voice when reading in a private room. It was an under-tone ; a sort of chaunting : so that his hearers would be apt to suppose, he was intentionally burlesquing or ridiculing what he read. And I remember hearing, that the young ladies (who were visitors of his daughters) and in whose light and trivial talk he had pleasure, could not help tittering at this strange sort of recitative. But they well knew their good humoured friend ; who would rather have joined them in the laugh, than have resented it.

Yet, in serious conversation, whether at his own house, or elsewhere, he often betrayed an impatience of contradiction; and especially when the fashionable modes of education or the philosophical mania of the day, were commented upon or discussed. For instance, he could by no means tolerate an *academy*. The very name kindled up his anger. On hearing that that ancient Classic Seminary—Truro-school—had become an “Academy”—“What!” (he exclaimed) “an Academy! an Academy!” And he was so choaked with indignation, that for some time he could not utter a word more.*

* I am here reminded of a letter which, in July, 1818, appeared in the *Literary Journal*, on a coincidence between Colman’s “*Eccentricities for Edinburgh*” and “the *Family Picture*” on the subject of Academics. “To point out,” says the writer, “resembling passages in contemporary poets, is not only an agreeable amusement, but is, sometimes, on a higher principle, the proper task of literary criticism. Coincidences of thought or language are, I confess, frequently incidental; yet there occur imitations, which authors ought to acknowledge—imitations which, passed by in silence, look very much like plagiarisms.”

Whether the writer of that admirable Essay on “the Marks of Imitation” would have considered the resemblance in the following passages as fortuitous or otherwise, an attention to those “Marks” would enable us in some measure to determine: there is certainly a strong similarity in sentiment and expression.

In his very humorous performance, “*Eccentricities for Edinburgh*,” Mr. G. Colman thus satirizes “the Academies:”—

“Some, too, for gain establish their abode
In perking mansions on the shadeless road;
Exhibiting (right rural to behold)
The word ‘ACADEMY’ in glittering gold!
“With all of these on money-getting plans
Mix rustic shopkeepers and publicans,
And manufacturers from London poked,
Indicted thence for having stunk and smoked!
Hail, regions of preparatory schools,
Of strict economists, and squand’ring fools—
Ye tallow-chandlers, who retired to gaze
At Paul’s near dome, still sigh for melting days!
Ye demi-gentlemen!”—p. 97.

This poem was published so lately as 1817.

Of some recent geological discoveries he could not bear even a whisper. And I once heard him attack with the accusation of rank infidelity, a geologist who spoke of a world of beings (of which relics more and more came to light) antecedent to the Mosiac Creation of Man.* That he was equally averse from the science

In a strain equally satirical, Mr. Polwhele had, many years before, exposed the Academies to ridicule in a poem, entitled "*The Family Picture*." The last edition of this poem was published in 1810:—

"In hamlets oft, green rails adorned with red
Point out the spot where female minds are fed ;
Or some pale nunnery, nigh the impending wood,
Where in old time its refectory stood,
In golden gleams exhibits the burlesque
Of Education, from its walls grotesque !

"To every gaping lout the letters stare,
And broad 'THE ACADEMY' for girls declare ;
While teachers, new from Town, each pathway cross,
And in low curtsies lose the London-toss :
Smart milliners, who trick'd their friends in trade,
The cast-off mistress, or my lady's maid !

"Thither, as humour hits, or whim provokes,
The obsequious thing attracts all sorts of folks,
In foremost rank the daughters of the Squire,
The Vicar's, treading just six inches higher ;
And into rage as imitation whirls
The Clown's vain wife, her breed of ruddy girls :
And from the borough, buxom belles enough,
Damsels perfumed with Cheshire cheese and snuff ;
Pert minxes, that shall soon import fine airs
To inspire the haberdashers of small wares."—pp. 58—9.

I am far from asserting that Colman's sketch of a modern academy is copied from Polwhele's, or the accompanying reflections on the propensity of people in trade to ape the manners of superior station. But it is pleasing to view poetic descriptions and characters in comparison. Among the lighter amusements of the man of letters, nothing is better calculated to relieve the mind: it is a sort of relaxation to which we gladly resort, under the sultry influence of the Dog-star; when it is scarcely possible to pursue severer studies without the occasional repose of the fancy on a picture, or a poem.

I remain, Sir, yours, ALCÆUS."

* And our geologists have their revenge on Whitaker. I have elsewhere observed (I believe) that Mr. Hawkins, in one of his admirable essays, has noticed the fastidiousness of those

of law, I would not affirm. We should almost, however, set him down for a Trunnion, rushing (as he once did) upon a couple of Attorneys who, at his door, desired to speak with him, and then swiftly retreating with the exclamation: "In the clouds, gentlemen! in the clouds! I cannot come down to you, to-day!" The attorneys, without an effort to draw him down from his aerial flight, precipitately took their departure.

The suddenness of his anger was remarkable. But it soon (as I have observed) went off; not always a mere flash in the pan. In fighting his Tithe battles, he literally laid low the sturdiest of his parishioners—with the squire at the head of them! And, at a Special Sessions at Truro, he threatened with a clenched fist an insolent antagonist, and would perhaps have knocked him down, had not the Justices interposed between the parties.—In a letter to Bishop Ross, the parishioners complained of his violence. The letter was produced at a Visitation at Truro; when the Bishop lamented, that so much of his valuable time should be lost in petty disputes; expressing a deep sense of his eminence as an antiquary.

It is certainly to be regretted, that on some occasions of excitement, though in his mind the agitation soon subsided into a calm—though the evaporation was like the morning-mist and all was again clear sky; yet the resentment of those whose opinions or whose conduct he had arraigned, too often continued unsubdued or unappeased by time or circumstance. In the zeal of professional feeling, he had hastily represented to his Diocesan, the Vicar of Veryan's irregularity in granting tickets for Confirmation to some of his own *Ruanites*, whom he had dismissed as incompetent, and with whom his good neighbour could have had no concern. But, sorry as he immediately after was, for his quickness in "marking

who sneer at the antiquarianism that runs counter to their positions in physiology. The truth is, most of these gentlemen are deficient in historical knowledge or classical learning. Half-educated, they assume to themselves those airs of importance which we never see in the accomplished scholar.

what was done amiss,"—the Vicar could scarcely "pardon him in that thing."

With the late Mr. Gregor of Trewarthennick, he had an altercation relative to the tythes. And, previously to that altercation, Mr. Gregor had been rather hurt at his deducing the lineage of the Gregors from the merchant Gregor of Truro. Mr. Gregor never afterwards solicited his society. That two such excellent men should not have mutually enjoyed the feast of reason, (in such a remote situation, where so few "fine spirits" have an opportunity of meeting,) was a sad—a sad affair: but so it was.

Our friend's alienation from one or two other neighbours, occasioned, likewise, much discomfort. Mr. Bedford, the Vicar of Philleigh, was, I am persuaded, a truly good man; attentive to all his parochial duties. But it was an unfortunate moment in which he presented a Mr. Rowe (a London travelling taylor) to the Rector of Ruan Lanyhorne. The Rector's delicacy revolted from the taylor's vulgarity. Nor was this all. Mr. Rowe's mimicry of the Gerrans clerk, in singing the eleventh psalm—"Why should I like some timorous bird, &c. &c." Mr. W. protested against, as blasphemously ludicrous. There was little interchange of civilities afterwards between Philleigh and Ruan Lanyhorne.

We are here led to repeat the observation, that religion was invariably the primary object of Mr. W.—its principles, his support; its laws his guide; its sentiments his delight and consolation. The least tendency to violate its sanctity (as in the instance of the Gerrans clerk) was sure to raise his choler, and to bring down rebuke on the careless or inconsiderate.

At his own table, I remember, whilst we were talking of the porch of Bethesda and of the angel who came down and troubled the waters, he darted an indignant look against Dr. Cardew and myself, who were both disposed to consider the angel as a human messenger employed for that purpose, and not literally an angel from Heaven. And he temerarily accused us of scepticism. After a short pause, however, "the liquid ruby" sparkled as

before, to convivial cheerfulness and cordial friendship.

It was on a visit to my vicarage at Manaccan, that Mr. W. put "Justice Sandys" of the Lizard to the rack; extorting from that singular old gentleman a full confession of his faith. Mr. Sandys, though he had a sufficient insight into Whitaker's character, was yet off his guard in speaking of the Athanasian Creed with some degree of disrespect; when W. to the astonishment of the ladies present, started up from his chair, and striding across the room, expressed his horror at such an insinuation. I had myself heard Mr. S. speak slightly of the "Immaculate Conception." But so over-awed was he by W. that he trembled from head to foot, and, as soon as he could find utterance, avowed his unreserved belief in all the articles of the faith of a Christian. The sensation, here again, was such, that a long and awkward silence succeeded to this torturing conflict between the high Churchman and the Latitudinarian.* I was not present, but Canon Howell (who was one of the party) related to me the circumstance of Whitaker's

* To Mr. Sandys I was first introduced at a Truro Quarter Sessions. It was not till the end almost of the week, I remember, that another Justice arrived, to join him on the bench. We can now muster thirty-five Justices or more. About that time, he was called upon to preach a Visitation-Sermon before Archdeacon Sleech. His brother clergy were astonished at its Deistical tendency. At the dinner, when it is usual to thank the Preacher, the good Archdeacon very mildly said: "We are both getting old, Mr. Sandys! It were right that you and I should leave off preaching!" But Sandys was not then an old man. With his little flock at Landewednack, he used to take strange liberties; beginning the service at what hour he pleased, and mutilating the Liturgy ad libitum, and reading the lessons rapidly or slowly in proportion to his interest in the subject of them; commenting on this verse and slurring over that;—at one time, delivering from the pulpit a pathetic discourse; at another, a sort of table-talk of which he ought to have been ashamed. One Sunday, for instance, when a friend of mine was present, he entirely omitted the first lesson. "Here beginneth" (cried old Sandys) "the 4th chapter of the book of Judges"—and, after a short pause: "It is the story of a very wicked woman!—the less you know of her the

remonstrating with my Lord of Derry, in consequence of some irreligious levities which even Whitaker's presence could not sufficiently check in that amphibious Bishop. The Bishop of Derry had, some years before Whitaker's death, the curiosity or the grace to visit him at R. Lanyhorne: We are all acquainted with that Prelate's *liberal* sentiments. He had passed much time, indeed, in Popish countries; where he so far lost the *prejudices* of the Reformation, as to think, on his return, that a Popish prostitute was a proper guardian for a young Protestant female of quality. Of such lax sentiments he was giving a specimen, in his conversation with Whitaker; when the rural rector started from his chair, and struck his Lordship on the knee: "What, my Lord! (said he) a Bishop——!" His Lordship of Derry trembled, and begged pardon.

Amidst all this intrepidity, resulting from a rational belief in Christianity, there was a simplicity in W. bordering (some would say) on superstitious credulity. Of three amiable daughters he had lost one. She was gone to the invisible world: and W. often talked of her, as there, in happiness. This was truly Christian. This was like Gilpin; who talked frequently with his wife of the next world, as he would have spoken of the next stage that was to terminate a journey. And, indeed, I have heard W. conjecture, what his employment might be hereafter, and whether he might not be permitted to pursue studies congenial with his historical researches. After this, we shall be less surprised at the

better—So, my Brethren! we pass to the *Te Deum!*"—It was more than thirty years after his Visitation-Sermon, that Bishop Buller at Helston-Church reproved him for his mutilations and interpolations in a language and tone of unusual severity; and, on his denying the charge, confronted him with the Churchwardens of his parish, and remarked on his disingenuousness in thus uttering a falsehood. In the evening, his Lordship, feeling perhaps that he had spoken too harshly to so aged a man, was rather, I think, indiscreet in his concessions and expressions of conciliation. "After all, Mr. Sandys! it was but a white lie!"—said the Bishop to his partner at a rubber of whist.

circumstance, that one day attending on a dying woman in his village, he actually charged her with a message to his deceased daughter, in the same language almost as he would have used, had the woman been going to some distance where his daughter resided.

To me, who believe in the recognition of friends hereafter, (and so believed Horsley and Paley and Watson,)* the weakness of Whitaker, in this instance, appears an amiable, an enviable weakness!—"Gilpin" (said an intimate friend of his to me) "never doubted." I am sure Whitaker never did. And though they had, perhaps, their weaknesses, their faith was settled in consequence of a patient and persevering investigation of the truth. It was not a blind adherence to prejudices: it was the result of a rational conviction.

I think it is absolutely impossible that any of my readers can dissent from me in the opinion that W. had Religion without affectation. His Religion was genuine—was sincere. It had no methodistical precision. He loved to escort his wife and his daughters to assemblies and balls. He had no silly objection to whist; though he seldom or never played at cards. But his wife did: and perfectly right was Mrs. W. in unbending her mind, in an amusement, to which none would object but gospel-

* Horsley, Paley, and Watson!—how pre-eminent as deep reasoners and mathematicians!—I therefore cite the names of Watson and Horsley and Paley, to put to shame the sceptical scoffers, who attribute to a "flighty religiousness," what should rather be ascribed to Christian philosophy.

† A sister of Miss Tregenna, (Whitaker's wife) had been engaged for many years to Tom (or Aldwinkle) Haweis:—which I should have mentioned in my sketch of that illustrious Cornish Apostle. But it was, I believe, during his medical apprenticeship at Truro, that he "courted" Miss Tregenna. This was *boy's* love. The views, however, of lucre—filthy lucre—opened upon the *man*: And all the fairy prospect of young imagination vanished into air. In plain language, Haweis was worse than his word. His plighted faith he laughed at; and perfidiously left the damsel to her fate. The first lady Dr. Haweis married was in point of connection and fortune (and every other respect I believe) an eligible choice. She died: and he soon married another. And, on the demise of his

ers or fanatics. Bible-meetings were not so familiar to us twenty years ago, as they are now. But W. would have reprobated the hypocritical invitation to "Tea and Bible.*

As an instance of the rationality of his religion, I remember, when once dining at R. Lanyhorne in company with a sort of itinerant preacher, Whitaker rallied him on his sanctimoniousness; particularly when in the midst of dinner, he got up in a hurry to consult the Poly-

second wife, he at once looked around for a third; and took to his arms a very pretty bar-maid—at least an inn-keeper's daughter—who repaid his fond embraces with a son, in his old age.

* "Often have I been shocked (said a late writer) when in a drawing-room fitted up with all the luxuries of the world, where, after a long gossip (during which conceit, malice, slander and all uncharitableness were indulged) to close the scene worthily the BIBLE was brought in!!!"

In his Life of Bishop Ken, my friend Canon Bowles very pointedly observes: "God's commandments are ten:" But our modern Evangelists have three great commandments—viz. "Thou shalt not go to a Play"—"Thou shalt not touch a Card"—"Thou shalt not dance."

It is unfortunate that such a man as Lord Teignmouth should have lent a shelter to hypocrisy by a too scrupulous religiousness.—In a recent Life of Sir William Jones, we have this passage: "His biographer, Lord Teignmouth, is half angry with him for not including religion in his estimate of the means of human happiness. But the noble writer ought to have given him credit, at least, if he did not specifically class it in the list of enjoyments, which he was tracing in a letter to a friend, for not *excluding* it. No man was better convinced than Sir William Jones of the consolations which religion imparts, and of the tranquillity it diffuses over the hearts of all who are sincerely impressed with its truths. But to place religion amongst our social enjoyments, is carrying the matter too far, and claiming an ascendancy for religious emotions which, in our present imperfect state, they will never exercise, and which, probably, if they did exercise, would not strengthen their hold upon the heart and its affections. Never was there a sincerer, because there never was a more rational believer than Sir William Jones: and it is one of the triumphs of our common Christianity, that besides the mighty names of Milton, Newton, and Locke, it may boast the suffrage of a mind so pious without enthusiasm, as that of this amiable and accomplished scholar. Lord Teignmouth's expression of regret, therefore, that in the playful picture of human happiness sketch-

glott about a word which that instant occurred to him, and not long after with great formality wished us a good afternoon, setting off for Falmouth, where he had engaged to preach that evening.

After the paralytic seizure, W. was not lost, at once, to society. I passed a long day with him, when he was more than usually cheerful; implicitly trusting to his physician, who had limited him to two glasses of wine, and asking sportively : " May I not take another glass ?" yet not daring to transgress.

During his illness, several of his neighbours, who to all appearance had been alienated from him, called on him, and sympathized in his sufferings with every token of affectionate attention. And " I thank God," he would exclaim, " for this visitation ! I am happier than I have ever been. I am departing from this world ; and I see, at my departure, all ready to forgive my inadvertencies and errors—all kindly disposed towards me !" His decline was gradual. Nor, melancholy as it was, could a Christian contemplate it without pleasure ; inasmuch as the strength of his faith and the calmness of his resignation were more and more visible, under the conviction that he was labouring under a disorder from which he could not possibly recover, and which threatened a speedy dissolution. His, in fine, were the faith and the resignation which might have been judged worthy of a primitive disciple of that Jesus, in whose

ed in a letter to Lord Althorp, his friend overlooked religion, might as well have been spared. It savours of the hint given to the slave in Terence : "*Hæc commemoratio est quasi exprobatio*;" but by no means, we believe, intentionally, for his Lordship, on all occasions, asserts, and vindicates with spirit, the sincerity of Jones's religious principles. Nor should we have been betrayed into a seeming digression, were we not involuntarily inclined to pick a quarrel now and then with those importunate religionists, who are for ever desecrating religion by mixing with every discourse and every amusement those hallowed emotions, which ought to be reserved for the silent communions of the heart with God, or for the stated periods set apart for his worship." See Asiatic Journal [N.S.] vol. II. p. 133.

mercies he reposed, and to whose mediation alone he looked with humble hope. And his decease was such as could not but give comfort to those who viewed it; when (on October 30, 1808) in the awful hour which “seemed opening upon the beatitudes of Heaven,” at peace with himself, his fellow creatures, and his God, he sank as into quiet slumber, or (to use the patriarchal language) “fell asleep.”

I shall conclude this unpretending narrative with some testimonies which, among a thousand, have accidentally occurred to me. They are testimonies that shew how high was the reputation of Whitaker in the minds of such men as BISHOP BENNET; Dr. LUXMOORE, the late Bishop of St. Asaph; Dr. COLE, the late Rector of Exeter College; ARCHDEACON NARES; BISHOP BURGESS; and Dr. PARR.*

* This moment presented to me whilst revising the last proof-sheet.

BISHOP BENNET to R. POLWHELE.

Dublin Castle, 7th March, 1793.

DEAR SIR,

The wish you have so publicly manifested for information relative to Devonshire, must lay you open to much impertinent intrusion, and I fear you will have too much reason to include this letter under the same censure. I cannot, however, refrain from sending you a few remarks on the Roman antiquities in the West of England; which you have my free consent to work into your own plan, making me a slight acknowledgment in your preface, or if you think them not worth notice, to throw them into the fire.†

* * * * *

“I fear, I have tired your patience by this long and uninteresting memoir, and I can only say, you are at liberty to

† For the Bishop's “remarks” see History of Cornwall, Vol. III., pp. 83, 84, 85, 86.

vent your indignation upon it, by throwing it into the fire, for disturbing you in the midst of your important pursuits: If, on the other hand, there is any thing in it worth your notice, you are at liberty to insert it in your history in any shape you please. You are acquainted with a gentleman who is the best judge now living upon these matters, and whom I sincerely respect, though I have not the honor of being personally known to him, I mean Mr. WHITAKER, to whose History of Manchester I owe my first love for antiquarian pursuits, and in consequence, some of the most pleasant hours of my life: To his judgment and to your's I cheerfully submit.*

The BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH had seen a memoir of Whitaker in the Oxford Herald, and, talking with Dr. Cole with expressions of high respect for our great antiquary, was pleased to speak very favourably of that little piece of biography; in consequence of which, Cole cut it out of the newspaper, and inclosed it under the Bishop's frank to me—not aware that it had been written by myself. COLE's letter to me on the subject bears date Dec. 10, 1808.

Mr. HARRINGTON thus addressed me in 1809:—"I was much pleased, Sir, with your account of Mr. W. in the Cornish paper; and it is with pleasure I hear that you are about publishing his Life. I have had the honour of being acquainted with Mr. W. fourteen years, and am proud to say, have gleaned much knowledge and entertainment from his sprightly and animated conversation; indeed, I quite idolize my old friend. He was certainly a *great* and *good* man. I had the pleasure of seeing in manuscript his London and Oxford, which I hope will be given to the publick, as I am convinced, had Mr. W. lived, he would have published them. I have been greatly entertained with the Ancient Cathedral of

* It is strangely asserted in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1830, p. 373, that the opinions of Mr. W. (particularly with regard to Richard of Cirencester) are not to be weighed against those of the late Mr. LEMAN. I can only say, that LEMAN, who surveyed a great part of the island, in search of Roman antiquities, in company with Bishop Bennet, had the highest respect for W. as an antiquary.

Cornwall, which my friend W. made me a present of. I shall be happy to see the Life of Mr. W. whenever it makes its appearance."

ARCHDEACON NARES to R. P.

Reading, March 30, 1809.

DEAR SIR,

To my various correspondents I fall occasionally in arrear, and for this plain reason, because they are so various. With you I have unhappily begun by being a defaulter, but you must not conclude that it is the more likely to happen in future. I received your small note proposing some books, to which proposal I will now make answer :

Penrose's Sermons at Bampton's Lecture, are in hand.

Juvenile Dramas, I think we have a review of, though not yet published.

Vanconver's Survey of Devon, is much at your service ; the book I suppose you have.

I see there is a posthumous work of our friend Whitaker's, which you may take into your charge. If you have not the book, let me know and it shall be sent to you.

Being at present behind-hand in the collection of books, I cannot now assign any other to your care : but when I get a fresh supply, which will be very soon, I will consider you, and will order the books to be sent as you direct.

I regret very much the death of the able veteran our friend of Ruan Lanyhorne, though we had not latterly corresponded. When he was the last time in London, I saw him, and had great pleasure in conversing with him, which I had never done before." &c. &c. &c.

R. NARES.

P. S.—Our common friend, Bailye, when I was at Lichfield on residence in March, expressed great regard for you, and by his conversation increased the interest which I already felt for you, and made me seem to myself to have more acquaintance with you. My friend W. L. Bowles, also, mentioned you here lately, and regretted that your poem on *Local Attachment* had not had the simple title of *Home*.

The short account of the FAMILY PICTURE which appeared in the B. C. in Feb., was written by a friend, and inserted before I knew that it was yours.

In 1819, I was honoured with a letter from Bishop BURGESS, whose kind attention to me I attribute not in the slightest degree to my own merit, but wholly to his respect for Whitaker.

Coulson's Hotel, Feb. 1, 1819.

REVEREND SIR,

Your two volumes of Sermons which you very obligingly promise me, will be very acceptable companions of your Essay.

• • • • •

Is your sermon on St. Paul in your two volumes?

• • • • •

Has WHITAKER any where given a decided opinion on St. Paul's preaching in Britain? I trouble you with this question, because I am still employed on the subject, having an opponent in Dr. Hales, whose *Essay on the Origin of the British and Irish Churches* will soon be published.

I am, Reverend Sir, yours faithfully, &c. &c.

To bring up the rear of—panegyric shall I call it?—here comes (with reverence be it announced) a letter from the Bellendenus Parr!! It was addressed to a friend of the Doctor, a gentleman of this neighbourhood, who has my best thanks for his kind communication.

MY DEAR SIR,

Hatton, Feb. 18, 1822.

Whitaker was proud, capricious, impetuous, and intolerant; but he had many solid virtues and many valuable acquirements. Of Greek he knew little; but he composed in Latin with perspicuity and elegance. As an antiquary, he has scarcely any superior: I have been charmed with his criticisms upon old English authors and old English words. And, in the examination of his excellencies, let me not forget to state, that he wrote in the vernacular tongue with energy and splendour. In politics, he bounced from one extreme to the other; and though in religious matters his acuteness preserved him from the stupid and absurd reasonings of the Tories, yet his angry passions always panted for some prey. He prowled for it among the Unitarians: he at full cry chased it among the Roman Catholics. You see that I understand his character. But, with all our differences of opinions and habits, I think him a man entitled to much praise.

I remain dear Sir,

your well-wisher and obedient servant,

S. PARR.

That Dr. Parr, with all his prejudices political and religious, should have spoken so highly of Whitaker, was scarcely to be expected. "You see," says Parr, "I understand his character." But who acquainted in the least with W. will assert that he was "*proud*?" In what sense he was proud, is to me incomprehensible. Pride in a good sense he certainly had. But had he that "Pride which was not made for man?" Who "walked more humbly with his God?" And, for his fellow-mortals—was he arrogant or haughty—supercilious or fastidious? Was he not even exemplary in a lowly submission to authorities—in his deference to rank or station—in his regard for family-distinctions? And with his inferiors, was he not affable to a degree of familiarity? In literature, did he not uniformly rejoice "in paying tribute where tribute was due"—in assisting the efforts of genius, in applauding its success, and often in hailing a superiority over himself, where the world could discern no such excellence? That he was "*capricious*" is a most ridiculous assertion. To his principles and opinions, as we have seen, he adhered steadily through life. In his friendships, he was firm and unshaken. In him we never perceived even a shadow of changing. Was this the case with Parr? "*Impetuous*" he doubtless was. As for "*intolerance*," shall Parr lay this to his charge—Parr, who, inveighing against persecution, was himself a persecutor as far as words would go? What shall we think of this, among other toasts given at the celebration of the Doctor's birth-day, several successive years before his death?—"Destruction, defeat, disgrace, to all the members of the Holy Alliance!"—Parr was known to refuse to drink "Church and King," without qualifying the toast with "many words." But Parr was a trimmer. He temporised upon questions of principle; and sacrificed consistency to popularity. Obtruding himself upon distinguished persons of all parties, Parr was never at rest. I have always considered smokeing as a symptom of indolence, or quiet acquiescence, or meditative tranquillity. That Parr was not

indolent, we all know. I assumed it, therefore, much in his favour, that he was a *smoker*; acquitting him of any share in those revolutionary commotions, with which Priestley and others of his republican friends were justly chargeable. But when I found that he was not only a smoker, but that he smoked to an excess, beyond all other tobacco-lovers—sometimes emptying even twenty pipes in an evening, my opinion of his contemplative serenity began to waver. Instead of the calm contented spirit, I saw uneasiness in filling and puffing, and knocking out and replenishing and puffing again—to the demolition, doubtless, of many a fragrant pipe! How he would have acted, had he been invested with episcopal authority, we cannot say. His ambition, grasping at a mitre, saw all around him dazzled by its new resplendence, and even his brother prelates doing homage at his throne. Well was it for the Church, I think, that the Revolutionist's "*volo episcopari*" was uttered in vain!

For Whitaker's knowledge of *Greek*, I clearly recollect that, occasionally consulting Polybius and other Greek writers, I have noticed the fluency with which W. read and translated the passages to which he referred; and I am sure that with the Greek primitives and their derivatives he was familiar to a great extent. In his "*Origin of Arianism*," we have numerous pages of Greek from Eusebius and others, translated and commented upon, not much, I suspect, to the satisfaction of a Unitarian! That W., however, was equal to Parr in Greek, who will presume to affirm; seeing Parr, one of the Grecian *trio* who stood pre-eminent over all Europe—over all the world of literature? In Parr's estimation, England could boast of three Greek scholars only—the first, Porson; the third, Burney. Who was "*in medio*," it were easy to guess.—After all, in this atmosphere of our celebrated Doctor, the vapour seems to melt away, "as the cloud spread upon the mountains," before "*MANY SOLID VIRTUES*," "*MANY VALUABLE ACQUISITIONS*,"

“IN LATIN COMPOSITION PERSPICUITY AND ELEGANCE,” a decided **“SUPERIORITY** over almost every **ANTIQUARY,”** **“CRITICISM** on **ENGLISH AUTHORS** to **CHARM**” the most refined, and **“ENERGY** and **SPLENDOUR”** and **“ACUTENESS,”** and a **“TITLE** for **MUCH PRAISE**” even from an adversary!

To sum up all—let me transfer to Whitaker from an illustrious Roman, that elegant eulogium of a fine biographer:—“*Innocentia eximius, sanctitate praeceps, in toga modestissimus; amicitiarum tenax; in offensis exorabilis; in reconcilianda gratia fidelissimus.*”*

* Velleius Paterculus II. 29.

T. R. GILLET, JUN. PRINTER, TRURO.



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